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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Look at
Jesse James
with his mask off in "The Bad Man from Missouri"
by
OWEN P. WHITE

Cover by I. Ocenesek

"The Dancing Gentleman"
A short story by

E. PHILLIPS OPPE

WAYNE HENDERSON
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JAN. 14, 1928

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Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil
Arctic

When quick starts beckon to wear!

A timely warning on too-light oils

A SINGLE short purr from your self-starter. Your engine has started. But—

Those easy starts, if made possible by *extra-thin* lubricating oil, may go hand-in-hand with greatly increased engine wear.

Too-thin oils—commonly sold as "winter oils"—have increased dangerously since added winter driving was brought in by the closed car. Closed cars now make up 72% of all automobiles built.

These too-thin oils give you a quick start on a frigid morning. But after that—what?

Instead of coating cylinder walls, piston rings, and pistons with a rich oily film, they may break down and fail to seal the piston clearances. In starting, you use the choke and flood the combustion chambers with raw gasoline. Not all of this raw fuel can turn into vapor. Some of it breaks through the too-thin piston seal. Gasoline blows by and further dilutes the oil.

In only 200 miles of driving, you may mix a full quart of gasoline with your lubricating oil!

Then comes danger. Friction has free play. Expensive surfaces are exposed direct to WEAR.

AN ideal oil to meet winter conditions in most cars must be (1) fluid enough to permit easy starting*—*but*—(2) rich enough to give adequate protection against dangerous gasoline dilution. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic *is* such an oil.

Mobiloil Arctic is made from especially selected crudes. Its full rich body and lubricating character give you the necessary margin of safety against the many dangers of oil dilution.

Freezing weather is at hand. One week of incorrect lubrication may cost you more than a whole year's supply of Mobiloil. So it will pay you to drain your crankcase *now* and refill with the correct grade of Mobiloil—which is probably Mobiloil *Arctic*.

Consult the Chart at the left to make sure. This Chart is the lubricating guide which is approved by 182 automobile and truck manufacturers.

***Warning:** No oil will permit easy starting unless the battery is fully charged and spark plugs and distributor are clean and properly adjusted.

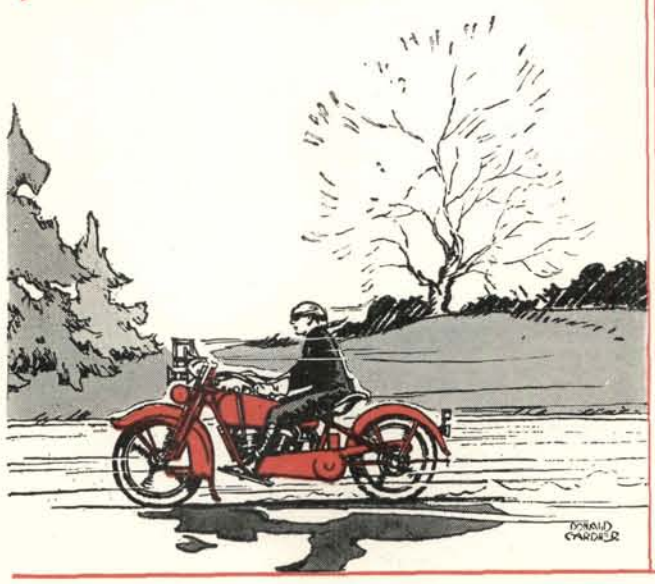
SPECIAL WINTER CHART

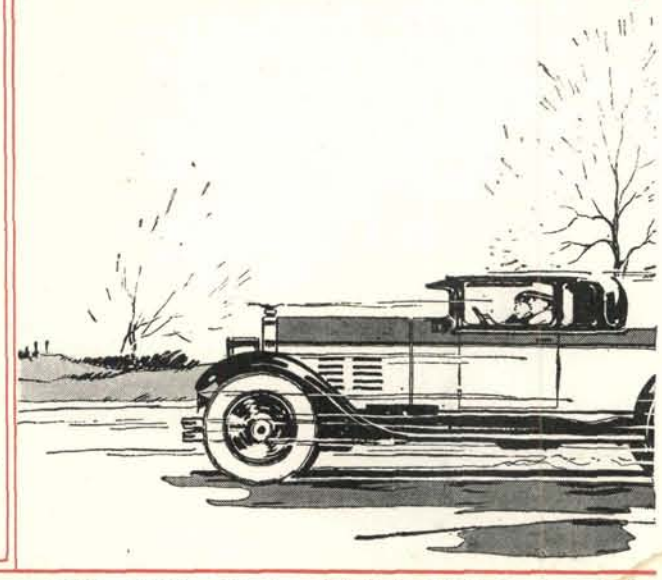
Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in Winter (below 32°F.) in all cars marked *.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn *all except Models 4-44 & 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *except Special Six*	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *4-cyl.*	*	*	*	
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Elcar *all except Models 6-65 & 4 cyls.*	*	*	*	*
Erskine	*			
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Jordan	*	*	*	*
La Salle	*			
Locomobile	*	*	*	*
Marmon *8-cyl.*	*			
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland & Overland Whippet	*	*	*	*
Packard Six	*	*	*	*
" Eight	*	*	*	*
Paige	*	*	*	*
Peerless *Models 60, 80 & Eight*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*		
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.





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Let me send you the proof—absolutely free! If within 5 days you do not experience a decided change in your personality, if you do not find yourself making new friends with ease, if you do not discover yourself already on the way to social popularity, business success and personal leadership—just say so. Tell me my principle of personal magnetism can't do every single thing that I say it would do. And you won't owe me one penny!

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If the portrait of the founder came to life

In long-established factories there often hangs a portrait in oils of the man who started the business two or three generations ago.

If such an oil painting came to life, it would probably fall dead again—surprised by the new machinery, the new equipment, the new ways of doing things.

Strange lights, strange black instruments with brown cords, everywhere. Queer machines in the accounting department. Desk drawers that when pulled leap out as typewriters. Doors that softly close behind when no hand touches them. Little black buttons that when pressed set fans to whirling or cause jumpy buzzings off somewhere.

Out in the factory literally nothing is the same. The chances are they are not making the same product.

Machines, motors, power-dies. The original shoemaker wouldn't know how to make a shoe; the original hatmaker couldn't make a hat; the original baker couldn't make a loaf with the bewildering equipment he would stumble into. And worse still, for his pride, he probably couldn't sell the product either. The very channels of his trade have changed.

Yet all these revolutions in methods of working, of making, and of selling have come quickly and easily. Printing has made every change simple to understand. Printing has made every innovation known not to a few but to millions. Printing has kept industry so close to industry that the very details of new machinery are known through the shop before it is installed and known in the home before it is seen.

Good printing has given wings to inventions. A better way of doing anything is read about today, planned for tomorrow, bought the next day, and in use next week. Not always that fast, perhaps, but competition spurs the laggards.

Look at the equipment of your own business. Remember how much of your first knowledge of it was due to good printing. Remember how much every business relies on good printing and consider whether or not you are using enough.

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The Bad Man from Missouri

Tiger and fox in one —as quick in flight as on the trigger

From Dacus' Life of James

An authentic account of the days and deeds of Jesse James

By
OWEN P. WHITE
and
WARREN NOLAN

THE darkest pages of the Civil War were written behind the bushes of the border states, where Jesse learned utter disregard for life and limb—of the other fellow—and a habit of shooting victims in the back.

AT THE age of sixteen, packing a pair of brass-bound navy revolvers, and accompanied by a boon companion named Jim Cummins, Mr. Jesse James, the most widely advertised citizen ever produced by the state of Missouri—Grover Cleveland Alexander and Jim Reed not excepted—disappeared into the brush.

All was still—for a few days.

Then suddenly, according to Dr. Dacus, an eminent Ph. D. of the 70's, the brush parted again. Emitting a fierce Rebel yell, Jesse James reappeared as one of a fighting dozen who, under a certain Captain Scott, made a wild charge on a little town near the boy's own home.

This was Jesse James' baptism in blood. The town that he honored by making it the scene of the ceremony was Richfield; and that immersion, and not sprinkling, was the doctrine of the day is indicated by the fact that before the boys from the bushes got through pitching lead ten of the thirty defenders of the village lay dead in their tracks.

This happened in the morning. The afternoon was spent in gathering up any loose and portable valuables that were lying around the town.

At nightfall Frank James, who had gone into the guerrilla business some time in advance of Jesse, rode home to see his mother. The visit was not prompted by any spirit of filial devotion. Far from it. For some time the mother of the James boys had been gathering information for the benefit of the "Cause," and on this particular occasion she had a whole earful of good news to impart to her son.

Standing in the moonlight, in front of the cabin in which Jesse had been born, she whispered the glad tidings to her elder son. Kicking his spurs into his horse, Frank raced off to tell Captain Scott that the little town of Plattsburg had been abandoned by its garrison and was therefore ripe for a raid.

Being ripe, it was plucked.

The boys rode in, filled a few leading citizens with lead, and their own war bags with loot, and rode out again.

Thus within forty-eight hours after beginning his career, the youthful Jesse is reported to have participated in the killing of a goodly number of citizens and the looting of two nearly defenseless villages.

It was a noble beginning, one that must have cheered the soul of the lad immensely. Thereafter he and the rest of the "detachment" to which he belonged—the guerrillas operated in packs like wolves, and not in accordance with any of the ethics of civilized warfare—worked out from hiding places afforded them by friends in Clay, Platte, Jackson, Johnson, Cass and Lafayette Counties and harried the borderland.

They made a fancy job of it too. Nothing was too big for them to tackle; nothing so small that it was overlooked.

One day Jesse was riding with Captain George Todd, as wicked a chieftain as ever joyously assassinated an unarmed prisoner. They espied in the distance a Federal detachment, under the command of a Major Ransom, ambling peacefully along the road. The oppor-

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tunity for real bloodshed was too good to be overlooked. Todd and his men ambushed themselves and awaited the arrival of the column.

When the little fracas was over Jesse James filed seven nicks on the butt of his gun!

Evidently the lad, during his period of apprenticeship, progressed rapidly, because when next heard of he had turned reformer.

In the neighborhood of Wellington, in Lafayette County, in the unregenerate days of '63, there stood a wicked place which was the hang-out of a hilarious bunch of Yankee militiamen.

Along with five or six companions Jesse and Frank James rode up to the resort one night, tied their horses a little distance away, approached cautiously on foot and peeped through the windows. There they were, on the inside, eleven pernicious Yankees dallying with the girls!

It was too much for any young reformers to stand.

A peremptory order brought ten of the evil-doers out into the front yard, whence their souls went sailing off into the unknown to reap the balance of their unjust reward.

Chalk up now one merciful act for Frank James. The eleventh Yank had disguised himself as a girl. He was captured and turned over to Frank for execution. Frank didn't carry out the order. Instead he led the boy into the woods, fired his revolver twice into the air to deceive his companions, and bade the boy beat it—and be good!

The Church Missed Something

ALSO, some time in the early stages of his activities, Jesse put in what might be termed a regular "kill-the-enemy week." It was a gorgeous seven days.

On Monday the lad—who, by the way, had been nicknamed "Dingus" by his associates—took a happy and active part in the ambushing and "no quarter" annihilation of a group of Federals under Lieutenant Nash.

On Wednesday he helped the boys waylay and erase a bunch of Unionists on the banks of the Little Blue.

On Friday Jesse and his playmates rode cheerfully into and unanimously eliminated another congregation of Northern sinners who were peaceably playing seven-up and draw poker in the town of Camden.

On Saturday, as a finishing touch to their constructive week, and with Jesse James playing a star part, the detachment entertained Captain Wagner and his men of the Second Colorado Cavalry in a roadside controversy.

It was the good captain's last argument. He drew Jesse as his personal antagonist in the debate. The boy left the decision to a few well-timed remarks drawn from his own brass-bound, six-chapter edition of the work of Colonel Colt.

The next day Captain Wagner's name was among those "killed in action."

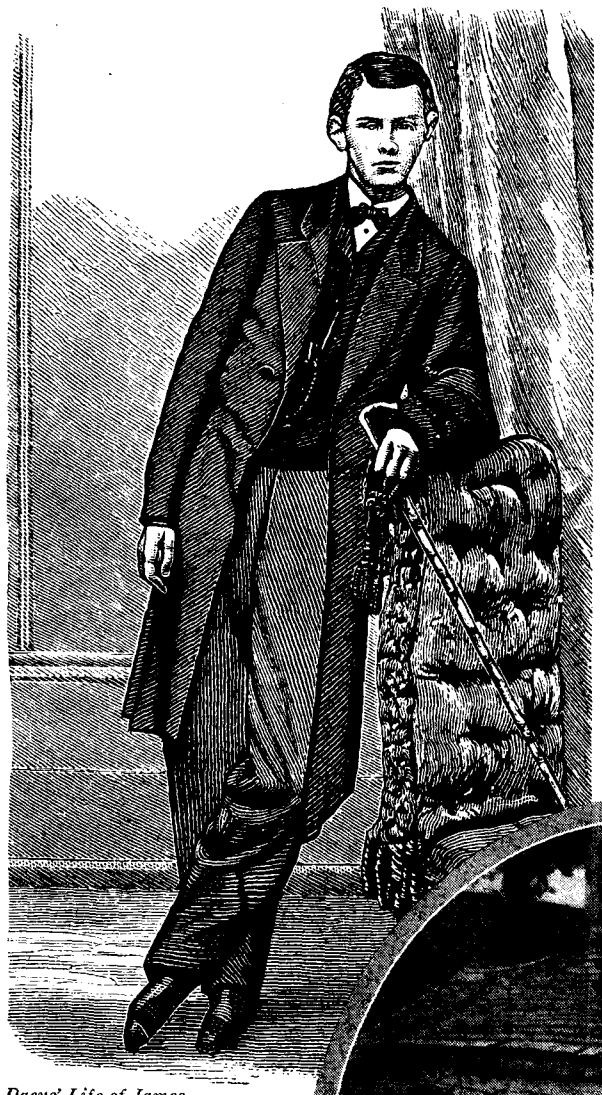
Nor was this all for Jesse; seven other "damn Yankees" had their celestial passports viséed by the beardless youth on that auspicious Saturday.

Brother Frank likewise distinguished himself. Frank didn't get an officer, but leaving rank out of the calculation he broke even with Jesse. Sixteen was the family score for that day!

All men are more or less like their parents, and in this respect Jesse James had a good pair to take after. His mother, a Titian-haired Kentucky beauty, was educated in a Catholic convent, emerged therefrom at the impressionable age of sixteen and immediately married Robert James, a theological student in a Baptist seminary. From a highly combustible mixture like this anything could be expected to result. It did.

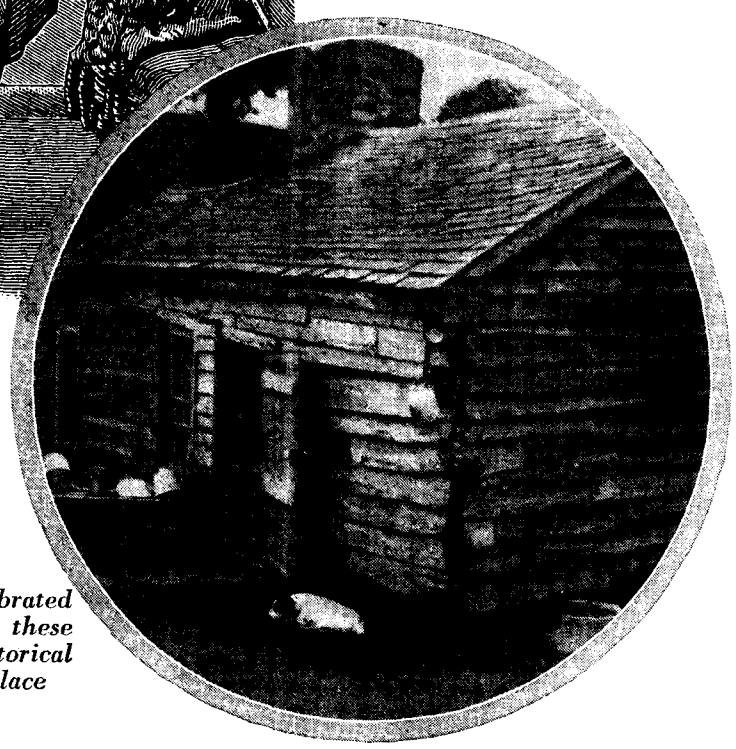
The first calamity befell in Clay County, Missouri, on January 10, 1843, in the shape of the arrival of Frank James.

This was followed four years later—that is to say, on September 3, 1847—by a real disaster in the form of Jesse.



Dacus' Life of James

On September 3, 1847, a real disaster happened to Missouri in the birth of Jesse James, four years after the Frank calamity



This is the celebrated log cabin where these unfortunate historical events took place

Two years later the Rev. Robert packed up and left home. In regard to the reasons for this departure of the good pastor two tales are told. One has it that the Rev. Robert walked out because of the incompatibility that existed between his own good Christian docility and the "passionate and exacting" disposition of his red-headed companion. The other version merely asserts that the preacher wanted to go to California, amass a fortune and educate his two sons FOR THE MINISTRY!

California in those days was not owned by Japanese truck farmers, no vegetables were to be had and, lacking roughage, the Rev. Robert James became afflicted with scurvy. It killed him. He was buried in an unmarked grave out on the Pacific slope.

Thereafter for six years, with but one slight lapse in the nature of a passing matrimonial venture which lasted but a few weeks, Zerelda played a lone hand in the rearing of her two sons. It was a tough job; but as Mrs. James was still comely she at last yielded to the entreaties of Dr. Reuben Samuel, who wanted to help her out with it. They were married in 1857.

This venture "took"—and thus Jesse and Frank James came under the guidance of a broad-minded stepfather. He at once bought them double-barreled shotguns, taught them to ride like young centaurs; and later on, when the lads were slightly older, he registered no complaint when he found nearly everything on the place riddled with neat little clusters of well-placed bullet holes—as a result of constant revolver practice.

In other ways also the doctor saw to it that the education of his two stepsons was not neglected. They were sent to day and Sunday school. At both, as an essential part of their training—as essential as learning to fear God and keep His commandments—they were taught to hate the Free-soilers who just at this time were swarming into Kansas.

This swarming process, which had begun in 1854 under the leadership of Eli Thayer of Massachusetts, and which had for its object the creation of a free state right on their doorsteps, was profoundly distasteful to the slave owners of western Missouri. These gentlemen, therefore, did some swarming on their own account—over the line, into Kansas, where they invaded the voting booths of their neighbors and triumphed gloriously.

At least they thought they did. With their votes the Missourians sent Kansas whizzing over into the column of the slave states. But in the opinion of the belligerent Kansans themselves nothing of the kind had happened. They had been robbed. That was what they thought about it. So in perfect accord with the technique of the border the Free-soilers greased up their bullets, whetted their bowie knives on their bootstops and went to war with Missouri.

A fine mess resulted. The amiable Kansas Jayhawkers and Red Legs robbed Missourians, stole slaves and sold them back into slavery again. The high-minded Missouri ruffians retaliated by sacking villages, burning homesteads and carrying away everything that was not spiked down.

One Missourian, so say the histories, had a weakness for pianos and in one year collected eleven—from Kansans.

It was in this kind of atmosphere—an atmosphere in which it was the recognized duty of all young citizens of either state to slaughter all citizens of the other state on sight—that Jesse James grew up. Hence when the entire nation answered to the tap of the gong it was easy for the boy to widen his horizon so that he looked upon free-for-all murder and wholesale robbery not as crimes but as fine arts.

The war dragged on. . . . The Northern troops gained military control of western Missouri; and, as the supremely bloody result thereof, William Clarke Quantrill zoomed into prominence.

A few years before the outbreak of the major hostilities Mr. Quantrill, dragging behind him a long line of unsavory ancestors, had appeared in Kansas. He looked the field over, annexed himself to the Jayhawkers and for some time derived much pleasure and profit from the robbing and slaughtering of Missourians.

But he wouldn't stay "put"—and so, when the real war broke out, he suddenly switched to the other side of the controversy.

He did this in a thoroughly Quantrillian manner. Inducing some of his associates to join him in a slave-stealing expedition into the enemy territory, he led them into an ambush, previously arranged for, and had them nearly all murdered. This was, of course, hard on his Kansas friends, but it introduced Señor Quantrill into Missouri society as a man who was really talented.

Quantrill made red history along the border—so red, in fact, that it was primarily in his honor that the famous Army Order No. 11 was promulgated. It ordered all farmers in several Missouri counties to leave their homes and move into the towns where they could be protected by Federal troops.

This brings us directly back to Jesse James. There are two tales told to account for Jesse's sudden plunge into the brush.

The first, which is popularly used by his worshipers to polish up the halo of the child wonder, is as follows:

One day while dutifully following the family plow the lad was brutally assaulted by some Yankee rascals who tried to make him tell the whereabouts of the Quantrill rendezvous. But there was nothing doing. The young martyr knew, of course—but even though a tug strap was lustily laid on, his tongue still clove to the roof of his mouth.

He broke away from his captors, ran home, unbuttoned his single gallus, stripped off his hickory shirt, exhibited his honorably acquired stripes to his weeping mother and told her, in large, copious language, just what an amount of misery he was going to deal out to the damn Yankees. (*Continued on page 40*)

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The Conventional Young Man

By NEVIS SHANE

And the girl who didn't know what she wanted got it just the same

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN

Achilles believed in things — equality, free love and free meals

EVERYBODY said Diana Dunscombe was "too utterly beautiful for words." Of course they said other things too, but only on condition they were not to be repeated.

Now, Miss Dunscombe had ideas. She also had notions. And someone even went so far as to hint she had ambition.

When Diana's mother heard this last malicious rumor, she went to bed for three days with nervous hysteria. She feared this ambition might manifest itself in a desire for a stage career. She feared even more it might take the form of Diana's wishing to "live her own life," marry a social nobody for vulgar love, raise an unfashionable number of miscellaneous children, and live in a West Side flat. The thought was unbearable. It drove Mrs. Dunscombe to taking cocktails before luncheon.

During the morning she had her correspondence, her facial, her massage, her manicure and Town Tattler to take her mind off Diana's ambition, but toward noon, when she had disposed of all these things, it would crop up to worry and fret her, and Mrs. Dunscombe would have to call Pennyweight, her butler, and order an "Alexander" with as much nonchalance as she could muster under his coldly horrified glare.

Altogether a most unhappy situation.

And all because Diana had once said to her one really intimate girl friend, "I want to live. That's my ambition. Life, realism—Stark Realism—crude and *gripping*. . . . Life without pretense and the swaddling clothes of conventionality. . . ."

No, that is not a new form of writing. That is merely a word picture of Diana's ambition. She talked in capitals when she talked of life, and she would italicize the slightest reference to what she called Nude Realism.

HER pursuit of realism was quite exciting and often pleasurable. Once she thought she had found it in a mad young poet who lived in a garret without steam heat or creature comforts. This poet wrote rather unintelligible verses to the little mole on her neck, or "I love the way the faint down kisses the soft flesh of your arm." You know the kind—personal enough to be slightly offensive—impersonal enough to be safely submitted.

Although Diana's father, who still had a Kansas City complex even after ten millions of dollars, an imported car and a wife who didn't need to read the book of etiquette to know it was vulgar to use six-inch lace on dinner napkins, had threatened to "thrash him good" when he had inadvertently read one of the poet's rhythmical letters to Diana beginning "Oh, Mistress of my Purple Dreams . . ." and ending with a line that would only be censored by the editor did I bother to repeat it.

But Diana had been cheated in this episode as in others. As a gauntlet thrown in the face of this Kansas conventionality, she had gone one morning unexpectedly to the poet's garret. She found him unshaven, in a none-too-clean flannel bathrobe and carpet slippers, frying calves' liver and bacon over an efficient little gas stove while a bright nickel-plated oil burner heated the garret quite comfortably.

Diana was indignant; it was disgusting, revolting. She told him so. He wept, which, while it sounds lovely in poetry, looks awful in a bathrobe and carpet slippers.

"But I adore liver and bacon," he wailed, "and I hate cold weather, and I have a corn on my right foot which is really quite painful, and these slippers are so restful. . . ."

Diana returned his verses, which were later published in a tabloid newspaper under the caption "Poems of Purple Passion." She hoped they paid him for them. Liver was quite expensive.

Her next experiment was with a red-blooded, two-gun Texas ranger. Diana had seen The Great Divide just prior to a trip west with her father. So after Conway Tearle and his strong, silent emotion, she was quite thrilled when Big Bill Lanham almost kidnaped her the second time he laid eyes upon her. Diana almost swooned with ecstasy and her father almost died of apoplexy. But Big Bill had come to dinner with them

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the following evening at Mesa City's finest hostelry, and Big Bill was not one to overlook the niceties of life even if he did have so little regard for life itself.

He wore a new suit of Kampus Kut Klothes—"Just as our artist pictures them"—a pair of brogues two sizes too large and a derby hat two sizes too small.

Diana took the midnight train east, and the next morning her father ate his regular four orders of hot cakes.

For a while after the ranger episode Diana went to parties with men whose names had not been changed with the *court's permission* and whose clothes were not ordered by mail from pictures.

AT ONE of these parties she met Gerald Marlowe. Gerald was thirty-two, six feet tall and a junior partner in a firm down in Wall Street. He made enough money to keep an apartment, a car and a wife, had he wanted one; and he went to London once a year—on business—and while there always ordered his clothes from Hill and his shoes from Lobb.

I tell these irrelevant details to perhaps justify Diana's rudeness, for, upon meeting him, she had remarked, "He should be *hung* in Anderson's Galleries and titled, 'The Portrait of a Conventional Young Man' . . . I'll bet he even goes to St. Thomas' on Sunday. . . ."

He did.

So you can see what a hopeless case Gerald had when he fell in love with her.

As for Diana, she grew more and more rude as Gerald grew more and more impatient.

"I do like you," she would tell him. . . . "As I like real linen sheets and my shower every morning—unexciting, but comfortable gestures of refined civilization. . . . But marry you! My dear Gerald, I want life and realism—as it is—not as it would be in a Park Avenue apartment with a doorman who looks like a grand duke and a landlord who looks like a bolshevik!"

And Gerald's rather fine mouth would compress and Gerald's rather fine eyes would narrow to hide, perhaps, the little sparks that kindled in them.

Diana's mother said: "Good gracious! What *do* you want? A husband who will beat you? . . . If you do, I'm quite sure Gerald would oblige."

And Diana's father said: "Jumping catfish! The poor boob doesn't know when he's well off. *I'd* like to tell him a thing or two, young lady."

So Diana said: "If I thought Gerald would beat me, I'd apologize for some of the things I've said, but I still wouldn't marry him.

Thus Gerald and Diana drifted through the days and nights of a New York season, until one evening, at the apartment of an "advanced" young matron, Diana met Achilles Rakowsky.

Achilles believed in things. He believed in equality—racial, social and financial—speech, love and meals.

He also believed in the greatness and invincibility of Achilles Rakowsky. And he never lost an opportunity of letting others share that belief.

Diana represented a new disciple of Achilles' self-adulation; a new acolyte to burn incense before the altar of his greatness. He took her up quite fervently, having first looked up Mr. Dunscombe's rating, and Diana reciprocated by driving him to radical meetings and socialistic lectures in the Dunscombe town car. As a gesture of simplicity, she would leave the footman behind and tell the chauffeur to park around the corner.

Gerald watched Diana's growing intimacy with Achilles silently.

Mrs. Dunscombe said tearfully: "Why don't you speak to her about it?"

And Mr. Dunscombe snorted: "Speak to her! A helluva lot of good words 'll do *that* young lady. She needs action."

Still Gerald kept silent, taking the crumbs that Diana brushed from Achilles' table. He would drop in for tea and wait until she had returned from a labor rally with Achilles.

He would have dinner with her family and play three-handed bridge (unholy game) until she returned from a preview of a radical film with Achilles.

HE WOULD stop by the Dunscombe house after church on Sunday morning and listen to Achilles' opinions of the parasite rich over a marvelous and expensive luncheon.

"What do they represent — these blood-sucking capitalists?" Achilles would demand as he had a second helping of lamb cutlets and French peas. . . . "What do they give to the world and its people besides misery and unfair economics?" he would sneer, helping himself to strawberries out of season.

Mrs. Dunscombe would sigh and look uncomfortable; Mr. Dunscombe would snort and look like a man with high blood pressure; Diana would beam, and Gerald would eat disinterestedly.

He never lost his temper; he always held his tongue. And on the night he shoved in Achilles' Greenwich Village apartment door he did it quite neatly.

He had courteously rung the bell first and gotten no answer.

Diana looked furious, Achilles looked frightened, Gerald looked like a man who wanted to hurt somebody.

"How dare you!" cried Diana wrathfully. "Of all the stupid, conventional gestures you have made in your lifetime, this is the worst! I told Achilles to open the door—that it, no doubt, was you. But he said it might be the landlord after his rent—and wouldn't do it. . . . Well—what apology have you?"

Gerald had been looking at Achilles. He now turned to Diana and gave her one glance from his narrow gray eyes.

"Shut up!" was all he said. But how he said it! Diana sat down limply and watched him with astonishment.

He didn't take very long—perhaps because he didn't waste much time in preliminaries. He blacked both of Achilles' soulful eyes, he put a suspicious dent in his nose where a suspicious hump had been previously, and he demolished in a few seconds what it had taken nature thirty years and a dentist six months to build up in the way of teeth for Achilles.

Of course he urged Achilles to fight back. Indeed, he was quite disappointed when he didn't—it would have prolonged Gerald's pleasure. But Achilles, hitting the floor, decided he'd much rather stay there and be, perhaps, kicked than stand up and be, perhaps, pounded to jelly.

So when Gerald discovered that Achilles, though he urged others to violence, was rather opposed to it for himself, he grabbed Diana's arm, threw her luxurious wrap around her, and yanked her down three flights of unsavory stairs.

"I'll never forgive you for this!" she gasped furiously.

"Wait until I ask you," advised Gerald savagely.

His car was there, and he flung her into it. She tried to get out the other side, and he caught her arm between cruel fingers. She scratched and kicked and fought, but she couldn't break that steel grip.

"You beast!" she wailed. "I could kill you!"

"You try any more funny business and I *will* kill you," promised Gerald.

She became silent: he started the engine and turned into University Place, then into Fifth Avenue.

SHE said finally: "I suppose you think yourself clever—beating up a frail young man just because he entertained a girl in his apartment!"

"Yes?" returned Gerald. "Well, that frail young man happens to be a strong old blackmailer with a wife and two children in Hoboken, and with his picture and finger prints downtown in the Rogues' Gallery. . . . He is up for deportation on account of his radicalism, for prosecution on account of his blackmailing proclivities, and for severel other beatings for his love-making abilities."

"I don't believe you," gasped Diana. You're just—just talking."

Gerald ignored a traffic light and kept on going. "If you mean lying, why not say it?"

"All right," said Diana promptly. "You're lying."

Gerald laughed then and put on more speed. Diana hoped viciously he'd be caught and arrested. She decided that if he was she'd sass the cop; then Gerald, no doubt, would get thirty days.

Instead, Gerald sped along unmolested and Diana slumped lower in her seat.

At Thirty-fourth Street she said: "Of course you're lying."

Gerald said nothing.

At Forty-second Street she said: "Of course you're lying, but even if you aren't, what about it?"

Gerald said nothing.

At Fifty-ninth Street she said: "Of course you're lying, but even if you aren't, what about it? It's none of your affair, is it?" Gerald said nothing.

At Seventy-second Street she said: "Why—you've gone past my house! Stop immediately, please. I'll walk back."

Then Gerald spoke for the first time—spoke without lessening the speed of the car.

He said: "I'm not lying . . . and it's going to be my affair . . . and I know I passed your house . . . and I'm not stopping the car, please."

She reflected upon this for a moment, then asked coldly: "Would you mind telling me where we are going, what we are doing, and et cetera?"

"Not at all," returned Gerald politely, "*I* am driving up to Connecticut; *I* am going to get married when I get there, and *I* will take care of et cetera later. . . . As for *you*, well, you are just going to be present on all these occasions."

Diana looked at him in horror.

"You're crazy," she stated decisively, "that's what you are—just plain crazy!"

Gerald grinned down at her. "If you think I'm just plain crazy now," he told her, "you'll be out of adjectives in another hour."

And an hour later she firmly and rigidly refused to (*Continued on page 48*)

The apparition was saying, "Darling, I do think it's time you got up"

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A Baritone Out of Work

Graham McNamee was just another singer looking for an engagement when he managed to hook up with the job that made his the best-known voice in America

Wide World

Mac and Mike. He has radio IT: he has the joy of life

By WALTER DAVENPORT

THERE may have been other papers on his desk, but you didn't notice them among the letters and telegrams, and there must have been two hundred of these.

He opened one plucked at random from the middle of a pile.

"Dear Mr. McNamee," it read, "for three years I have been the most popular cheer leader in my college. When the team has played away from home the newspapers of those cities have commented favorably upon my style and voice. Also, like you, I sing baritone and have, like you, done some church-choir work. I am studying law, but what I would like to know is this: how can I become a radio announcer in my spare time? I would like to have the money, but even more than that the work would be fascinating. I would be glad to see you at any time you are in the neighborhood of Boston. I can get a flivver and can run out to see you. Perhaps I need not say that I am particularly eager to try radio announcing because to my mind it is excellent training for one who hopes some day to make many public addresses."

Graham McNamee chucked the letter back into the pile.

"I'll bet there are a hundred like that there," he said. "I don't know. . . . How can I tell them how to become a radio announcer? I'm one, but I don't know just how it came about. Oh, so far as going down and asking for a job is concerned, it's easy enough to explain; but—listen. Here's a sort of blanket reply to those who ask how to become a radio announcer.

"Back in 1923 one day I was just leaving the old Post Office building on lower Broadway, New York City. I had been serving on a federal jury, and I don't mind saying that I was a willing juror, because I was broke. I had been singing in church choirs and had had a go at concert work and all that, but—well, the average singer of less than the first rank will understand. What I mean, I was broke.

"Radio was new, and I knew a fellow who had been paid to sing a couple of times on the air and—well, you know: when you're broke. Ever been broke? Sure. Well, you get me, then. I had my mother then. Gosh, we were both flat.

"Anyway, I walked down to the American Telephone and Telegraph Building at 195 Broadway, where broadcasting station WEAF was. All I did was to tell the manager about myself, and, believe me, I did my best with the material at hand. All I asked was for a couple of engagements to sing: one would have been acceptable. I don't recall being particularly surprised, but he said:

"'Well, we need young men like you. It's a new racket, and there's bound to be a lot of changes, but the way we're going now we'll give you a trial.'

Blockaded and Betrayed

"AND I signed a contract to sing and make announcements for four months," said Mr. McNamee with a shrug. "That's that. I got $30 a week; and, believe me— Well, you know."

Nothing could be simpler than that. Today Mr. McNamee's is the most celebrated radio voice in America. There are more cultured voices and voices far better disciplined; perhaps that is why Mr. McNamee's is more popular. What with his salary from the National Broadcasting Company and his personal appearances before chambers of commerce, radio shows, private entertainments and so on his income today is between $20,000 and $25,000.

His life is bullied by a schedule that would make a locomotive engineer's seem slipshod. After a half hour, during which time he consulted his watch a dozen times, he announced that he had to catch a train for Uniontown, Pa.

"Look," he said, shoving a thick engagement book at me. "For the next six weeks there's my time table. Uniontown to Braddock. Braddock to Chicago—some jump. Chicago to Sullivan, Ind. Sullivan to Philadelphia—gosh, Philly to Chattanooga to talk to radio dealers. Chattanooga to Gary, Ind.—no system to it. Gary to Buffalo—that's more like it. Then to Baltimore for one night. Listen, the old-time troupers can't make me pop-eyed with their stories of one-night stands. I'm just hopping around, I am. Six weeks from today I get two days off—that goes. It's an anniversary, and I'm not talking those days.

"I could talk those two days, I guess, and I'd get paid for it, but it sort of gives me a wallop to be able now to say no to several hundred dollars because it was only back in 1923 that—well, when you were broke, wouldn't you have talked pretty for a—a—"

"Let's say a dollar," I suggested.

"Four bits," he amended. "Let's go."

He grabbed his bag, and together we left the offices. In the reception-room we were blockaded by an assemblage of men, women and children who milled around singing, humming, declaiming, arguing, imploring and protesting. Almost all of them wanted radio engagements. It sounded like a combination of the crowds of the theatrical agencies (dramatic, variety and burlesque), the movie extra corrals, the anterooms of the Metropolitan Opera House and Jack Dempsey's training quarters.

The possessor of the most popular and most familiar voice in America (the voice silent lest it betray him) had plunged halfway through the mob when a woman, eager for reflected glory, shouted:

"Oh, there's Mr. McNamee—Graham McNamee. Oh, Mac—Mr. McNamee! Can you give me a minute?"

McNamee almost missed that train for Uniontown. Before he bolted into an elevator, ten people had waylaid him. The lady who betrayed him was lost in the scramble. A huge contralto, dragging a too-cute child after her, got to him first by sheer strength.

"Mac," next cried a man in a violent green overcoat and dirty white spats, "don't you remember me?"

"Sure, sure. How are you? If you'll excuse me, old man: I've got to catch—"

"I'm the manager of the Taylor Theatre at Chillicothe. Met you the night you talked over WTAM, Cleveland. Sam Meyer introdu— Listen."

But a couple of women had shunted the manager of the Taylor Theatre off and were demanding that McNamee appear in Harrisburg to speak for the benefit of a hospital fund. They had a great scroll on which had been carefully written the resolution calling for the voice (in person) of Graham McNamee. They were willing to pay $200 and expenses to Harrisburg.

"Not a night open for six weeks," protested Mr. McNamee. "Will you write a letter?"

The Whole Secret

PRESENTLY McNamee got through. The elevator dropped him out of the reach of the mob and away from those banks of letters, all of which were already being filed.

"Great, isn't it?" he demanded. "I mean that. Great. I hope the old larynx holds out. My mother would have laughed. She died. She heard me broadcast, though."

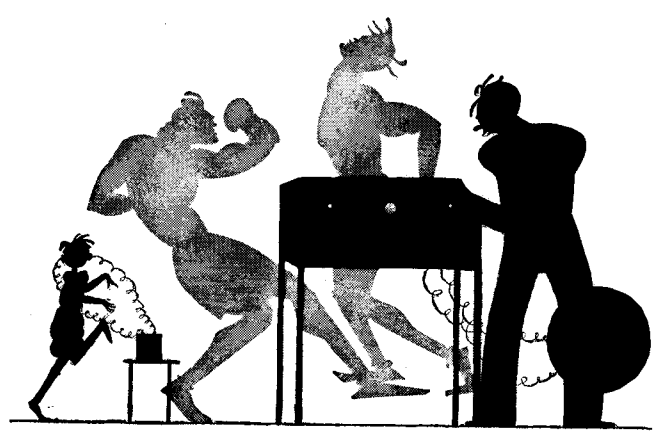
The reasons for Graham McNamee's success at the microphone are easily discernible to those who watch him at work.

His talent was not acquired by self-training nor torturing analysis of his trade. He had the joy of life born in him and with him; his enthusiasm for living is enormous. That is his secret—if you want so to designate the reason for his success.

Have you gotten a soaring kick as you listened to him at a prize fight, a convention, a hero's reception, a baseball game? Be assured that the exhilaration you received, the thrill you experienced, was certainly no greater than his own.

What if, in his enthusiasm, he fell victim to the moment's excitement and misnamed the man at the plate? What if he had Paul Waner hitting when it was Lloyd? What if he became terrifically tangled in the titanic names of Gehrig and Ruth? What of it?

They call it—what McNamee has—radio personality, radio IT. Perhaps we may as well let it go at that. I have sat near him at football games and have heard him blurt his words into the microphone as a (*Continued on page 41*)



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The Whip Wins

Mrs. Sallie Tomlin, prosperous farmer, routed 13 hooded intruders with this shotgun one night

IF YOU don't like your neighbor's religion or morals or conversation, is it right to gather your friends together, descend on his home in the night and flog him and his wife? In most of America that would be a foolish question, but William G. Shepherd found a town in Alabama where courtroom crowds actually cheered the acquittal of floggers. In this article Mr. Shepherd gives a vivid account of his visit to this community and his amazing talks with "righteous" floggers and their "sinful" victims.

IRA B. THOMPSON, Exalted Cyclops, was in trouble with the law. Other Klansmen had been sentenced to the penitentiary; he might be too.

He was under indictment, with about thirty of his fellow Klansmen, as a result of floggings in Crenshaw County, Alabama. Charlie C. McCall, attorney general of the state, had resigned from the Klan, declaring that it had fallen into evil hands and had started to put whippers in jail.

Captain Thompson was telling me his troubles as a Cyclops. We were in the railroad yards of the bustling little town of Luverne, Ala., population 1,500. We had stopped beside a pile of granite curbing which was soon to line Luverne's first cement road. Near by, boys on roller skates and bicycles were noisily happy on the first day the wonderful road had been open to the public.

All about us were signs of prosperity of the oncoming South; radio antennæ, totem poles of civilization, swayed over every home.

But down there in the railroad yard in the warm morning sunshine, with a big Atlantic Coast Line switch engine puffing back and forth, I heard medievalism issuing from the lips of the harassed Captain Thompson.

"You can't control them. That's the trouble," he said. He was speaking of certain members of his organization.

"It was my duty to keep track of all the hoods and robes. I was supposed to keep them all locked up. That's a Klan rule.

"Well, when one of the boys would get his robe dirty he would take it home to have it laundered. If he tore it, he would take it home to have his wife sew it.

"We used to have midnight funeral ceremonies now and then, when the family of some deceased brother would permit it. We'd go out into the country, twenty or thirty miles away, perhaps. The ceremonies would be over about one o'clock in the morning. There we'd be, 'way out on the country roads.

"You couldn't expect the members to take their robes and hoods back to the Luverne headquarters before they went home to bed. So I lost track of them. And now I find out that some of those fellows held private meetings of their own, in the back country, with not a single official of the Klan among them. Why, there have been whippings around here that I had never heard of until this grand jury investigation began.

"I couldn't keep track of the Klansmen, that's all. I couldn't keep them under control."

And now he was indicted as a result of Ku-Klux Klan floggings. He was a worried Cyclops as he talked to me.

White Caps of Other Days

IRA B. THOMPSON, Cyclops of the Crenshaw County Klan, had lots to do besides running the Klan. At this writing he is treasurer of one of the Masonic lodges. He is a member of the official board of the local Methodist church. They refused his resignation from the board after he had been indicted.

He is an ex-service captain. He helps ex-service men to arrange their bonuses and other matters with the government. He lives with his wife and two children in the Luverne armory. Every Wednesday night there is the drill of the artillerymen—seventy-four of them. There are the forty-two horses to be hitched up for drill, and all the exercises to be gone through with. He is the captain of the state artillery unit.

He was in France; had charge of 5,000 German prisoners. He was on the border in 1916 with a famous Alabama regiment which was later to become even more famous in France.

"I had too much to do," he told me. "I couldn't keep the thing going straight. I always talked against violence. But some of the boys got out of control. And I lost track of robes and hoods. Things got away from me."

The robes were supposed to be kept in the armory, where the Ku-Klux Klan held its meetings. Sometimes Mrs. Thompson, young, vivacious, pretty, leader of the choir in the Methodist church, member of the Mothers' Club and a guide of the younger set, served coffee and cake to members in the fine, big meeting-room after Klan meetings were over.

Ira Thompson's story may have sounded sensible to himself. But if you will come with me through these streets of Luverne, we will discover, before the day is out, a man who will tell us another side of Thompson's part in the Klan movement in the pretty little city —a movement which ate into friendship and neighborliness as the boll weevil eats into cotton.

As I listened to Ira Thompson, I realized that he was telling me a variation of a story that is hundreds of years old. His tale, recounted in America, A. D. 1928, is one that has been told whenever and wherever in human history men have hidden their faces in secret organizations.

For example, to get back to France, where Ira Thompson had been a soldier:

When the disbanded soldiers of Philip Augustus harried France a carpenter got together a number of men in white caps and other mysterious articles of costume. They ejected the robbers, but later, looking about for something new to do, they interfered in all sorts of affairs, sending notices of warning and punishing "offenders" until finally the lords and barons disorganized them so thoroughly "that no one dared to own that he had ever joined them."

This mystery of white-robed and white-hooded secret orders is one of the puzzles of human history. In Italy, 'way back in 1399, some Italian leader of the Bianchi might have complained just as Ira Thompson was complaining to me, that he had lost count of his hoods and couldn't control the "boys."

The Bianchi were the White Hoods of Italy who appeared about a century before Christopher Columbus discovered America, where more White Hoods, some 500 years later, were to try to set the world to rights. The Bianchi spread through Europe.

"In France," says Hallam, the historian, as if he were writing of the United States in 1928, "their practice of covering the face gave such opportunity to crimes as to be prohibited."

Over in England Henry IV threatened to confiscate the property of anyone showing friendship to an organization "in white clothes."

As Ira Thompson talked to me it was easy to see why hooded movements have always failed. It was also very easy to see how and why he himself had fallen into trouble.

The bad man came to the top in Ira Thompson's little 1927 organization. Thirty-four members of his band, including himself, had been indicted for the simple reason that hiding the face permits the man with no mercy, no pity, no conscience, to wreak cruelty as he pleases and in safety. It permits a boiling intolerance to translate itself into deeds of violence and bloodshed—permits emotion to explode in murder.

Ira Thompson, with his troubles as a Klan leader, was only telling me what other Klan leaders must also have had to say only a little over half a century ago, in the very same town of Luverne, perhaps.

TWICE, IN THESE UNITED STATES, WITHIN SIXTY YEARS, WE HAVE SEEN A WHITE-HOODED MOVEMENT START OFF DECENTLY, WITH SUPPOSEDLY LAUDABLE PURPOSES AND HAVE SEEN ITS REGALIA GIVE SHELTER TO THOSE WHO WERE SEEKING OPPORTUNITY FOR THE PRACTICE OF CRUELTY OR FOR CRIME ITSELF.

A great Southern general, Nathan Bedford Forrest, once formally disbanded a white-hooded organization in the South, because villains were hiding under the hood and officials of the organization could no longer control its members and had "lost count of hoods."

A Blight on Luverne

AND now again, in the present-day Ku-Klux Klan, in the state of Alabama (I do not speak of other states where, as a reporter, I have not made special investigation), men who seek "opportunity for crime," hiding under the hood, have gotten out of hand of the organization's officials.

History doesn't often repeat itself within sixty years, but it is doing so in Alabama.

The man who says that this white-robed movement in Alabama will not come to a logical end is giving Alabama credit for being composed of a brand of human beings that has not heretofore appeared in all human ken.

In the little town of Luverne you will find a cross-section of American life as it has been affected by the Klan. That's why I went there.

Travis Bozeman, accused of loose talk and toting the hip flask, was lashed

Andrew Cubstead, head of Crenshaw County Poor Farm. Accused of flogging

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By WILLIAM G. SHEPERD

The Klan had struck Luverne like a blight.

I began writing this article at a time when trials of 34 men who had been indicted in connection with floggings on 102 different counts were set in Crenshaw County. The Klan, so many supposed, had run its course in Luverne. Ira Thompson himself told me so. I asked him why he didn't pack up all his papers, credentials, and so forth, send them back to Klan headquarters, at Atlanta, Ga., and resign.

The Worst Beats the Best

"JUST as soon as I'm through with my trial, one way or another, I'm going to quit," he said. "Down South here you can't quit under fire. But there never was any need for the Klan in this district. There are no Jews in this town. The only Catholics are two fine old ladies whom everyone loves. There are no foreigners. It seems to me, looking back, that one of the reasons the boys got into trouble was that they didn't have anything to do."

It was by accident that I went into Dr. Kendrick's office. I should have hunted up Dr. Kendrick, who, I had heard, had once treated Hilary Miller, a good Negro, who had been whipped so cruelly that his survival had been almost a miracle.

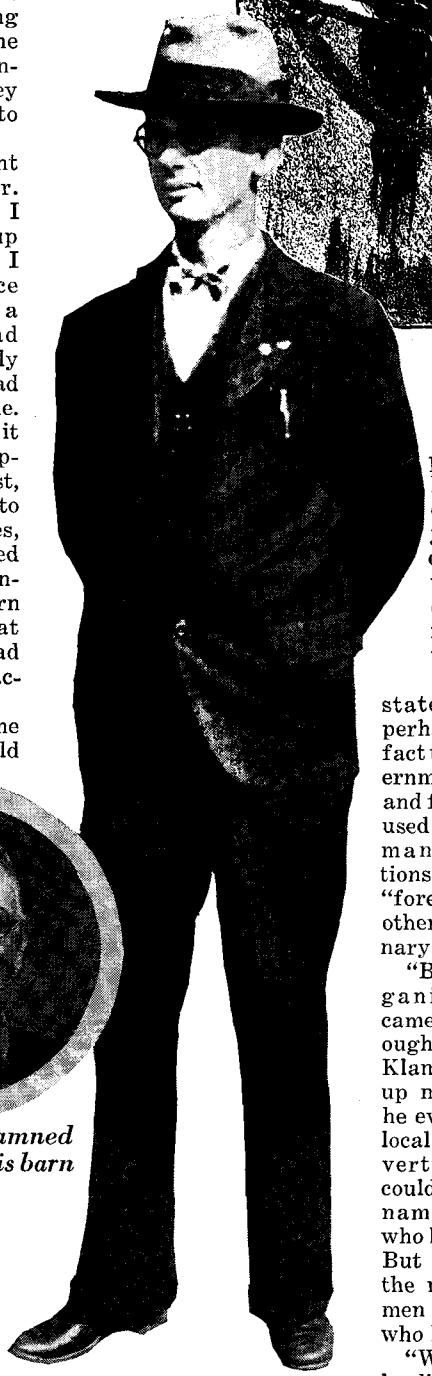
Dr. Kendrick, as it proved, was a fine upstanding young dentist, who had been off to school in the big cities, who had been praised by Dr. Thomas P. Hinman, the noted Southern teacher of dentists at Atlanta, and who had come home to start practice.

"When the Klan came to our town," he told me, "the better class of people joined it. Joining the Klan was considered one way of winning the war. You couldn't stay out of it without looking like a slacker. Fact is, there was no reason for staying out of it. Everybody who was anybody in this town—lawyers, preachers, doctors, business men, merchants and all—joined it. The names of our oldest families were on the list. And only the best people in town could get into it."

This powerful cartoon, in the Montgomery Advertiser after the flogging trials, shows Justice "kloroformed" in the State Capitol

Gibson's Negro, Hilary Miller

Henry Gibson damned the Klan and lost his barn



Cyclops of Crenshaw: Ira B. Thompson, Klan boss

He was, in this statement, unwittingly perhaps, confirming the fact that the Federal Government, during the war and for a time thereafter, used the Klan, as it used many other organizations, to fight Bolshevism, "foreign invasion" and other dangers or imaginary dangers.

"But one time an organizer from outside came in. He insisted we ought to have a larger Klan. He began to drum up new members. Why, he even took space in the local newspapers to advertise for them. He couldn't make public the names of good citizens who belonged to the Klan. But in his ads he gave the names of prominent men who were dead and who had been members.

"Well, after that the leading men in town began to stay away from Klan meetings. They didn't like the way things were going. You'd go to a meeting and see among those present people that you knew were not good citizens. I suppose we should have objected to this, but no one did.

"We just began to drop out. No one resigned publicly. When the next year came around, we just didn't pay our dues, that's all. If we'd looked ahead, we might have seen what was coming.

"And now our town is in a perfect scandal, simply because we let a bad element get control of the Klan that we ourselves had helped to organize. We should have disbanded the Klan instead of letting ourselves be crowded out."

Now comes the question:

Who got control of the Klan, in this little town of Luverne, after the leading citizens, with their desire for law, order, decency and good government, had been squeezed out of it?

The answer is: Ira B. Thompson.

And why did Ira B. Thompson want control of the Klan? I told you we'd find a man who'd put a darker hue on Thompson's simple story.

Let's stroll along Main Street down toward the railroad tracks, to get Mayor Reddock to answer this question.

Here's a long, low, red-brick building, that looks, at first glimpse, like a garage. It is full of mules and horses; buying and selling them is J. H. Reddock's business.

"Ira B. Thompson ran against me for mayor last year," Mr. Reddock told me. "I was against the Klan. I'd always been against it.

"Thompson told his friends, 'If I run for mayor, there are 100 votes in this town that I'll be sure of.'

No Kop Klansmen Now

"EVERY time he could get a new member of the Klan he could get a vote. Why should he try to keep the membership of the Klan decent? A vote's a vote, when it comes to politics. He must have taken in everybody he could get, just so he'd have people who'd vote for him on Election Day.

"He took in bootleggers. He took in men who owned and ran stills. He took in riffraff. No wonder he's in trouble now. No wonder he couldn't control the men he had in his lodge. They weren't the kind of fellows anyone could control. Lots of 'em had been in trouble with the authorities lots of times. I proved to 'em that one of their members ran one of the biggest stills in the county, but the fellow wasn't punished. He wasn't even fired from the Klan.

"My policemen and some of the deputy sheriffs tell me that bootleggers joined the Klan so that they'd be on the inside and able to protect themselves from raids if the Klan suddenly got a righteous spell and took a notion to enforce the liquor laws.

"Well, when Election Day came around, Ira B. Thompson got his 100 votes, as he had promised. But he didn't get any more. I don't guess he got a single vote that wasn't a Klan vote. I got over 200 and was elected.

"Right away the Klan came to me and asked me to name a Klansman as a policeman. I refused to do it. I told 'em that man for man I'd take a non-Klansman every time. And I've done it too."

What had happened in Crenshaw County is plain enough.

The first Klan in Luverne at least had honest motives. But what practically amounted to a second Klan arose and choked out the first.

Ira B. Thompson—and it is safe to let him represent hundreds of men who have run for office in Alabama, from governor down to dog catcher—was glad enough to get hold of Klan No. 2 and increase its membership for the selfish purpose of getting votes which would put him into office.

Thus the original purpose of the Klan, as it appeared in the town of Luverne and the county of Crenshaw, was finally utterly distorted.

Nothing to Say

NEW men, new purposes, came into the Klan in Luverne.

I believe that if inside facts were known we should discover that this change has come over the nice high-purposed Klan throughout America.

What kind of men belonged to the Klan after the change occurred? What kind of men were the whippers?

I put this question to leaders in Luverne as well as in five other Alabama towns.

"Well," said one man, "there was a mechanic in a garage. Another fellow worked at the express office. Two of 'em were drug clerks. The rest of 'em were small farmers around here who work for other folks and ran their own little places as well."

"The foreman of the railroad section crew in our (*Continued on page 30*)

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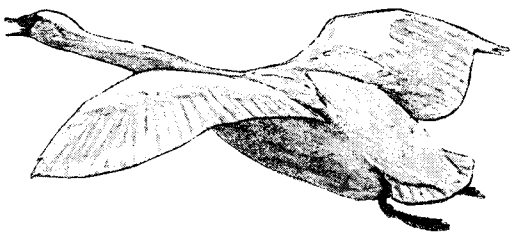


The Doom of

The golden eagle's great moment came and he struck—he'll never know how successfully

AWA, the golden eagle, stood on a slender pinnacle of rock in the full sweep of an upward-rushing river of wind. The gorge beneath him was a granite-walled caldron where air currents swirled and boiled, and out of this caldron, this deep cavity in the mountains, the wind soared up and up, straight toward the blue sky above the rim of the crag.

Awa, poised on a jutting point of the rim, gripped his rough perch with all the power of his long curved claws; held his wings tightly flattened against his flanks. It was all that he could do to keep his place on the pinnacle of rock thrusting out over the abyss. Each moment the ascending wind torrent threatened to break his foothold and toss him upward.

Yet Awa loved the spot. He would stand there for many minutes at a time, the long golden-edged feathers of his crown and cowl fluttering like a crest, his hard compact body braced against the blast. He liked to feel the wind smiting him from below, buffeting his broad breast, battering at his flanks as it tried to get under the strong elbows of his tightly closed pinions.

That was the danger point, the heart and center of his battle with the gale. If the wind once got a hold on him there, if it worked its way under his elbows and his wings, all the gripping power of his claws could not keep him on his rocky pedestal. The wind would tear him loose then, lift him like a feather, fling him high above the rim of the gorge, and spew him forth at last, to one side or the other, out of the main ascending air current.

Awa, clutching his granite perch with straining talons, breasting the surge and sweep of that uprushing wind torrent, did not know that a man was watching from across the gorge. The eagle's fierce hazel eyes, set deep under frowning brows, were marvelous organs of vision capable of distinguishing objects at immense distances, but this man who watched—a small, bent, dour man, whose thin, bony face was as brown and as weather-worn as his stained leather vest—had chosen his hiding place with care. He lay behind two large rocks near the brink of the gorge and trained his field glasses through the narrow opening between them, his rifle meantime leaning against the rock at his right hand.

McGIL had known the eagle for months, had studied the big bird often from this hiding place on the opposite rim of the gorge. He had come to the spot on this October morning intending to remain only a few minutes, for other matters just then engaged his thoughts. McGil had a theory that the red squirrel of the high Nantahalas—the "boomer," as the mountain men called it—was not of the same species as the familiar red squirrel of the North, and he wished to collect specimens to test this theory. But having reached his ambush and having focused his field glasses on the eagle standing on the wind-swept pinnacle across the gorge, he forgot his squirrel hunting as a new fact dawned upon him.

The powerful lenses brought the eagle close to him: he could see every feature of the great bird; the hooked dark-blue bill, the proud, unwinking eyes, the golden-brown lanceolate feathers of head and neck, the white feather boots encasing the strong legs, the contrasting white and black-brown of the handsomely barred tail. But these familiar details did not interest McGil. What gripped his attention instantly was the fact that on this morning Awa, the golden eagle, was waging one of the fiercest battles that he had ever fought with the upward-rushing river of wind which swept skyward out of the gorge.

The man's small blue eyes hardened as he watched; a grim smile tightened his thin lips. McGil had made a bargain with himself, and now he believed that bargain was about to be concluded.

He had come months before to the wilderness of the Nantahala mountains to collect birds and mammals of the high mountain country, and a golden eagle had been one of the prizes which he coveted most. Poor, practical, needing what money he could make from the sale of specimens, he had, nevertheless, a romantic strain. A dozen times he had watched Awa from the pinnacle of rock thrusting outward into the full sweep of the ascending air current and stand there, grim, majestic, disdainful, breasting the gale.

For McGil there had been something strangely thrilling in the spectacle. There was no reason why the eagle should do this thing—no reason unless he did it for the joy of battle, the joy of pitting his strength against the blast. The whole aspect and expression of the great bird had quickly convinced McGil that this was the secret, and it was then that he had postponed execution of the purpose which had first brought him to the eagle's haunts.

Yet he would not let sentiment carry him too far, and later he had placed a limit on his clemency. Often he had seen the eagle conquer the wind; but twice, while he watched, some sudden atmospheric change had doubled the strength of the gale pouring upward out of the rock-rimmed gorge, and Awa, struggling valiantly to keep his foothold, had been lifted from the jutting pinnacle and flung upward a hundred feet or more above the gorge's rim.

THE second time this happened McGil had pursed his lips and stroked his stubbly gray chin.

"I'll gie ye one more time, old chieftain," he had muttered in his mixed Scotch. "If ye let the wind fling ye again' ye're goin' in my specimen bag."

So now McGil watched with narrowed eyes, eyes with a glint of fierceness in them. His time was coming, he believed, and he was neither glad nor sorry. He was merely ready to carry out the bargain he had made, a bargain which he held to be as binding (such was his philosophy) as a legal contract duly signed and attested.

If Awa won this fight also, if he defied the gale and held his place on the pinnacle of rock, he would be safe for a while from McGil's rifle. If the eagle lost this battle with the wind, McGil would kill him. The killing would be easy. McGil knew the great bird's resting places, his lookout stations. If the wind tore him loose from his rocky perch and flung him high above the gorge, he would fly before long to a certain dead hemlock on the mountain side beyond, and a half hour's walk would bring McGil within easy range of this dead hemlock.

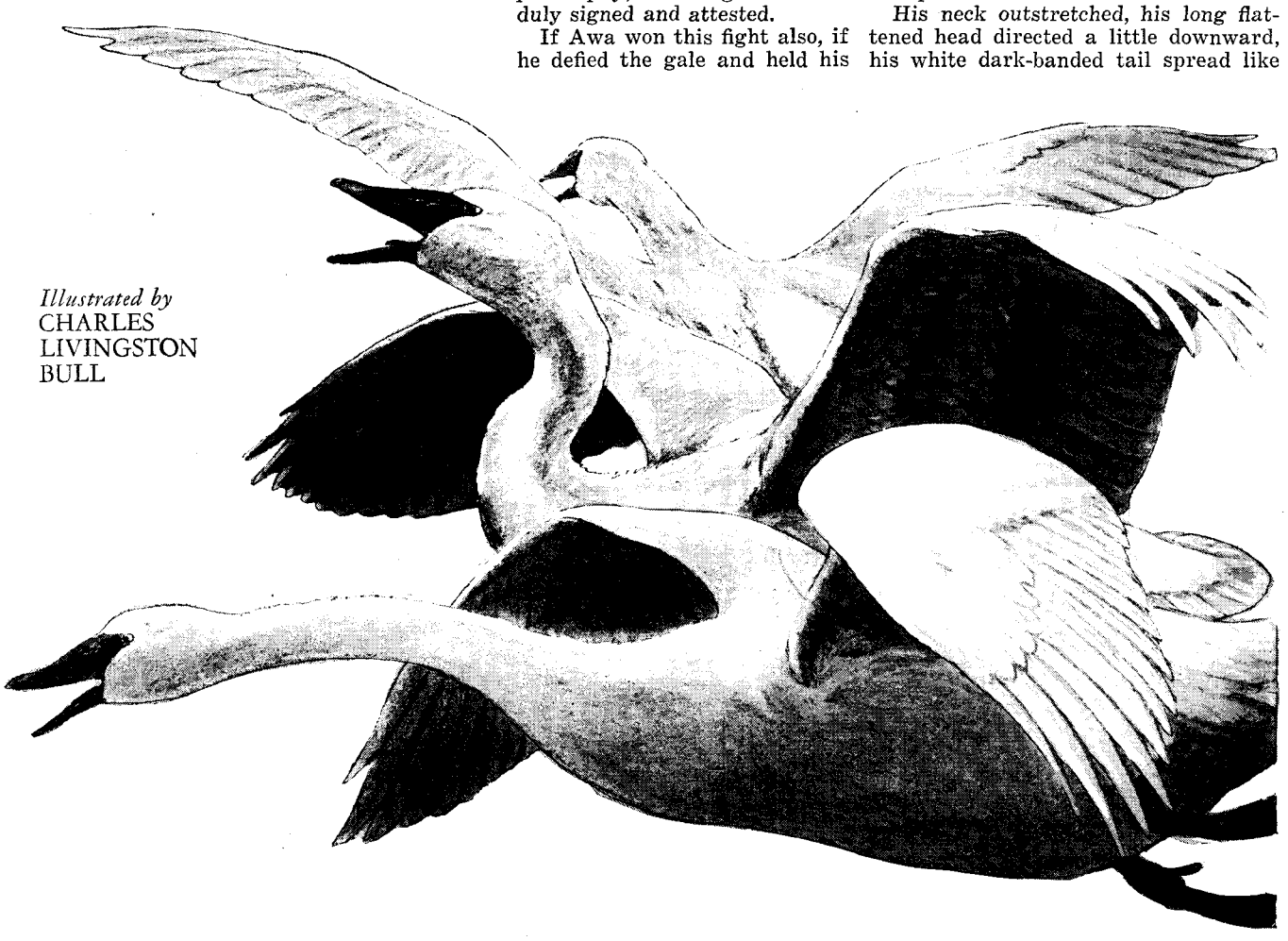
FOR this the little man now waited, that glint of fierceness shining in his blue eyes; and Awa, the eagle, battling the gale for the pure joy of battle, fought a hard fight and gloried in the combat, never knowing that his life hung on the issue. For one who had eyes to see and a mind to understand it was a fine thing to watch the eagle fight that battle; and McGil, who had seeing eyes and a comprehending mind, was conscious of a stern, deep pleasure.

Of all wild creatures eagles appealed to him most—their strength, their swiftness, their proud bearing, their incomparable freedom; and this golden eagle of the windy gorge whom he had named Awa (shortening the Cherokee name for the eagle kind, which is Awahili) was perhaps the finest male eagle that he had chanced upon in all his wanderings.

Awa was finer than ever that morning, for all his strength and courage were on display. Again some unknown condition in the upper air, perhaps some vacuum waiting to be filled, had enhanced the force of the wind torrent flowing straight upward out of the gorge. Past Awa's rock pedestal projecting from the gorge's rim that wind torrent rushed with increasing force, and squarely in the path of the torrent the burly body of the eagle met the full sweep of the blast.

His neck outstretched, his long flattened head directed a little downward, his white dark-banded tail spread like

Illustrated by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



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Awa

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

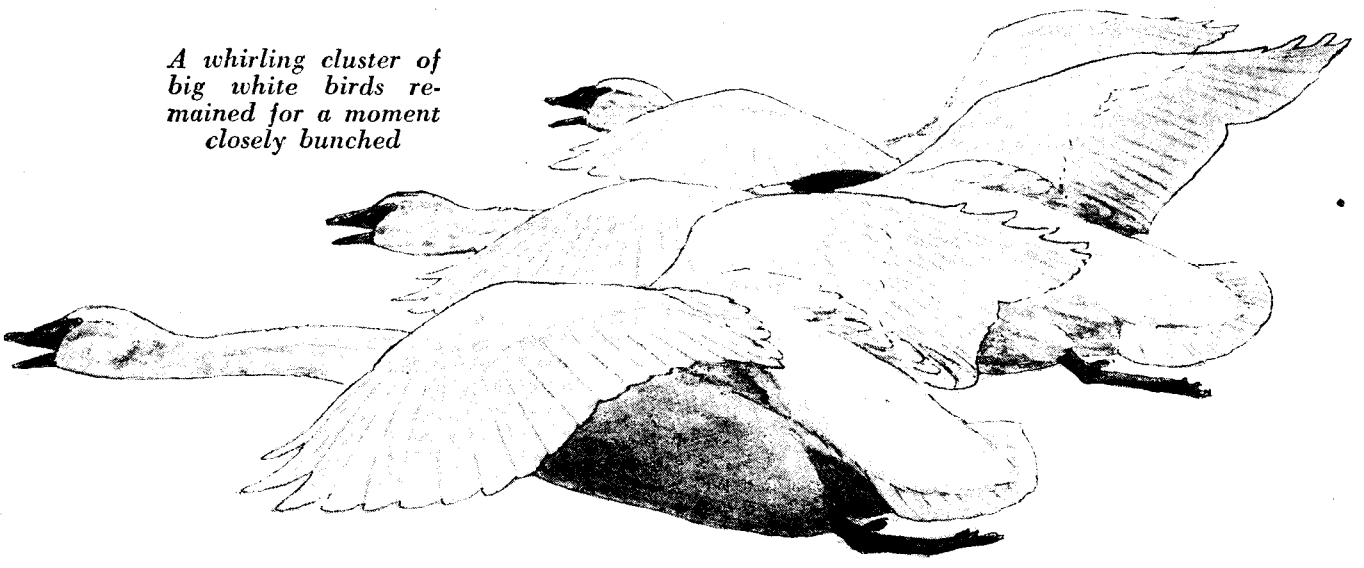
Into this cluster, this nucleus of the scattered army, Awa smashed like a projectile launched from the sky

a fan and whipping in the gale, Awa rode the storm. The wind tore at him, wrenched him from side to side, hammered his broad brown breast, clutched at the sturdy elbows of his tightly folded wings as it whistled past. But Awa held his place. His long curved talons, half encircling the slender pinnacle of rock, dug into the rough granite. Those gripping claws and the strong booted legs above them anchored him like cables of steel. Tight and hard as armor of plate seemed the feather mail of his compact dark-brown body, poised as though for flight and tilting a little forward over the abyss.

McGil, his field glasses pressed to his eyes, felt a tremor run up his spine. It was the look of Awa's countenance that thrilled him; that splendid eagle-face which from the beginning of recorded time has been the type of courage and of pride. Behind the trenchant bill hook of his beak, under the streaming brown-gold feathers of his cowl, Awa's dark eyes, half hidden by frowning brows, glared straight into the teeth of the gale. McGil saw, or thought he saw, the light that glowed in them, cursed softly in admiration as he studied those haughty eyes, that indomitable face. There in that face was the spirit of all the warrior kings of history, of all the famous Scottish chiefs that had swung claymores and bled and died amid the Highland crags.

SO, MINUTE after minute, Awa, the golden eagle, fought his hard fight while McGil watched and waited. Then, without warning, came the end.

What brought it McGil could only guess. Perhaps the vacuum in the upper air toward which the wind river flowed upward out of the gorge had moved nearer or had suddenly expanded. At any rate, all in an instant the force of the uprushing wind torrent was doubled, and in that instant Awa was torn from his rock pedestal like a chip of wood in the blast of a mighty explosion. Up and up the wind flung him, his somber wings half opened now to



A whirling cluster of big white birds remained for a moment closely bunched

steady his body—up and up and up, like a feather blown by a giant's breath—far up toward the blue sky above the gorge and the steep timbered ridges looming over it.

McGil laid down his field glasses. He cocked his head on one side and smiled—a slow, grim, twisted smile.

"Awa," he said, "yer time's up, braw laddie. The wind beat ye. And I can get twinty dollars for yer skin."

Awa, long after the ascending air current had ceased to lift him, continued to ascend, spiraling upward on widely extended wings. He would seek his resting place in the dead hemlock presently, but first he would soar for a while on the high frontiers of his airy kingdom where the silence of the upper solitudes might soothe his angry mood.

For a time McGil's eyes followed him, only to lose him at last in the high air. The man settled himself to wait, sure that he would not have to wait long. Knowing the eagle's habits, he was confident that within an hour at most Awa would come down to his accustomed perch in the dead hemlock for his midday siesta. McGil remained where he was on the rim of the gorge because from this point he could see the hemlock and thus keep tab on his prospective victim.

Awa had mounted high. Beneath him the rough Nantahalas, a tumbled wilderness of jutting peaks and deep, narrow valleys, spread like a billowy many-colored sea of forest, while on the far horizon the great ridges of the Smokies and the Cowees were low blue or purple buttresses bounding this sea. Awa, on set rigid pinions, circled slowly in the thin air. No other pinion moved in that solitude. There was no sound, no odor, no shape of life. Around him, above him was an infinity of emptiness, a pellucid desert, cool, crystal-clear, a kingdom which he shared only with the clouds.

Awa's fierce gaze searched the airy confines of this kingdom. No speck moved anywhere except a lone turkey vulture, miles away to the southward and far below the plane of the eagle's orbit. His gaze wandered here and there over the wooded wilderness below him, scanned idly the endless miles of broad-leafed forest, aglow with the rich reds and yellows of October; the black-green strips of hemlock and balsam on the loftier ridges; the pale green and gray-brown of the high lonely meadows on the great domelike "balds."

Almost directly beneath him he saw, sharp and distinct even at that distance, the dead hemlock which was one of his favorite resting places. The rudder of his tail shifted a trifle, the tips of his rigid wings moved imperceptibly, his body tilted a little forward. Slowly, in wide spirals, he began his descent toward the tree which was to be his place of doom.

Suddenly Awa's dark eyes brightened, his long flattened head jerked quickly to the right. Next moment the rudder of his tail shifted again, his serrated wing tips curved sharply. The movement was slight, yet now he was no longer spiraling toward the earth. He was mounting once more, circling upward again toward the high frontiers of his kingdom, climbing more swiftly, more steeply (yet without a beat of his dark wings) as though some suddenly discovered peril or some hitherto unrealized opportunity required haste.

FAR away to the northward, where the hazy buttresses of the Smokies cut the horizon, a shining speck glimmered against the sky. At first it was only an infinitesimal spot, a glittering pinpoint on the blue, but it grew larger as Awa watched it, larger and longer and whiter. Upon this shining white object seemingly suspended in the air five hundred feet above the highest peaks the eagle's piercing eyes were fixed with a terrible intensity; and as he watched his muscles tightened and the strange inner force which enabled him to circle upward with scarcely a perceptible movement of his wings increased in power, so that he clove the air with greater and greater speed.

Up and up he drove, his body slanting sharply, climbing urgently yet apparently without effort his invisible spiral stairway to the uppermost heights.

When his climb began he had been at about the same level as the distant white object which had so suddenly focused his attention, but now he was far above it, and meanwhile it had drawn much nearer, so that he saw it no longer as a small, compact, glittering body but as two thin white lines of unequal length converging to form a hollow wedge or V.

A few moments more and Awa learned that this flying wedge upon which his gaze was fixed was composed of birds that he had never seen before, birds far larger than geese and far swifter, most of them pure white, others with brownish heads and necks, their backs washed with gray.

Now it was a queer thing, and yet a wholly natural thing, that McGil at that moment was dreaming of wild swans. Sitting at the rim of the gorge, idly watching the dead hemlock, he smiled.

He had recalled a talk with old John Long-Ax, the (*Continued on page 34*)

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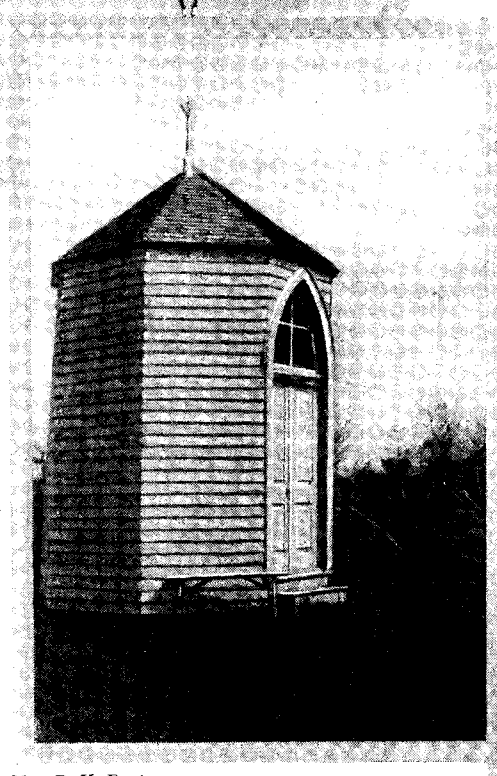
With the Naked

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

You have to use a magnifying glass to load this tiny gun of which Norma Shearer isn't the least bit afraid—that's just a pose. The gun, smallest in the world, fires real cartridges. It's not deadly but it dents

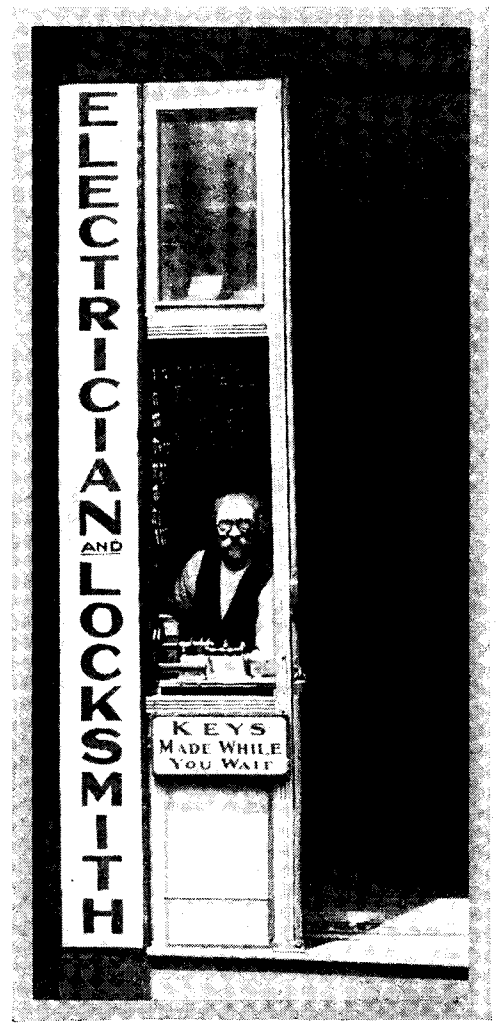


Mrs. D. H. Rust

At the right: Unless the congregation of this little chapel in Louisiana is mighty slim, literally and figuratively, they probably have to take turns attending services. It's in Palo Alto, an Italian town in Iberville Parish

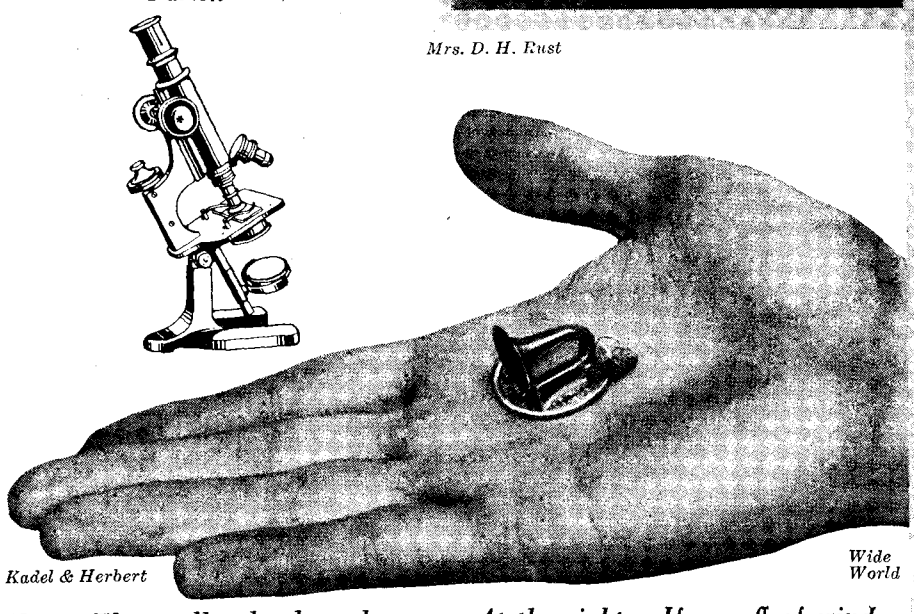
Below: Every inch an officer and a gentleman—every one of his eighteen. The colonel is a trifle diminutive, as you can't help noticing, but he crams a lot of severity and dignity into his limitations. He's one of a midget troupe

Int'l Newsreel



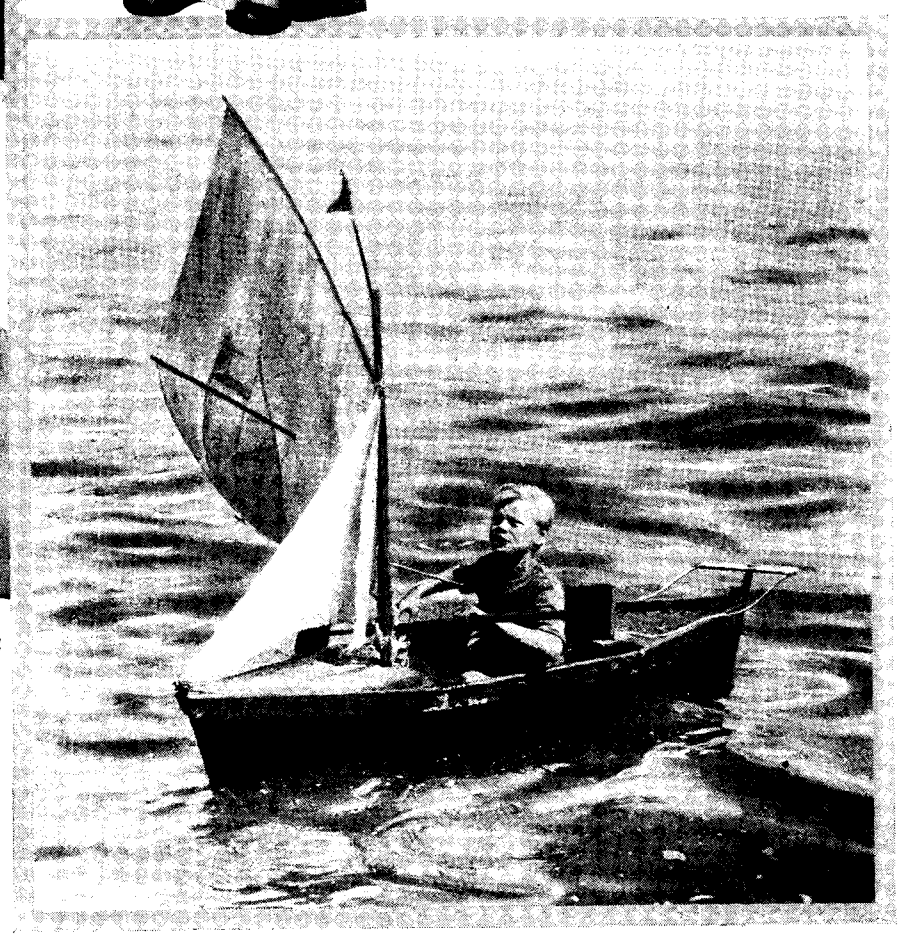
Fotograms

Here's a New York City store that's only eighteen inches wide across the front and every time he gets in a new stock of key blanks Leo Goldstein has to throw out his glasses and shave his mustache



Kadel & Herbert

Above: The smallest loud speaker in the world, for this week at any rate, will fit on a twenty-five-cent piece and it really works. Ivan Nedland made it and in case any of the neighbors want one, his address is Hillsboro, N. D.



Wide World

At the right: If a puff of wind comes, as the phrase has it, he'll probably not stay like that. But for the moment the young yachtsman is moving along merrily in a made-to-measure sloop of no great beam or displacement

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Eye

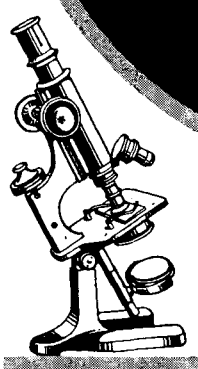
Big things in a small way without the aid of glasses

Kadel & Herbert

At the right: Small wonder Harry K. Rogers, whose duties include addressing thousands of school children annually on fire prevention, engages the instant attention of his juvenile audiences. He drives an alluring midget electric automobile equipped for actual fire fighting

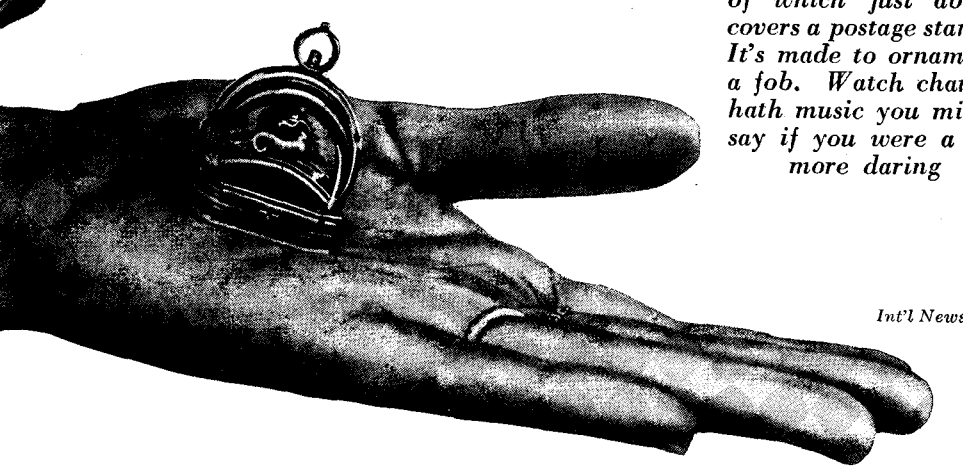
Int'l Newsreel

At the left: Try this under your microscope. The humming bird never stays more than the wink of an eyelash in one place. Snapped in .600 second



Fotograms

The smallest city hall on record is at Lieperville, Pa. When the mayor's at his desk the police department, in full force at his right, has to do patrol duty. The hall is eight feet high, ten feet deep and eight feet wide

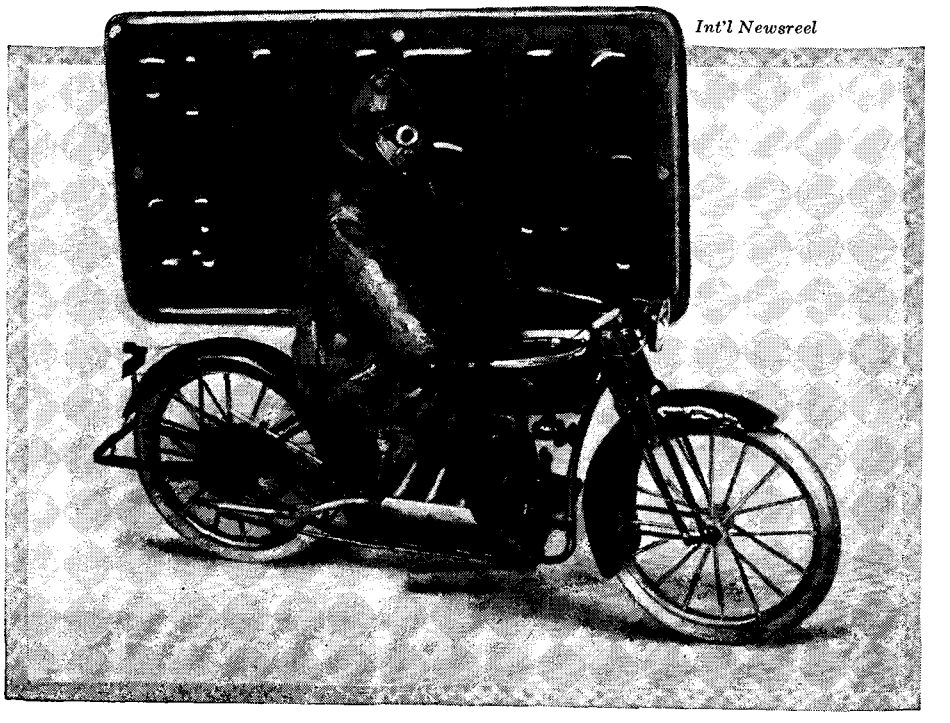


At the left: A mite of a music box the base of which just about covers a postage stamp. It's made to ornament a fob. Watch charms hath music you might say if you were a bit more daring

Int'l Newsreel

At the right: If they all came this size it wouldn't be so bad. The smallest motorcycle in the world has a miniature engine. You can tell how small it is by comparing it with the state registration tag

Int'l Newsreel



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The Golden Surf

$50 and your choice of rules in 1874; $350,000 in 1927. That's football at one college. But it's got nothing on the other sports

International

The sporting crowds—and the cash—today would knock John L. Sullivan dumb

Keystone

By GRANTLAND RICE

BACK in 1876 the Princeton football manager sent these official communications to the University of Pennsylvania:

Princeton, N. J., Nov. 4, '76.
To C. S. Farnum, Captain U. of P. F. B. C.

Dear Sir:

We accept your challenge to play a match game of football on the Germantown cricket grounds, Saturday, November 11th.

We will be glad to play you either under the rules adopted by the College Association in 1873 with twenty men, or under the Rugby rules with eleven men. We can play any time after 12 M.

I suppose that by the usual guarantee you mean all our expenses.

Please let me know as soon as possible under which rules you will play us, as hitherto this year we have been playing Rugby, and would like to practice the Association rules before playing you. Yours truly,

(Signed) ANDREW J. MCCOSH, Capt.

Princeton College, Nov. 23, '76.
To C. S. Farnum, Esq.

Dear Sir:

I would like very much, if you can so arrange it, to have your twenty play us on next Saturday. Our facilities for getting a crowd to attend the game are not as great as yours. We have to depend entirely upon the students. You gave us $49.22. I would like to offer you $50 and dinner. You can procure excursion tickets by applying to Mr. Boyd, of the P. R. R. Company. Please let me know by telegraph as soon as possible. Yours truly,

(Signed) JAMES D. O'NEIL, Sec'y of P. U. F. B. C.

You might visualize that scene in 1876: a guarantee of $50 and lunch—and your choice of rules.

You might then turn to the recent meeting between Princeton and Yale at New Haven last November. At this game 77,000 spectators paid out over $350,000 to see the game, and Princeton's share was over $150,000. On the same afternoon, less than 100 miles away, Notre Dame and the Army were playing to another 75,000 spectators, who had paid out something like $300,000 for the privilege, and over 50,000 requests had been turned back.

Last fall the Michigan team played before 500,000 spectators who had paid out well over a million dollars. Some hustling statistician has figured out an estimate of 40,000,000 spectators who paid over $100,000,000 for football tickets last season.

More than twenty years after the Pennsylvania challenge West Virginia collected $1,200 to pay Doggy Trenchard for coaching, with the understanding that he would arrange a good, hard schedule for the West Virginia team. So much money could not be wasted on weak opponents. So Trenchard made good by arranging three games in a row on Thursday, Friday and Saturday against Lafayette, one of the strongest teams in football. And one of the few West Virginia youngsters who survived was Fielding H. Yost, tackle.

Last fall Harvard had 28 football coaches looking after more than 500 players. And last fall Fielding H. Yost had to quit his duty as active football coach to supervise the final arrangement of a million- or a two-million-dollar stadium seating 87,000.

This increase from $50 to $350,000 (7,000 to 1) doesn't apply to football alone. The world series of 1905 between the Giants and the Athletics drew in around $90,000. This series presented such stars as Christy Mathewson, Iron Man McGinity, Chief Bender, Eddie Plank, Roger Bresnahan, Harry Davis, Mike Donlin and others, with Matty at the top of his form. In the world series of 1908, Chicago's famous Cubs met the Detroit Tigers in a hurricane affair. The Cubs had such stars as Evers, Tinker, Chance, Miner Brown, Overall, etc., while the Tigers had Ty Cobb, Sam Crawford, Wild Bill Donovan and other luminaries.

Yet only 62,234 fans paid out $94,000 to see this series, and the players' share upon both clubs was only $44,000.

In the world series of 1922, the New York Giants and the New York Yankees met in six games. These six games showed a total paid attendance of 301,430 and admission figures that ran to $1,063,875. And the players' share had grown from $44,000 in 1908 to $368,783 in 1922.

Here was a jump of more than 8 to 1 in less than fifteen years on the players' side. And no one knows what the figures would be today if there were more room. Reserved seats in the Yankee Stadium were sold out this year a week before the series started.

Then there are one or two financial changes to record in boxing. On the morning of February 7, 1882, John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought for the heavyweight championship of America at Mississippi City for a purse of $5,000. Possibly 500 spectators saw this battle, which John L. won in the ninth round with a right swing to the jaw.

Ten years later John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett met at New Orleans, and over 8,000 spectators paid out the record sum of $45,000 to see the battle, which Corbett finally won from the worn-out veteran. That was supposed to be near the top mark for all time. But last September in Chicago over 110,000 spectators turned in around $2,600,000 in gate receipts to see Tunney and Dempsey battle 10 rounds.

Imagine the Surf of 1938!

IN RECENT times nearly 250,000 spectators have paid out over $4,500,000 to see Tunney and Dempsey in their two meetings. Tunney and Dempsey have passed John L. by more than 80 to 1.

In the old days men might have to follow the path of a fight from town to town, with a sheriff in pursuit. It is estimated that the 70,000 or more visitors to the Chicago fight at Soldier Field spent over $25,000,000 for railroad fare, hotel bills and general entertainment.

Yes, things have changed just a trifle, and Jim Corbett, still a youngster at the age of sixty-one, has seen the big parade pass before his eyes. For Corbett fought Choyinski on a barge for a few hundred dollars and Corbett covered both the Tunney-Dempsey wars.

It is almost a certainty that Tunney and Dempsey will meet again for the third time this summer, and once more over 80,000 spectators will dish out $2,000,000 or more to see the melodrama.

The immortal Sullivan, most popular of all the champions, drew less than $75,000 for three of his biggest engagements, but Tunney and Dempsey by next summer will have lured in the tidy sum of $6,500,000—for three fights between the same two men!

H. Rawlings won the first open golf championship at medal play in Newport in 1895. There were less than 50 entries in that field, and it is quite possible that the title was worth an extra $500 or $600 to the winner.

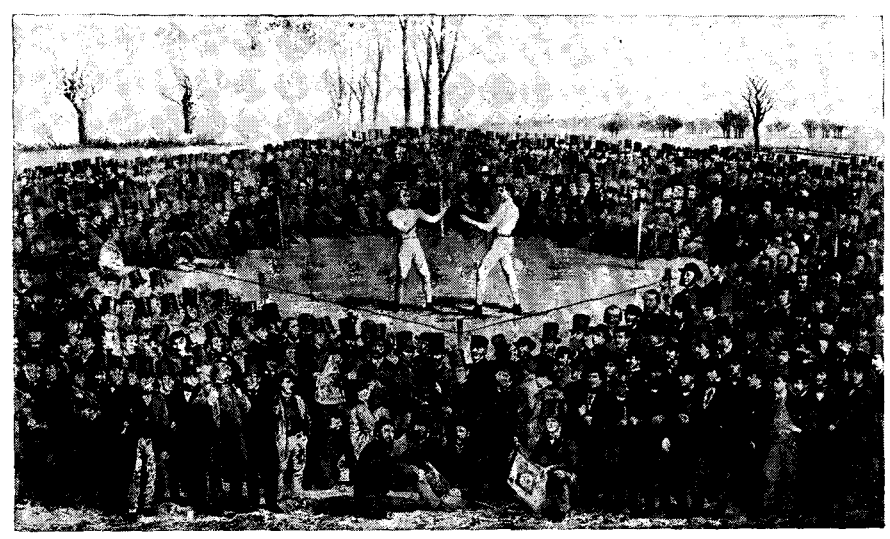
Early last summer over 900 entries tried to qualify for the championship at Oakmont, and Tommy Armour's victory, all told, was worth over $30,000 to the winner through the year ahead.

Walter Hagen one season, during the height of Florida's boom, managed to pick up over $90,000 for a year's collection, more money than all the professionals made back around 1895.

I recall once hearing Larry Lajoie say he jumped the Philadelphia club because he asked for $3,000 a year and the owners would pay him only $2,400. And Lajoie then was a .400 hitter and one of the greatest second basemen.

Lajoie couldn't collect $3,000 a year: Babe Ruth signs up for $70,000 and a three-year contract. Ruth is paid more per week through the playing season than Lajoie, one of the greatest of all time, could get for a whole season just thirty years ago.

The golden surf still rolls along and gathers new force every year. It broke all records at football and boxing last season, just as it broke all records at golf and tennis and baseball. Over 300,000 golfers will soon be on their way to a place in the sun in Bermuda, Florida, Texas or California, where they will spend over $100,000,000 in travel and hotel bills!



The famous Sayers-Heenan "drawn battle" at Farnborough, England, 1860

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Welcome Home

By ALICE DUER MILLER

A dangerous letter gets into the wrong hands and Bentham pledges himself to recover it

Breakfast can under certain circumstances be more romantic than any other meal

The Story Thus Far:

TOM BENTHAM, a young newspaper man, who has not entered his home for four years following his father's orders, returns from South America where he had been sent by his newspaper. His father and mother are both dead and the house belongs to him. He uses his old latchkey, walks up to his old room and finds a beautiful young lady in his bed.

She tells him the house has been sold, and orders him out. He goes but next day he hunts up his father's lawyer, Robinson, who tells him the house has not been sold. Together they hunt through it and find no one but the housekeeper. Half convinced Tom starts to the Adirondacks for a vacation after refusing to report a sensational divorce and perjury case for his paper, the Carson case.

Robinson sees him off, but on reading about the Carson case, Tom sees a picture of the girl whom he found in his house, Barbara Deane. He gets off the train, rushes back home and finds the girl. She begins to tell him the story of her sister's unhappy divorce from Ira Carson and her own part in it. Robinson is her sister's lawyer.

FOR a few moments he continued to stare at her and she to look off into space. Then she went on: "I suppose those who contemplate committing a crime think only of themselves in relation to it, whether they are right or wrong—and don't consider the obvious fact that committing a crime makes you a criminal. You may feel justified, but no matter—you have set yourself apart and, every man's hand is against you, and it does have its effect on your character—a bad effect, I mean. . . . But I don't regret what I did."

"Just what did you do?" he asked.

She took up her narrative again: "Well, after the fight was on, with telephones tapped and corps of detectives following everyone about, Ira and the lovely lady were wise enough to give up meeting. In order to get any evidence we were obliged to work back. And at last I remembered a little incident that took place the summer before the storm broke.

"It came to me that I had been at his old aunt's—a nice old thing, a little deaf, and perfectly silly about him, because he has always supported her and played the part of a great, good-natured child with her . . . she used to live in a sort of bungalow between New London and Narragansett—a lonely part of the coast. There Ira and the lady met and spent a week-end, arriving by motor from opposite directions—all very neat, if it had not happened that I myself was motoring down from Newport, where I had been staying, and I was actually there on the piazza when first one of them and then the other drove up. We had a scene, and I went away, trying my best to get Aunt Julia to come with me, but she wouldn't. She was awfully upset and felt he was using her for wicked purposes, but she would not desert her nephew, and so I went off in a rage, as you may well imagine.

"THE more I thought things over, the more I saw this was Adele's only chance, and when the suit came to trial I went on the stand and testified that I had succeeded in taking Aunt Julia off with me and that Ira and the lady, who had already admitted the week-end, had had no chaperon whatsoever. The old lady had died in the meantime and couldn't contradict me, and the servants had disappeared. . . . I was very convincing. My sister got her decree on my testimony."

"Did Robinson know you were committing perjury?"

She shook her head. "He did not know beforehand, but he knows now."

"You told him?"

"He heard it from the opposing counsel. They say that a letter of mine, written to Adele at the time, has fallen into their hands somehow or other. Mr. Robinson has not been able to get them to show it to him, and of course I cannot remember at this date just what I said, but it's most likely I did write to my sister and tell her what happened."

"Your sister knew then what you were doing?"

"You'll find it hard to believe me but she didn't. She made up her mind that I had lied in the letter, in order to spare her feelings, and told the truth on the stand. Apparently it has never crossed her mind that I am in danger from the law. Wasn't it bad luck that she did not destroy the letter? No, she believes I am in Canada, visiting some people I know there, and taking a long rest. I hope I shall be there before long. Mr. Robinson is trying to arrange it—he knows an old lady motoring to Murray Bay, and he thinks he could get her to take me over the border as her maid. I need not tell you that Ira is having the steamers and the trains watched, so it won't be easy. I will say for Mr. Robinson he has been very grand about all this—helping me out, although he had no responsibility for what I did."

"I wonder," said Bentham, "whether they could really get a conviction. I doubt it."

"The general opinion," returned the girl, with that strange detachment which she could show at times, "is that they would get an indictment—that the grand jury could not very well fail to indict. As to whether they would get a jury to convict, no one seems to be sure. The case against me is perfectly clear—my testimony under oath on the one hand and this letter on the other. But of course even to bring me to trial would be a great feather in Ira's cap."

SHE added in a more confidential tone, "And, do you know, I don't mind the idea of going to prison half as much as I mind the spectacle of Ira gloating.

"I know him so well. He would issue statements to the press about his painful situation, his desire to spare a young woman once near and dear to him, and his sense of obligation toward the law of the land. And then, besides all that, it would really vindicate him and this woman. He certainly wants to be set right with all his charities and college boards, from one or two of which he has been asked to resign. He can make *them* suffer too. Oh, yes, to try me would make him very happy: to convict me would be like the millennium to Ira."

He stared at her: "Have you never had the smallest doubt concerning what you have done?"

She flashed a look over him. "Re-

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pentance, you mean? No—that's a masculine self-indulgence. No religions founded by women lay much stress on repentance—"

"Don't they?" he asked very gently, but she swept on:

"I really don't know, but I don't believe they do. It's men who think they can do whatever they like and then set it right by taking on about it. Women are different. They look the ground over first, and if they make up their minds to commit a sin they are not surprised afterward to find that they have done it. Shakespeare was right when he made Macbeth the one who broke down under the strain of having done exactly what he set out to do."

"*She* walked in her sleep, you remember."

"WELL, at least she kept her mouth shut when she was awake." Barbara hesitated an instant and then went on with one of her confidential interludes: "No, I never have regretted what I did from the moral aspect—from my *own* point of view—but I regret it bitterly from another. It hasn't made my sister happy to be free—she would have preferred to go on all her life being slighted and abused by Ira. I think she has even persuaded herself that there might have been no divorce if it had not been for me." She looked him straight in the eye. "That is rather painful."

They wandered off into conversational byways—the moral obligation of coercing those you love . . . it was quite some time before she came to the main object of the whole discussion, the question of her remaining.

"Shall you permit me to stay?" she said, and very slightly as she spoke she raised both her eyebrows and her chin. He caught the full significance of her "shall." If she had said "Will you?" there would have been a hint of supplication.

"I invite you," he answered, "to spend the entire summer at my New York villa."

"Oh, I shan't ask for sanctuary as long as that—another week at most. Well, it's very nice of you, for I suppose there is a certain risk involved, and I know it must be inconvenient for you to be turned out."

"But I'm not going to be turned out."

"Oh, yes," she answered. "We can't both stay here—you must recognize that."

"It seems to me my being here would be a protection to you."

It was as if he had set off a firecracker. "A protection!" she exclaimed. "Don't tell me you are one of those 100 per cent masculine men who wish to protect women—Ira was like that—shut them up in prison and go off and lose the key. . . . There was an old bishop or something in the Middle Ages who said that it was unfeminine for women to learn to swim. He said that if they fell into the water a man would save them, or if there did not happen to be a man about, it would be better for them to drown than to have learned anything so unfeminine as swimming. . . . I don't want protection, thank you, except being allowed to stay here—alone."

"How you go on!" he murmured. "How you seem to dislike the idea of masculine superiority."

"I don't dislike it," she retorted. "I never saw it. I have heard a great deal about it—from men—but I have yet to see an example of it—"

He shook his head. "You are terribly sex-conscious," he observed.

"What?" she cried. "What do you mean?"

"I didn't say that my presence here would be a protection because I was a great, strong-armed man. It will be a protection for the simple reason that I am the owner of the house. If lights are seen here, if food is noticed being delivered, there will be nothing to rouse suspicion. As to the possibility of your being compromised by my staying here—"

SHE repudiated this idea. "I was not thinking of that," she said. "I really doubt if a criminal can be compromised—socially speaking."

"Then what was your reason for saying it was impossible for us both to remain here?"

She hesitated. "It would be embarrassing to tell you."

His heart sank. "Dislike of my society?"

"Oh, no." She sounded sincere. His heart regained its normal position.

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

Carson suddenly set his jaw and asked: "Do you know what has wrecked my married life?"

"It is necessary," he said, "situated as we are, to be candid with each other." Of course he meant, as people always do when they say things like this, that she must be candid with him.

She looked at him reflectively, and her eyes seemed to dilate with thought.

"Well," she said at last, "I am afraid that if we stay on here together for a week or so—the situation is—I suppose—what might be called romantic. I am afraid . . ." She came to a full stop, and he saw that she was annoyed and surprised at her own inability to pronounce the words. He did it for her:

"You are afraid that I might fall in love with you?"

She nodded rather solemnly. "I know it sounds conceited to say it," she said, "but a lot of trouble would be saved in this world if people would admit half the vain ideas they have—and act on—but are afraid to express."

"I don't think you conceited," he returned, "any more than you will think me rude when I say that it is impossible that I should ever fall in love with you. I think you are a grand girl—I mean to fight on your side, whether you're right or wrong. I don't mind your having committed perjury. I don't mind your being as hard as a rock. . . ."

"Do you think I'm hard?" she asked, evidently surprised.

"Do I think you're hard!" he answered. "I think a diamond is a mass of pulp in comparison. But I admire you for it—only I couldn't fall in love with you. Adele, now, yes. If Adele had been sitting up in my bed when I came home last night, I don't say what might not have happened. . . ."

He stopped, for it was clear that she was utterly unconvinced, and a horrible suspicion crossed his mind that she had read him from the beginning—that she knew he loved her all the time.

She sighed. "The trouble is," she said, "that any man who ever has been in love with me—there have not been many, but there have been some—has always begun by talking just as you do: by saying that I am just the type of woman he could not love . . . that were we cast away upon a desert island . . . were I the last woman in the world . . . that I am not the type. Apparently I'm not the type any man expects to fall in love with."

She paused and added rather sadly: "But it seems when a man falls in love with someone who isn't his type, it's rather worse than if she were. It seems to make more trouble for both of them. If in return for your kindness I should make you unhappy—and just see how unhappy falling in love does seem to make people—why, I should simply never forgive myself." Seeing him still unyielding, she added: "You must have been in the same position often—women must have fallen in love with you. . . ."

"Never," he answered, and was ashamed that his tone did not carry conviction, but, then, one of the things he most desired at the moment was that she should know that as a matter of fact they had. What an accursed thing a code was, anyhow!

"Of course they have—women whom you could never love—just made you uncomfortable."

"I thought, though, that women felt differently about these things."

"Not nice women."

He decided on a bold step. "I don't see," he said in his particularly gentle voice, "if you really believe what you have just said, why you should assume that *I* should be taking all the risks of an emotional catastrophe."

She stared at him and then caught his idea—and was not angry. "I?" she shook her head. "No, I'm not taking any risk at all—although I think you an unusually attractive man—for I thought I had made it clear to you that *I dislike men.* I fear and hate the strong ones who want to bully and destroy a woman, and I despise the weak ones who allow themselves to be bullied and destroyed. I don't see any way out of that dilemma, do you?"

Of course he did see a way out—namely, for her to fall in love with him, who had never tried to bully anyone and was himself as uncontrollable as the summer breeze. In his silence she went on: "You make it rather hard for me because, of course, you must see that I should like to have you here—a contact with the outer world, a pleasant companion, a sort of safeguard, as you pointed out—but I have a deep instinct that if you stayed, that if we spent a week here alone together, some great unhappiness would result for you: unless of course"—she had her inspirations too—"unless you happen to be in love already?"

He nodded solemnly at her. Why should he deny it?

Her whole face lit up. "Why in the world didn't you say so before? Oh, I know—men don't like to talk about such things."

"I should like to talk about her all the time, for, believe me, I think of nothing else."

"Are you really in love?"

"Deeply."

"Engaged? Perhaps married?"

"Neither."

"Why not?"

"I can't go into that."

MISS DEANE was not above a natural curiosity. She teased him for the whole story.

He maintained a dignified reserve—"So ridiculous," as she remarked. "There is no reason why you should not tell me—whom could I repeat it to? Besides, I'm like the tomb."

Still he would not give her his confidence. She became appealing—she feared he did (*Continued on page 43*)

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It was his stepmother who was addressing Geoffrey now, quietly and like a woman who has a duty to perform

The Hard Streak

That follows along its expected course and at the end crops out at an unexpected angle

By
ALBERT KINROSS

GEOFFREY had come, so they were complete now: the three sons, the daughter, the son-in-law, and their stepmother, second wife to Anthony. Culver, who lay dying in the room above. It was the first time the whole family had been gathered together under that roof. All of them were there, even Geoffrey, who had been cast out. Geoffrey had seen nothing of them since that final break. Then his father had not been dying but very much alive. "Not in my house—not in my house!" he had cried, and Geoffrey had answered, "Not in your house, and not even in your name."

Today they had come together again. There was Ella, his sister. She had been a little girl and always frightened fifteen years ago: slender, in short frock, with trim brown legs in trim brown shoes and stockings. Now she was shingled and smart and empty, with similar legs in wonderful shoes and stockings. Anthony Culver had bought her an impoverished earl, the chinless gentleman over yonder who began to say things and never finished them. Rather expensive, Geoffrey reflected, now that he had seen him.

There were his two brothers, Merrick and Timothy, who had been schoolboys then, timid and given to seeking shelter behind his back. Both were in the firm. They had taken the chances that he had refused. He was glad he had refused. Merrick, the elder, seemed finished, as though the youth had been knocked out of him and nothing had come to take its place. Timothy was unhappy. You had only to look at Timothy to see that he was unhappy.

The stepmother, like the earl, was something new. Geoffrey felt sorry for her. She was young and handsome, and well-bred, and she moved there like a ghost lost among strangers, as though in her heart she were repeating, "What are all these Culvers to me or I to them?"

THE old man, dying in the room above, was the sole link that held this little group together.

The cloak of conventional sorrow that muffled all their voices seemed actually to stand for something real—created, indeed, an atmosphere infectious and profound. Were they then really sorry, thought Geoffrey, looking into the half-strange faces, hearing these whispered words and the commonplace answers and questions that passed between him and them? Were they really anything but pale reflections of Anthony Culver's will? They were his brothers and his sister, and not one of them had had the courage to seek him out. Their father had put a stopper on that, and they had obeyed. Today they had sent for him. Mr. Culver had commanded that, and again they had obeyed. A glimmer of contempt came into his eyes, and then one of pity. Had all these people trembled before that powerful old man? He supposed they must have been well paid for it; or were they too weak and too helpless to revolt?

"Your father said you were to go straight up to him." It was his stepmother who was addressing Geoffrey now, quietly and like a woman who has a duty to perform. "He said that I was to bring you."

Geoffrey was ready.

He followed her up two thickly carpeted flights of stairs into the great bedroom on the second floor.

There was straw all down the street outside, and it was quiet here.

"Leave us," said a voice from the bed, and Geoffrey caught his father's eyes, fixed on him; already fixed on him, as though Anthony had been watching, waiting, till he came.

"And you too." It was the same voice, and this time the eyes were on the nurse in her neat uniform.

"But the doctor—" the nurse began.

"I'm my own doctor, woman. Out you go, after Mrs. Culver! I want my son."

Geoffrey and his father were alone. The older man held out a hand. "Take it," he said. "You've done without it all these years. You've beaten me. I had three sons, but you're the only one that's beaten me."

Geoffrey took it, and the hand drew him to a chair.

"Sit down close beside me so that I can see your face."

GEOFFREY and his father were eye to eye at last. "You've gone gray," said the older man, "and you've a jaw something like mine, and you've a hardness—I couldn't hurt you now. You were a boy the last time and had the eyes of a woman. Am I changed too?"

Geoffrey was silent.

"You don't speak," said Anthony.

"Why did you send for me?"

"Ah!" and Anthony Culver came back to this great room.

"How do you know I sent for you?" he asked.

"You sent for me."

"You're my son, and I can do what I like with my own."

"I'm not your son," came coldly from the younger man.

"I know; your name's Cornish now—Geoffrey Cornish. Your mother's name. She was a woman, Geoff! Not snow and ice like that icicle downstairs. You took your mother's name."

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"I had a right to that."

"You've a right to mine, and the mills and the factories. You're the eldest." And Mr. Culver waited.

So this was why they had sent for him.

"My name's Cornish. We settled that a good many years ago; and more besides."

"Pig-headed, eh?"

Geoffrey sat like stone.

"Pig-headed, eh? The same as me," said Anthony; "I'm a good hater too. But now—now there's no need for hate. I shall be gone as soon as this is over. I've hung on for this. I want the firm to go on and my name with it, and you're my man."

"There's Merrick and Timothy."

"They're no good. They're frightened of me, like that cold wench downstairs. I thought I'd marry blood and breed the second time; it's a mistake. They're all frightened. You were never frightened. That's why we fell out."

"MY NAME'S Cornish, and there it stays," said Geoffrey, rising.

"Fix your price—and sit down."

Geoffrey sat down. Why not?

"Won't you do it for money?"

"Money's no good to me now—ten years ago—twelve years ago—not now."

"You're rich now?"

"Comfortable."

"Ten years ago—twelve years ago—you weren't comfortable?"

"Uncomfortable enough to have a price."

"Hungry, eh? Cold, eh?"

"The usual thing."

"I've been through it," said his father. "Where did you sleep?"

"God knows!"

"I always had a bed—some sort of a bed. I beat you there." The old man was warming. "I faced it. What did you do?" he asked.

"Faced it."

"Took rotten pay, and grinned—and moved on?"

The younger man nodded.

"And then you saved a bit?"

"Not me!" Geoffrey too was warming.

"Beat you again!" chuckled Mr. Culver. "You wasted time."

"I took my chances."

"And then you had things to sell and you sold them?" pursued his father.

The younger man nodded again.

"I sold mine too—and things that weren't mine."

"You wanted to sell me—and I wasn't yours."

"I sold your two brothers, landed the firm with them, and there they are."

"And when you've gone?"

"They'll stick—they've shares enough. They can't get kicked out, unless they sell."

"They'll sell," said Geoffrey.

Mr. Culver changed the subject.

"You found a market at last?"

The younger man nodded.

"You took their prices at first and then made them take yours?"

Again Geoffrey nodded.

"They had to take 'em or go without?"

"That's it," said Geoffrey.

"Where did you learn it?" asked his father. "Not at school or college? In the world, eh, Geoff? That was my school and my college. One has to learn that in the world."

Geoffrey waited.

"Your two brothers haven't learned it yet, and they're my partners. They're in the firm; they sign my checks for me, Geoff, and get in the way, and haven't the pluck to give a straight yes or no."

Still Geoffrey waited.

"Why don't you lend a hand?" cried his father. "I'll make it worth your while. You're a man, and you'd have ten thousand other men to play with—men and women—that's how we stand today. And when I'm gone—"

Anthony Culver paused. When he was gone he saw decline, a great ship drifting.

"You're a man," he pursued. "I beat you in two places, eh, Geoff? But you're a man and my own flesh and blood, for all your airs and coldness. I know a man when I see one. Why don't you lend a hand?"

"I've my own work."

"How much do you make at it?"

"As much as I want to make."

"How much do you want?"

"That depends."

"Wife and kids, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Two boys, eh?"

"Two of each."

"I know that."

"And?"

"One of 'em will take my name when he finds out. He'll only have to put out a hand. I've made provision for that. My name and the mills and the factories, and money to burn—when he finds out. Deep, ain't I?"

"He won't find out."

"Egad, but I'd make him—if I were strong again!"

He changed the subject.

"You're well known now?"

"So they say."

"I've heard of you these five years and seen your portrait in the papers—Geoffrey Cornish—my son Geoffrey Culver!"

"Did you tell anybody?"

THE elder man reflected. "No," was his reply.

"I didn't either."

The old man changed the subject yet again.

"Look here, Geoff; I kicked you out because you wanted one thing and I another. I said, 'He'll come back as soon as his belly pinches,' and so I kicked you out. You said you'd be a painter. I said cotton and wool and Culver's Textiles for all who bear my name. I had made Culver's; it was the work of my life; it was waiting for you—money and reputation for the mere handling! You were a fool. You said you were going to be an artist—that was school; that was college!

"You went away. You've stayed away—I grant it. You've come back at my request—I grant it. You've succeeded; you've done what you set out to do; you've beaten me—I grant that. I thought painters were fools; I thought they were spongers and lapdogs, hangers-on who shirked honest work and amused the women. Some made money; I knew that. But so do fiddlers and men who sing at the opera and actors and all that trash.

"You were gone, and after ten years I heard of you. You had come to the front without any help from me—your own doing. 'There must be something in the fellow,' I said. 'He's come through the ruck and seems to be making a name for himself. There must be something in the fellow,' I said. I've seen some of your pictures—I didn't look for 'em, but I've seen 'em—portraits of men—good, straight, honest work. 'He isn't a lapdog, after all,' I said.

"I began to respect you, Geoff. You'd done something. Merrick and Timothy—they'd had all the chances that you and I had never had, and what had they done? Sponged on me, Geoff! Sponged on the firm, taken my name and spent my money! . . . Today I sent for you. I've been a long time over it—I grant that. I wanted to shake hands and make it up, Geoff. I wanted you to use my name again. I've made my will that way. If you take my name and keep my name and no name but the one I gave you, Culver's is yours to play with, ten thousand men and women, thirty thousand human lives. And money and land and houses.

"Without my name you don't get a sou, but with it you're rich—rich enough to burn your paints and brushes and pay the whole Academy to do your job. . . . I thought you might be a man, Geoff, because you'd succeeded in spite of me. That took some doing—I know it. And now I've seen you, you're no fool; you're not like a fiddler or a pug-faced tenor. You cut your hair and carry your clothes like a gentleman. I know one when I see one. I'm proud of you, Geoff. You're a man, and though you paint and daub, by gad, you're as good a man as I am, doing real work!"

"Better," said Geoffrey. He had been silent up till now.

HIS father looked at him through half-closed eyes.

"Better," said Geoffrey; "I'll tell you why I'm better. Can you stand it?"

"Go ahead," said Anthony.

"Twice just now you said you'd beaten me. Once because I'd slept in my clothes—we'll put it that way—and you had always found a bed—'some sort of bed': those were your words?"

Anthony Culver nodded.

"The second time it was because you'd saved and because I hadn't?"

"I did beat you there," said his father.

"Not quite. I beat you both times—if you can listen—if it won't tire you?"

"Go ahead."

"Do you know why I slept in parks while you had always found a bed—some sort of a bed? You'd swindled me out of mine. You'd swindled—I'm not blaming you.

"You kicked me out—that wasn't quite playing the game. Nobody kicked you out; you weren't forced to start all over. I was—and I've come through. Nobody stole your bed, but you had done me out of mine. You didn't beat me there, but I beat you.

"The second time it was because you'd saved. You were giving me five thousand a year when you kicked me out and I made debts on top of that and you didn't care much whether I made 'em. We could afford it, you said. 'As long as you don't marry a chorus girl, I don't care what you do, Geoff!' you used to say. . . . Well, you didn't start with five thousand a year and debts. So that was hardly fair either. But that's not the point. I'll tell you why I didn't save.

"Whenever I had any money I put all my eggs into one basket, painted a picture and hoped and worried till it was sold. Sometimes it wasn't sold. Had you ever the pluck to do that? When I was down and out my 'Bridge Builders' was hanging in the Academy. I could have sponged on somebody, but we Culvers are proud—damned proud!

"It was a month before they hung it and another two months before they sold it. I'd put all my eggs into that basket, and the man who bought it had to find me first. I had three stale crusts, one dry and two wet, in my pocket the day I met him and (*Continued on page 47*)

Illustrated by
LOWE
BIEDENMEISTER

"You ask me to change my name, to throw away the name I've made — would you change yours?"

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Hold that Waistline!

The business man whose chest is where his waist used to be, and the woman whose width outnumbers her birthdays, can come to see their toes again without a periscope by following Dr. Wadsworth's rules

Everybody's magnet—fat, thin, big, little or betwixt

By RUTH F. WADSWORTH, M.D.

Illustrated by REGINALD BIRCH

SEVERAL years ago a well-known moving-picture actress died after a lingering illness which was popularly supposed to have been caused by her frantic efforts to reduce her weight. The tremendous publicity given this event by the papers and the moving-picture magazines had a widespread effect on the public feeling about reducing-dieting.

In many ways this effect was a good one. Women especially, who had been dabbling in diet in an unscientific and undirected way, grew fearful and relaxed their efforts to attain the flapper figure. A great deal of ill health and bad temper was thus prevented.

On the other hand, there is something to be said for the diet to control weight. It should not be looked upon with entire disfavor.

Generally speaking, there are two reasons why people diet to reduce—they want to improve their looks, or they want to increase their fitness. To a doctor, of course, the second reason is the only important one. Every doctor sees beauty in fitness and ugliness in ill health. He always has the argument of beauty to fall back on—but, nevertheless, it is incidental to him.

The average woman is inclined to believe that she can attain beautiful proportions simply by losing pounds, but unfortunately this is not so. The Old Testament says we cannot add a cubit to our stature. Neither can we diminish by starvation the size of our bones. If what your form needs to become more attractive is a change in the proportion of height to bone thickness, you might as well leave dieting alone.

The old term, "superfluous flesh," is a useful and expressive one. But we might improve it by changing "flesh" to "fat," because flesh includes muscle, and few of us have superfluous muscle. Some fat in the tissues is necessary for padding and for food reserve in case of long illness. Beyond a certain point, however, fat in the tissues is superimposed material, unnecessary ballast which is not a true part of our bodies. Therefore it may be cast overboard with impunity.

From the health standpoint the person who is more than 10 pounds over normal weight is less resistant than the thinner person. This is partly because of the habits that go with obesity and partly because of the gradual effect that obesity has on the body.

To Know Yourself—Weigh Yourself

BY HABIT the fat person is generally inactive, and always eats too much. I have seen active fat people, but they bounce around rather than really exercise. I have heard many fat people protest that they eat very little, but I don't believe them. They may eat less than they want, but they eat enough to feed those extra pounds or they wouldn't have them.

Now, inactivity and overeating are two dangerous habits. Inactivity causes loss of muscle tone and with it loss of circulatory tone. The heart and blood vessels get out of training and are unfit to meet the emergencies that happen to all of us. Overeating is a strain on the digestion—the stomach, the liver, the intestines, and probably the pancreas and kidneys.

The effect of obesity on the body is wide-reaching. Mechanically it embarrasses and overburdens the heart; it interferes with respiration; it interferes with the action of the muscles in sending the blood back to the heart; it interferes with the passive filling of the veins.

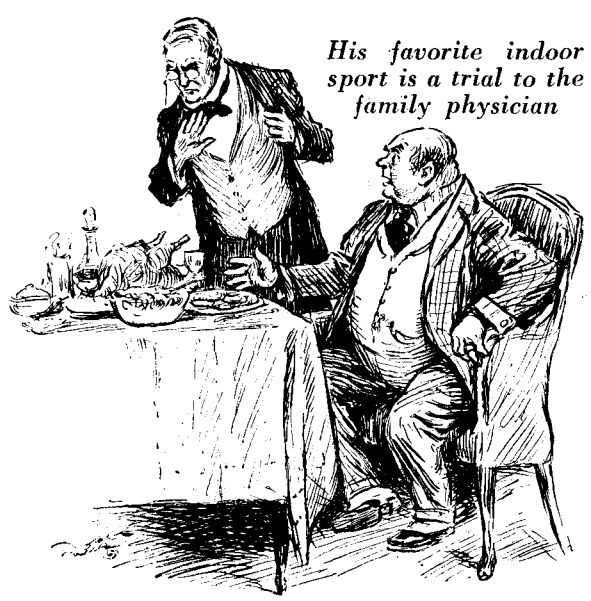
What we may call the chemical effects of fat on the body we do not understand so well. All we can say is that if you're fat you are more susceptible to certain diseases and less likely to recover from them than your thin friend. Examples are—gout, diabetes and the acute infections of the lungs and bronchi.

We have, then, ample justification for not letting nature take its course, if that course happens to lead to obesity. Doctors still hear the argument, "Oh, the Lord meant me to be fat. We only have one life—why not enjoy it?"

Especially during and after middle age, when eating is frankly one of the favorite indoor sports, the obese patient is a trial to his family physician. The very man who MUST be dieted because of his diabetes or his blood pressure has been unfitted by long years of self-indulgence for the arduous experience of deliberately losing weight.

The moral for everybody is: DON'T GET FAT IN THE FIRST PLACE. Bear that in mind.

Start dieting before you need to and before it is too hard for your disposition.



His favorite indoor sport is a trial to the family physician

Fortunately, for some curious reason, everyone, fat or thin, is interested in his weight. The penny-in-the-slot weighing machines, which abound in drug stores, subways and numerous other places, pay for themselves quickly. Every person who enters a doctor's office, to sell him a book or to ask him out to lunch, steps, with a murmured apology, on his scales.

Therefore the first rule for the dieter is not a hard one to enforce. It is:

WATCH YOUR WEIGHT! WEIGH YOURSELF REGULARLY AND DETERMINE WHETHER YOU ARE NORMAL AND WHETHER YOU ARE GAINING OR LOSING.

If you are underweight and losing—see a doctor.

If you are overweight and gaining—begin to diet.

The determination of the NORMAL is quite a simple matter.

Get your height first. Then allow yourself 100 pounds for 5 feet in height. For every additional inch over 5 feet, add 6 more pounds. If you are under 5 feet, subtract 6 pounds for each inch of 5 feet you lack. Thus, if you are 5 feet 6 inches in height, your normal weight is 136 pounds. If you are 4 feet 10 inches, your normal weight is 88 pounds.

This rule is very simple and varies little for men and women over twenty.

Before twenty there is a normal tendency to weigh less, and we do not worry over it.

Over twenty there is a general tendency to weigh more than this standard, and we DO worry about it because it does not correct itself with the years.

Most weight tables make allowance for age because they are based on AVERAGES rather than on the normal or desirable condition. The woman who is fat and forty is not stared at, to be sure, because we have grown used to her. But that doesn't mean that she weighs what she should weigh, for her own well-being.

Fat-and-Forty isn't stared at today

In figuring your normal weight, allowance must be made for any variation from the average in the size of your bones. This is best gauged by the size of your hands and feet. Women, perhaps more than men, know if their hands and feet are smaller or larger than those of other people of their height. If your bones are smaller than the average, your weight may be 10 pounds or less under the tabulated normal without making you underweight. If your bones are larger than the average, you can allow yourself 10 extra pounds.

Pace That Kills

ONCE having decided that you are overweight, and how much, you must plan your campaign. Casting off the fat ballast is no idle jest, although your friends may treat it as such. It takes courage, patience, indifference to ridicule and temptation—in fact, all the primitive virtues.

The more weight you have to lose, the more of these virtues you need.

You must guard against the greatest

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mistake of the amateur dieter—over-eagerness.

Three pounds a week is a safe goal to try for.

To put it brutally—if you are 20 pounds overweight, it will take you about two months to lose it. If you are 50 pounds overweight it will take you four months or more.

It is important to know this at the start, so that you won't become discouraged at your slow progress and give up the ordeal. If you lose faster than this, you are in danger of becoming flabby and looking and feeling ill, which will induce your friends to persuade you to go back to your old habits. Moreover, at the end of a period of GRADUAL dieting you will find that you do not WANT to go back to your old habits; you have really curbed your appetite and rather enjoy abstemiousness.

The METHOD of losing weight, which follows physiological principles and is safe, is absurdly simple. You simply feed your normal weight and let the excess fat go hungry. You eat the same balanced diet that keeps all people in health, with two exceptions: You do not eat more fat than you can help, and you add a little extra protein to insure yourself against the destruction of your own protein which sometimes occurs when the food intake is suddenly lowered.

Of course you eat less than you want of everything for a while and less than you have been in the habit of eating.

The fat-pounds which you starve by this method do not simply pass away of inanition: they are consumed by your body to make up the energy requirement it still has while your weight is high.

Rapid fat consumption such as occurs in starvation causes definite acid poisoning or acidosis. Gradual fat consumption is not injurious. As your weight lessens your energy requirement lessens as the fat needed to supply it is diminishing—a very satisfactory co-operation all around.

To get down to business — WHAT CAN YOU EAT?

Breakfast and lunch are the same for all dieters. Dinner is varied according to the weight of the dieter.

Breakfast consists of the following:

One orange or one-half grapefruit or one-half melon.

One egg, boiled or poached.

Coffee or tea without sugar or cream.

One large slice of brown bread toast without butter.

It is well to eat this breakfast for three days and every fourth day take two tablespoonfuls of dry cereal with milk as a substitute for the egg and toast. It keeps up your morale.

Luncheon can be made a delightful and varied meal. For your steady home diet try:

Cup of broth.

One quarter head of lettuce with salt.

Six bran crackers.

One raw apple.

But when you are lunching at a restaurant or as somebody's guest you can avoid comment by eating:

Raw oysters or clams.

Romaine, endive or hearts of lettuce with tomato.

Black coffee or tea without sugar.

Bran roll without butter.

OR

Melon or grapefruit.

Lamb chop.

Broccoli (or some other green vegetable) with salt and no dressing.

You must not cheat, of course. A little butter sneaked on your roll or a little French dressing sneaked on your salad will spoil it all.

Dinner, in this diet system, is planned to be a perfect ending to an imperfect day. You will soon consider it a perfectly satisfying meal. It may even consist of three courses, if you like.

First course: Clear soup without noodles or the like. Or: melon, or unsweetened fruit cup.

Second course: Lean meat or fish.

One medium-sized potato or serving of potato.

Vegetables without butter or cream sauce.

Celery or olives, if desired.

Third course: Salad—fruit, tomato, cucumber, bean. Or plain lettuce, endive or other salad greens.

All without dressing other than vinegar, pepper and salt.

The omissions in this dinner are obvious. No crackers with soup or salad, no bread and butter, and no dessert except fresh fruit substituted for the salad if desired. Black coffee without sugar is optional. Purées, gravies, sauces and jellies are taboo.

At first it is a little hard for some people to eat potato without butter or gravy, but soon they learn to like it with salt and the juice of the meat.

Many people are horrified at the idea of eating potato at all when they are trying to diet, and want to substitute a slice of bread. But potato is a natural starch and contains an important vitamin and minerals which bread often lacks. It should not be left out.

To repeat, this diet as a whole should be adhered to; there is a reason for every item of it.

Butter and sugar are the two most concentrated and hunger-satisfying foods we have, and they are as nearly as possible eliminated from this menu. What a difference they make!

For the first week or so of dieting between-meal hunger is a menace to the persistence of the heroic faster.

At any moment you may cry, "Oh, bother!" and dash into a restaurant to order beefsteak and onions and French fried potatoes and a large slice of apple pie à la mode, with the feeling that, after all, life must be lived, not endured.

To avoid this tragedy coddle your hunger with things that fill your stomach but do not supply much energy.

Safe between-meal foods are raw apples and buttermilk (only one glass of buttermilk, strained of butter, but as many apples as desired). After the first ten days they won't be necessary.

Water intake during partial fasting is very important. At least two quarts a day should be taken. The old idea that water adds to your weight is a false one. Of course there is a large amount of water in our bodies, but it is in combination, and if you don't give it other substances to combine with it can't become tissue.

A successful regimen of reduction should accomplish the following things:

(a) Weight should be brought down to normal at the rate of two to three pounds a week.

(b) After the first ten days the process should not be an arduous one.

(c) At no time should the dieter feel out of condition.

(d) At no time should others remark that he looks badly.

(e) When the weight is finally normal he should be addicted to his new diet.

When the desired weight goal is reached it is well to continue the diet for a while and see whether there is further weight loss. Often, strangely enough, there is not. But if there is the diet should be increased gradually until weight becomes stationary at normal. Increase the carbohydrates first, with a little butter. Eventually two pats of butter and two slices of bread a day can be eaten with impunity in most cases.

But the person who has once been overweight must be constantly on his guard. Obesity is a recurrent habit. The causes of it are a part of one's physiology, as well as overeating, and they operate continuously.

Fortunately, anyone who has once reduced successfully has a feeling of self-confidence that makes him diet again with ease and generally before the need for it has become great.

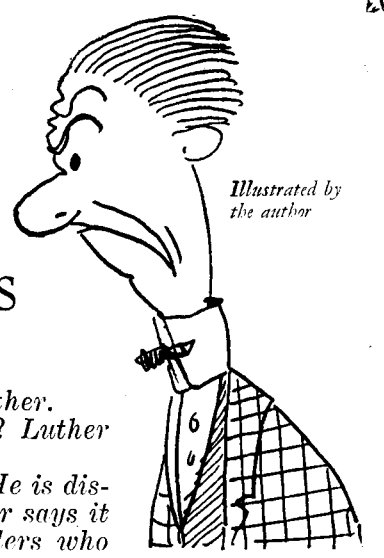
The successful reducer is threatened with two dangers: he has a tendency to become smug and intolerant, and he is likely to become a bore.

I always advise patients to do their dieting as much as possible in private and to boast about it as little as possible, otherwise they may find themselves slender but disliked.

Also it is well to remember before assuming a holier-than-thou attitude that there are many who are obese not because they are self-indulgent but because they are cursed with an inactive thyroid or an overactive pituitary gland or simply a hereditary tendency to store up fat in close combination in the tissues—conditions that are not easily remedied by dieting.

McGoofey's First Reader

By H. I. PHILLIPS



Illustrated by the author

Who is this man? *This is Luther.*

Why does Luther look so glum? *Luther is disgusted.*

With what is he disgusted? *He is disgusted with the country. Luther says it is governed by stupid officeholders who "feed at the public crib year after year, seldom realizing their obligations to the people and rarely serving them with intelligence."*

Lesson II

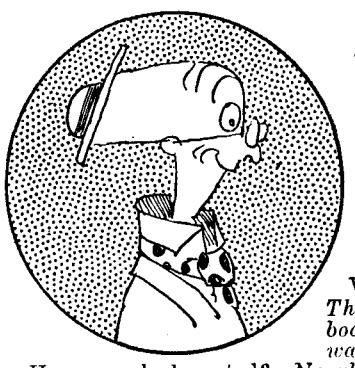
What is Luther doing here? *Luther is doing what is known as yawping.*

On what subject is Luther yawping? *Luther is yawping on his favorite theme: the failure of the peepul of the United States to put in office capable, intelligent, conscientious, unselfish leaders.*

"The peepul are not represented by their leaders," declares Luther, his Adam's apple agitating violently, "They are BETRAYED by them!"

What would Luther do about it? *He would "deny the rights of citizenship to every man or woman who did not go to the polls Election Day and cast his or her ballot intelligently and conscientiously, regardless of party, for those candidates best fitted by education, training and experience for offices of public trust."*

Lesson III



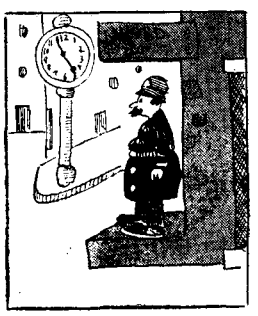
Who is this funny-looking zany? *This is Quincy W. Ook.*

Who is Quincy W. Ook? *He is a candidate for governor or mayor or Congress or something.*

He doesn't look the type of man to be a candidate for high office, does he? *He isn't!*

Then will he be elected? *Very likely.*

Lesson IV



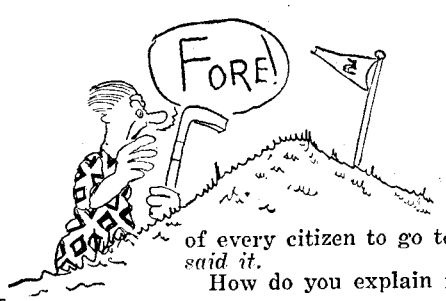
What is this? *This is a voting booth in Luther's ward.*

Has everybody voted? *Nearly everybody.*

Has Luther voted? *No. Luther will not vote.*

How do you know Luther will not vote? *Because the polls are about to close and he hasn't even been sighted.*

Who's been elected? *Quincy W. Ook, the well-known nitwit.*



Lesson V

Isn't this a golf course? *Yes, this is a golf course.*

And isn't that Luther playing golf? *Yes, Luther has been on the course all day, his office always closing on Election Day.*

Isn't Luther the fellow who talked so much about the duty of every citizen to go to the polls Election Day? *You said it.*

How do you explain it? *It can't be done.*

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The Ham Actor

A Short Short Story

By MERLE THORPE

A MOB of students zigzagged in swirling serpentine fashion down the Main Street of the little college town of High Tree, each vociferous in his desire to be recognized as a "son of a gambolier":

Like every honest fellow, I drink my lager beer,
A rambling rake of poverty, the son of a gambolier.

In this fashion they were making for the Grand Opera House, which had announced for that night its monthly dramatic offering, a traveling stock company in 'Twixt Love and Honor.

Arriving at the Opera House, the undergraduates formed a flying wedge and rushed the door, toppling over the doorkeeper, and ignoring the village marshal. Townspeople made way, some indignant and disgusted, others openly enjoying the prospect.

The mob swung down the center aisle, preëmpted the first five rows of "reserved seats at 30 cents" and at the suggestion of the leader generously gave three cheers for the villain, the orchestra and the police force. After which they clamored for the show to begin.

Behind the scenes the local manager was explaining to the troupe what it was all about. Once a year the students of an adjacent university went on a rampage. This was it.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet," said the manager. "Last year they put a first-class Uncle Tom show on the bum. They made Little Eva die four times. Ascension and all. Then they made Legree and Uncle Tom fight three rounds under Queensberry rules, and when Uncle Tom knocked Legree down the studes yelled, 'Fake fight, we want our money back,' and stormed the box office. That's the tough part of it," he said anxiously.

"What is?" demanded a young actor busy with his make-up.

"Well, it's a tradition in this college town that if the show doesn't get into the last act we have to give back the money. If the actors keep a-going, one way or another, until the last act, there's no refunds. Gawd, I hope you can keep a-going. It's a full house. It's standing room," he reported, peering through a hole in the curtain. "I sure hope we can keep the money."

No actors ever received such applause before. Each and every line met with the hilarious approval of the reserved section. The students wept and moaned at the comedian's jokes; they greeted the sad lines of the deserted sweetheart and the sturdy resolutions of the hero with laughter uncontrolled.

As they tired of random ridicule a more systematic horseplay was indulged in. They picked for their victim the venerable father of the unhappy heroine. He had been dubbed "Old Whiskers." In mock sympathy they suggested lines and anticipated his entrances.

Confusion grew. The reporter for the local paper shouted in his wife's ear, "They can't last two minutes longer; we'll all get our money back."

But a climax undreamed of by the author was rapidly approaching. Old Whiskers, after a touching speech, lay down stiffly upon a sanitary couch up center and died.

This act brought forth applause that shook the chandeliers. The leader called for an encore, and at his signal the mob jumped up and shouted in unison:

"Encore! Encore! We want—Old Whiskers—to die—again!"

Confusion became chaos. Certain citizens who had reached the limit of endurance got up to leave. The local manager from the wings implored the old actor to respond to the encore.

Old Whiskers got up, repeated his lines and died again.

But a critical and approving audience would not be satisfied.

"Encore! Encore! We want—Old Whiskers—to die—again-n-n!"

Gripping a forlorn hope, the manager signaled once more to the old actor, shouting above the din the one word, "Box office."

But now a strange thing happened.

The old actor stepped out in front of the footlights and held up his hand in a mute plea to be heard. The leader, scenting something novel, quieted his howling cohorts.

"I don't resent your ridicule," this from Old Whiskers brokenly. "I know I'm rotten. I've tried for forty years to be something more than a ham actor. But I've failed. All along I sort o' felt that I couldn't make good. Tonight you young men have written it in letters a mile high. But I don't resent it. I only hope that not one of you, when you reach the divide where I stand tonight, will be forced to look back over his life and admit in public that it was a failure. You know, boys, the Will isn't everything. Sometimes the Hand writes. In my case— Oh, well, it doesn't matter. It's got to be in you. . . . Youth doesn't realize . . . some of you . . . but . . . I'm honest when I say that I hope none of you will ever stand where I do tonight —an acknowledged failure!"

For the first time that evening Old Whiskers received no applause; that is, applause which could be heard. The students, dazed and shamefaced, looked at each other for a cue. The leader gave it. He called for "Three times three for Old Whiskers!"

This broke the tension. Youth, having sympathy and faith, cheered whole-heartedly again and again. Then the word went forth that there was to be no more interruption.

In due time retribution seized the villain, other dramatic knots were untied and verities maintained. Whereupon the students demanded Old Whiskers. When he appeared before the curtain the students piled on the stage and heartily shook him by the hand. Then they made their way to the street, singing:

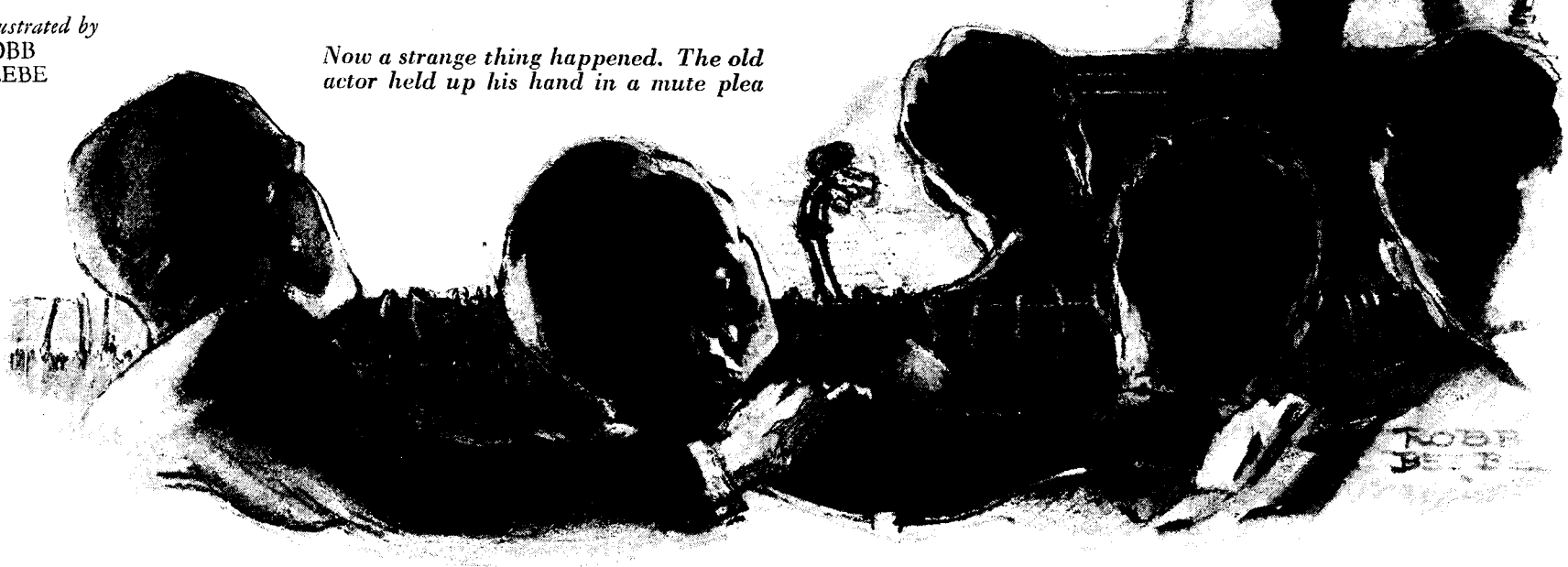
For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny!

The song floated into the dressing-room where Old Whiskers was taking off his wig. Drawing a towel across his face to remove the painted wrinkles, a young man of twenty it was who remarked to an exultant manager who had just poked his head through the door:

"Not so bad for a bum ham actor, eh?"

Illustrated by
ROBB
BEEBE

Now a strange thing happened. The old actor held up his hand in a mute plea



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The

On the Riviera—of all places!—Major Forester discovers that love and loveliness are one and the same thing

There was a tumult of applause at their entrance

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

I HAVE never felt any particular affection for professional dancers as a class, but when, on entering the Chat Blanc at Marseilles, Maurice rose from his table near the door to greet me, I felt constrained to exchange a few amenities.

The meeting somewhat surprised me. Maurice, only a season before, had been one of the most popular young professionals upon the Riviera, and his name was continually being coupled with one or another of those society dames with plenty of money who have a fancy for making pets of their dancing companions. Furthermore, the Chat Blanc was far from most of the resorts of fashion, and Maurice's appearance, although he was neatly dressed as usual, nevertheless showed signs of waning prosperity.

My greatest surprise, however, was when, after a moment or two's desultory conversation, he turned a little hesitatingly to his young lady companion, who was looking into her mirror and toying with a lipstick.

"You remember Miss Hancock, Major Forester?"

The young lady held out her hand, and I made a somewhat incoherent reply. If Maurice had been a successful male dancer, Sibyl Hancock was certainly one of the most admired of the English danseuses for many seasons. This evening, however, she was barely recognizable—the ghost of herself—thin, with sharp lines, and that indefinable look of age which illness leaves.

THERE was something else about her too which seemed to account for her complete loss of charm. Her use of cosmetics had become too undisciplined; even her voice had a little rasp in it which I never remembered. In short, in place of a very attractive young woman, in the early twenties, I should have taken her today for a woman of altogether a different type, approaching middle age.

"You didn't remember me, Major Forester," she complained.

"For a moment I'm afraid I didn't," I admitted. "You see, I've been away a good deal, and I thought that you were still at Monte Carlo."

"We finished there last season," she answered, fidgeting with her rings. "They wanted us back again at the Café de Paris, and the Carlton, but we thought we'd like a change. I daresay we shall be there again next season."

"Are you doing a show here?" I asked, trying to keep up the semblance of credulity and interest.

"Not every night," Maurice intervened. "Sibyl has been ill and she doesn't feel quite up to it yet."

At that moment a maître d'hôtel tapped him upon the shoulder, and indicated a table close at hand where two elderly ladies were seated. Maurice hurried off with a little bow.

"You will excuse me," he murmured. "One of my clients. . . ."

"Sit down for a minute," Sibyl Hancock begged.

I accepted her invitation, and called for the wine list.

"Have you supped?" I asked.

"Not yet," she admitted with a curious little gleam of anticipatory satisfaction in her eyes. "We were just thinking about it."

"You must let me be your host," I begged.

She accepted without hesitation, and again something in her expression made me feel a little uncomfortable. I ordered some caviare, some cutlets and a bottle of champagne, and in obedience to her gesture the waiter removed the carafe of vin ordinaire which had been standing upon the table.

"Maurice and I are not quite so spoiled as we used to be," she confided nervously. "You didn't recognize me, did you, Major Forester, when you first came in?"

"Not at once," I admitted.

"I have been ill for seven months," she went on. "I haven't really recovered yet, but Maurice would have had to find another partner if I had been laid up any longer, so I do my best. . . . You still dance?"

"As badly as ever," I regretted, "but if you will—"

I have a certain amount of instinct in some things, and I knew very well that the suggestion of dancing—once it would have been considered rather an honor to dance with Sibyl Hancock—was made for the sake of the customary douceur, and I was convinced also that if I had not happened to come along supper would have been a somewhat meager affair. For some reason or other the two had fallen upon evil times.

The Chat Blanc, although popular enough in its way, was a café for the people and not to be compared with the fashionable rendezvous of the Riviera. The decorations were tawdry and a little shabby; the service and the table appointments were second-rate. The walls were ornamented with huge pictures of simpering, naked women, with here and there an attendant sprite, and at the end of the room was a representation of an immense white cat, the presiding genuis of the place.

The young men seemed mostly of the shopkeeper class, but even they showed no signs of pressing their attentions upon my companion. She sat after the dance looking round the room with a tired yet wistful look in her eyes.

As soon as the wine came she drank a glassful eagerly, and I noticed that Maurice, as he passed with one of his clients, looked at her with some anxiety. He rejoined us before supper was served, and I caught something of the same expression in his face as I had seen in hers when I had mentioned food. He tried to explain the sudden gleam in his eyes.

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Dancing Gentleman

My unexpected presence nearly spoiled their dance

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

"I had a headache this morning, and went without luncheon," he said.

"I am never hungry in the middle of the day," Sibyl observed, stretching out a not too steady hand for the toast.

Their manners, as always, were excellent, yet I came to a rather terrible conclusion before the meal was over: they were without doubt half starved.

NOW, I had never been particularly intimate with either Sibyl Hancock or Maurice, but the next night found me back again at the Chat Blanc simply with the idea of seeing them. Sibyl was dancing with a heavy, loutish young man in morning clothes and thick brown shoes—an enterprise which in the old days she would have avoided with horror. Maurice was sitting gloomily alone at his table. He brightened up, however, when I arrived. I ordered wine and supper. He leaned toward me, and, after a moment's hesitation, asked me a question.

"You find Sibyl very changed, Major Forester?"

I looked around to be sure that she was not within earshot.

"I'm afraid I do," I confessed. "She has been ill, I suppose?"

"Very ill," Maurice replied. "Not only that, but—she became just a little inclined to drink more wine than was good for her."

I nodded sympathetically.

"Of course the life is most unsettling," he continued in apologetic strain. "If I had any natural taste for drinking, it would be just the same with me. We are all expected to accept if anyone offers us wine. I'm afraid that's how Sibyl got into the habit. She's better now, though," he went on—"much better—and, although the people here won't believe it, she can still dance."

The manager came hurrying up. He spoke to Maurice in French, and, against my will, I was obliged to overhear the whole conversation.

"They are asking tonight for the Basque dance," he said. "You will dance it with Mademoiselle Claire there."

He nodded across the room to where a fair and very pretty girl was supping alone.

"You must excuse me, monsieur," Maurice replied nervously, "but I cannot do that. I am under contract with Miss Hancock to do exhibition dances with no one else."

"But that is ridiculous!" the manager exclaimed. "No one would look at Mademoiselle Hancock dancing. Her dress is not good enough, nor is her appearance attractive. With Mademoiselle Claire, on the other hand, you would be sure of a grand success."

"It is quite impossible," Maurice insisted. "I can assure you that if you will allow me to dance it with Miss Hancock, the public will approve."

The manager scowled for a moment. I leaned forward.

"If you will pardon my interference, Monsieur Basset," I said, "it would give me very great pleasure to see Miss Hancock dance. In fact, I came here tonight in the hope of seeing these two young people perform, as I have done very many times before in Monte Carlo and Cannes."

The manager made a little grimace.

"That was in the old days, sir," he remarked. "Miss Hancock has lost her looks and dances like a stick. Still, if Monsieur desires, it shall be so—but if you have no success," he added, turning to Maurice, "it must be for the last time."

He took his leave. Maurice drew a sigh of relief. Almost immediately afterward, however, the old anxiety was back upon his face.

"It was kind of you, Major Forester," he acknowledged. "Of course one can't pretend that Miss Hancock is quite what she was, but she is still capable of dancing beautifully. It is a chance for us at least. To tell you the truth," he added, "we came here to do exhibition dances, but the first night was not a success, and we have not been allowed to dance since. They just let us sit here and earn anything we can. Please don't let Miss Hancock have an idea of this," he concluded in an undertone as she approached.

The young man with whom she had been dancing left her at our table. She greeted me warmly. Maurice assumed almost a boisterous air.

"Good news! Sibyl!" he announced. "They want us to do the Basque dance."

"What—tonight!"

"In ten minutes."

There was a little rush of real color to her cheeks and a momentary impression of the Sibyl of other days.

"I must fly!" she exclaimed. "Fortunately I have my dancing shoes here. If only I had worn my yellow dress!"

"I like that one better," Maurice assured her. "I'll meet you in the hall when they give the signal."

She hurried away. Maurice drank half a glass of wine, but it was obvious that he was nervous.

"Sibyl is not so easy to dance with since her illness," he confided, "and it is a dance which few others attempt. I hope that the audience are in a good humor."

He looked around the room anxiously.

"If you will excuse me, Major Forester," he said, rising, "there are one or two people here I know slightly. Just a word or two about Sibyl's illness, and this being almost the first time she has tried to dance since, may help us."

"Don't worry too much," I begged him. "I am sure you will have a success."

MAURICE moved round the room exchanging a few words with acquaintances. Then he disappeared, and in a minute or two the familiar signal was given. . . . I am no judge of dancing, but it was obvious from the first that Sibyl was attempting something beyond her present capacity or strength. Her smile was so fixed that it was almost grim—in the limelight mercilessly thrown upon them the anxiety of her expression seemed almost ghastly. Maurice, on the other hand, danced magnificently. He was all the time supporting his partner—a marvelous background—lending even to her performance a certain reflected charm.

When the dance was over and he held her hand, I saw him glance round the room with a quick wistfulness, unrecognizable by those others, but to me, who was a little behind the scenes, ineffably appealing. The applause was at first very half-hearted, but by strenuous efforts I managed to make enough noise to bring them back again on the floor. They disappeared, however, without attempting an encore. The patron, who had been standing near, approached my table.

"You see how it is, monsieur," he said gloomily. "Maurice is magnificent, but she has lost the art as well as her appearance. It is strange how obstinate he is. I have offered him the full sum for which I engaged them—two milles a week—if he will dance with Mademoiselle Claire there. He is a fool."

I looked at the patron, who was a pudgy little man with a disagreeable expression, and I suddenly hated him and the whole atmosphere of the place.

"I am not so sure," I answered.

They came back presently. I shook hands with both of them and did my best to assure her of a complete success. Maurice was still breathing heavily.

"It is a difficult dance," he said. "I could not dance it with anyone in the world except Sibyl."

She suddenly leaned across and patted his hand. Her face softened. She was once more beautiful.

"I wonder!" she murmured, and her eyes seemed to be trying to tear the truth from him.

Hers was the most pathetic expression which can ever creep into the face of a woman—the expression of one who wants so much to believe, but is tormented by some sinister doubt.

AT TWELVE o'clock on the following morning I called in, according to my usual custom when in the city, at that very superior bodega in the Rue de France for my morning apéritif. A beautifully dressed young woman, seated upon the next stool to the one I annexed, leaned toward me and smiled. I remembered her at once as Mademoiselle Claire at the Chat Blanc.

"Monsieur enjoyed the dancing last night?" she asked inquisitively.

"Immensely," I answered. "I have always been a great admirer of Maurice and Sibyl."

She indulged in a little grimace.

"Listen, my friend," she said, tapping my coat sleeve, "those days have gone by. Sibyl does not exist any longer. She has been ill and lost her looks. She has taken too much wine. She has no money to buy clothes. Even Maurice has lost some of his charm, but he can still dance. He is marvelous. Monsieur is a friend of these people, is it not so?"

I admitted the fact. She moved her stool a little nearer to mine. She was very expensively dressed; her pearls were magnificent; the perfume from the great bunch of violets she wore was pleasant. There were jewels on the collar of the little dog she held under her arm.

"IF YOU are their friend," she continued, "you can do Maurice a great benefit. The patron of the Chat Blanc is my friend. Monsieur understands?"

"Perfectly."

"Now, I have made up my mind," she announced, with a slight hardening of face, "that I will dance the Basque dance with Maurice. There is no one who dances like him, and he attracts me. It is only because of your urging that Sibyl was allowed to dance last night. She shall not dance there again."

"But is that kind, mademoiselle?" I ventured. "Besides, she is Maurice's friend."

Mademoiselle's little gesture was full of contempt.

"Zut! What does that matter?" she rejoined. "I tell you that she is too old and ugly to dance, and I have told Monsieur le Patron that she shall not dance any more at the Chat Blanc. If Maurice will not send her away, he shall go too. I have made up my mind, and what I say to the patron happens. Now, you are their friend. You should tell him what is the truth—that he loses even the little position he has there if he comes any longer with Mademoiselle Sibyl. If, on the other hand, he is willing to dance with me, Monsieur le Patron shall give him three milles a week. Monsieur understands? It is one thing or the other."

"I think that it will be the other," I told her gravely.

"If so, then Maurice is a fool!"

"On the contrary," I replied, finishing my vermouth, "I am beginning to discover that he is a gentleman. . . ."

(*Continued on page 38*)

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The Valley Girl

The leopard's spots begin to be visible but not to Gavin

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

"There's no use your wasting breath by telling my sister I'm not a murderer"

The Story Thus Far:

GAVIN COLE, a young engineer, and Wilgus Bett, his employer, are working on a land-development project in the Reginskill Valley in New Jersey against Jeff Christie, who claims to be working a similar plan but Bett says that Christie is working for the water companies.

There is bitter war between the two camps although Cole is in love with Jeff's sister, Faith, though forbidden by Jeff to see her.

Gavin is taking a walk one Sunday up the hill when he sees coming down a track a gondola car full of rock. The brakes have evidently loosened. Gavin jumps up on the car before it is going very fast in order to put on the brakes again and stop it, only to find that the brakes have been removed. The car gathers speed. Gavin shoots his pistol to warn the people ahead, then grabs a tree branch and drops to the ground while the car forges ahead, off the track into the pit at the end which is part of Christie's enterprise.

Gavin's warning had saved the lives of Christie and several of his men but Christie is convinced that Cole is to blame for this piece of sabotage as well as many others which he claims have been perpetrated. Cole assures him that he knows nothing of this and will investigate. Then he goes off, unexpectedly meeting Faith. He is talking to her, trying to renew their friendship, when a shot goes whizzing by them. Faith gets behind a tree and Gavin runs toward the tree from which the shot came.

AT GAVIN'S third step in his spring toward the jut of woodland whence the rifle shot had been fired something frisked merrily past him and took the lead in the race.

Heather had been delighted to see his glum human pal shake off his depression so quickly and start across the meadow in what very evidently was an invitation to a romp. Blithely the big bronze collie had accepted the invitation.

Perhaps there is no other dog with a collie's mystic sensitiveness to human moods. During Cole's brief talk with Faith, Heather had been keenly aware that both of them were wretchedly unhappy. From one to the other he had glanced worriedly in pathetically helpless sympathy.

Then had come the ping of the rifle ball, the missing of Gavin's broad back by the fraction of an inch and the chipping of the hand rail's seasoned wood. Heather's plangent bark of excitement at the startling phenomenon had burst forth even before the report of the shot reached Gavin and the girl.

Instantly the erstwhile miserable man had sprung into what appeared to Heather a gladsome activity. Wherefore Heather, not to be outdone in cheeriness, frolicked after the fast-running Cole, overtaking and passing him in a gay flurry of speed.

Having shown his own easy superiority as a racer, the dog wheeled back to his chum and began to circle the running man's legs in a bark-punctuated gallop, making little jocose dives at Gavin's ankles.

No collie man lives who has not had this maddening experience with his dog in some moment of stark haste. Cole's obvious remedy was to aim a kick at the frisking Heather.

But, not being of the type of human that can find no better way of showing his own inferiority to a dog than by kicking him, he forebore. Instead he shouted angrily to the collie to keep out of his way.

Heather, in the jocund exaltation of the moment, chose to interpret the loud protest as a phase of the rollicking game he and Cole were playing. He answered the impatient shout by a salvo of barks and leaped enthusiastically up at the pestered runner.

As an immediate result Gavin was tripped by the bounding bronze body. Man and dog rolled over and over in the lush meadow grass.

Profanely Cole scrambled to his feet, in towering wrath ordering Heather back to his mistress. Then he continued his own ludicrously interrupted charge for the near-by woodland.

Heather's breath had been knocked out by the vehement fall of Cole's 170 pounds of muscular weight full atop him. His tender ribs had been bruised by the same vehement impact, his absurdly tender collie sensibilities had been hurt worst of all by the uncalled-for roughness of his playfellow and by the crowning affront of being ordered back from the romp.

Plumed tail a-droop and furry ears flattened against his skull, the collie turned about and prepared to stalk haughtily away from the man who could not appreciate his efforts at merriment.

But as he turned he saw something which revived his crushed feelings. His dear mistress had joined in the turbulent revel.

Faith had disregarded Cole's command to shield herself behind the oak tree from the peril of possible future bullets. She followed at top speed the man's fierce rush. His fall and awkward recovery almost gave her time to catch up with him. Now they were nearing the woods.

HEATHER took heart and cantered blithely up to them, willing and eager to romp afresh. They did not heed him nor had Cole so much as seen the girl.

But as Heather's barking broke forth once more Gavin glanced behind him, to ward against further tripping up by the marplot collie. It was then he saw Faith running with amazing swiftness and bent on catching up with him.

"Go back!" he bade her sharply; pausing in his pellmell progress and thrusting himself directly in front of her as a shield against shots from the ambush. "Go back! You're in danger. He wouldn't mean to hit you. But he—"

She lacked breath to answer him, but she struggled furiously to prevent him from using his own body as a rampart between her and the woods.

In another second he sprang away from her and in a final dash gained the fringe of outjutting forest whence the shot had sounded.

"Heather!" he commanded as the collie flashed into the shade with him. "Heather! *Get* him!"

As he spoke he pointed ahead into the thick screen of leafage. No sign of human life was visible there. Yet Cole was certain that the shot had been fired from this very spot where he had halted. To confirm his belief, a brass rifle shell lay among the ferns at his feet, its curve catching an errant ray of filtered sunlight amid the shadows. Cole picked up the shell.

The would-be assassin had melted into the greenery. It might well be an impossible quest to thrash about in the undergrowth looking for him. Hence Gavin's order to the dog.

"*Get* him, Heather!" he said again. "He can't have gone far in this time. *Get* him!"

The collie read easily the mandate and noted the tense savageness behind it. Thrilled at prospect of a hunt, he sniffed the slightly trampled fern carpet, then lunged forward through the screen of verdure.

Gavin followed, crashing aside the branches and leaves that shut off his vision. Again he realized that Faith was at his side, resolutely pushing on with him.

Before he could beg her to turn back or could more than grasp the fact that she had plunged into the recent ambush with him, they had penetrated the green network as though it were a curtain, and they found themselves in a cleared space perhaps forty feet in diameter, hemmed in on every side by the verdant walls.

HEATHER had reached the far end of the clearing in his questioning gallop, nose to earth. His tail was waving expectantly. The hackles were not lifted as they would have been were he trailing an enemy or even a stranger.

Through the farther wall of green he loped, tail awag, and breaking into a welcoming fanfare of barks.

"It's a man of your brother's," Gavin

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told Faith as he hurried in pursuit—"a man Heather knows and likes. He—"

"No man of Jeff's would do such a hideous thing!" flared Faith, still panting from her sprinting run. "He—"

Her panted words were choked in an unbelieving gasp of horror.

AS GAVIN reached the leaf barrier close behind Heather the branches in front of him parted abruptly. Out into the cleared space stepped Jeff Christie. Under his arm was a rifle.

For an instant he and Gavin Cole confronted each other wordlessly, while Heather pranced about them both in glad pride at having found the man whom Cole had sent him to look for.

Then Faith was between the two silent enemies, staring incredulously up into her brother's set face.

"Jeff!" she whispered. "JEFF!"

That was all. Then her head went forward like a little child's between her bronzed hands, and her slender body shook with uncontrolled weeping. She cried as children cry in times of utter heartbreak: without restraint or art, sobbing in hopeless abandon.

Gavin Cole's throat constricted. Mightily he yearned to gather her into his arms and hold her close to his breast, hushing her body-shaking sobs and soothing her as he would have soothed a stricken baby.

Still Jeff spoke no word, but stared alternately at his weeping sister and at Cole. In his face were many fleeting emotions. But perplexity dominated them as he watched Faith's sudden grief.

"Don't," adjured Cole, laying a hand on Faith's heaving shoulder—then removing it hastily as he saw the blood smear his torn palm had left on her light morning dress.

"Don't!" he repeated gently. "I know what you're thinking, Miss Christie. And you're dead wrong. I'll take my oath on that. Your brother wasn't the man who fired at me. I'm not saying it just to make you feel better. It's gospel truth. He didn't shoot at me, and he didn't give the order to shoot me. You've *got* to believe that."

Faith lifted her tear-sorrowed face from her hands and eyed him doubtfully through swimming eyes. Blurred though her vision was, she saw he was in earnest.

"What are you talking about?" demanded Christie, finding his tongue. "There's no need of your wasting breath by telling my sister I'm not a murderer. She knows that. She knows I didn't—"

"Perhaps she does," assented Gavin, dryly. "Perhaps she was just crying for her own amusement; perhaps she stopped because she was tired and not because I told her it wasn't you who took that pot shot at me. Anyhow, so long as she's stopped, I don't care how she was made to stop. And now, as you've overhauled your loyal henchman and taken his gun away from him, I'll be on my way. I feel a bit like the man of the fable who went hunting for a rabbit and found a bear. I came here on the rush, hoping to catch friend Lerner and to kick him a couple of times to show him it isn't polite to ambush a man when he's standing so near a girl that the bullet might hit her. Since you've taken charge of the case, perhaps you'll tell him so yourself. Good-by."

He turned to go. But Faith interfered. Still trembling, she asked:

"Lerner? Do you mean you believe Peter Lerner—?"

"No," denied Gavin. "Not Pete. Pete's emotional brother. I don't know the brother's first name. Maybe his godfather and godmother in baptism didn't bother to give him one. Pete is the guard up at the quarry. His brother found him there today senseless. He came down to the dam, lugging him along and lugging his rifle too. Luckily he laid down the rifle before he came over to accuse me of manhandling brother Pete. But I infer he annexed it again as soon as I was gone and came after me. I gather your brother saw him go, gave chase, and got here just after the shot was fired. He grabbed the rifle and sent Lerner about his business. I'm right, am I not, Christie? Yes?" he added, as Christie made no reply, but averted his head in what might have been construed into a negative shake. "Yes, I thought so. I—"

"JEFF!" cried Faith distractedly. "What does he mean? I don't understand any of it at all. Did one of the Lerners really—?"

"Please, Miss Christie!" expostulated Gavin. "I wish you wouldn't worry about it any longer. Your brother will tell you the whole silly story when I'm gone. As to being potted from cover, it was mild compared to the risks both Christie and I had to take every hour for weeks at a time in France a few years ago. The only thing about it that riled me was Lerner's opening fire when I was standing near you. But I'm sure Christie will warn him to wait next time till I'm alone. Won't you, Christie?"

At the implication Jeff's swart face purpled.

"You have the right to say that," he said in a studiously calm voice, "after what's just happened. But there's no use of reminding you that it isn't an especially sportsmanly thing to say. The kind of man who could be helped by such a reminder wouldn't be the kind of man who would say the thing. Lerner gets out of my employ today, and out of this valley tomorrow. You have my word for that. I don't think there's anything more to say, is there?"

"No," answered Gavin uncomfortably. "There isn't. Except that I spoke rottenly when I hinted you'd sick Lerner or anyone else on to shooting me. It wasn't true, and I'm sorry. I guess my nerves are getting frazzled by things that are piling up on me a bit too fast. I'm sorry, Christie."

Faith took a half step forward as if to detain him. But her brother moved in front of her. Then the leafage closed behind the departing Gavin.

Cole did not pause nor look back as he emerged from the woods into the meadow. Still walking at a fast pace, he reached the hand bridge, crossing it without a glance at the telltale bullet groove. . . .

BACK to Regin he made his hasty way and straight into the august presence of Wilgus Bett.

He found the overlord still in his improvised office at the Eagle Hotel, dismissing the last of a line of men to whom he had been issuing orders or to whose report he had listened.

Gavin Cole entered the sacred precincts without ceremony, shutting the door behind a departing subengineer.

"Mr. Bett," he announced, "I've run into something this morning that you ought to be told about—something that's got to be stopped in a rush, as you'll see. I—"

"You must have run into it with both hands wide open in front of you," commented Bett lazily as he noted the mangled palms of his lieutenant. "Been climbing trees or sliding down a rope? Sit down, boy. You look all in. Now, what's the matter?"

Abruptly Gavin told the tale of his morning's exploits, laying bare the evidence of deliberate and well-nigh fatal sabotage on the part of someone in the Bett gang.

Wilgus heard him through without interruption and with a face as expressionless as the side of a coal bin. For an instant after the tale was told the suave giant sat thus. Then, as if by a sharp secret effort, he went into action.

Jumping nimbly to his feet, he began to pace the creaking floor, kicking aside a rug that he had snarled.

"This won't do!" he rumbled. "This will never do, boy! Let the newspapers get a hint that there's been sabotage and they'll twist it into every crime in the calendar. They'll make us out a bunch of crooks. Public sympathy will set dead against us. And with the public actively against us, we'd have hard sledding. I'll make inquiries. If we can get hold of the crank or the joker who's doing this kind of funny business we'll make an example of him. I'm glad you found it out and told me."

"There's another element to this that you don't seem to think of," said Gavin. "We've given Christie and his outfit the right to believe we're the kind of people who authorize that kind of game. We've got a black eye. How about writing to Christie and disclaiming all responsibility and saying you'll make up for any losses he can show he has incurred through crooks in our camp and promise him to investigate and punish?"

"Grand!" scoffed Bett. "In other words, to go on record, in writing, as confessing that sabotage has been

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worked by our crowd! That would be a lovely document for him to turn over to the newspapers, wouldn't it? Can't you see, boy, it would be?"

"I can see it would be square," insisted Gavin. "That's all I bother to see in it."

"We can make sure it doesn't happen again," answered Bett, "without laying ourselves open like that. Of course they'll be especially sore just now at the smashing of their only gondola, just when they're working hardest and fastest to get the core wall done for their dam. It'll take them days to replace that gondola. They'll have to send clear to the nearest freight yards that can spare a car of just the right kind. And right now I don't believe they'll find one in a week or more. That's their bad luck. It will hold up their work on the dam. But pretty soon they'll cool off. And when no more things like that are done, they'll—"

"You're mistaken," put in Gavin. "They won't have to wait twenty-four hours for a gondola to take the place of the wrecked one. I saw to that. I knew you'd want me to. So I—"

"You—*what?*" gurgled Bett.

"I sent an order over to No. 4 an hour ago," replied Cole, "for a gondola of our own, of the same type and size and capacity, to be rushed to the Christie camp at double time. We can easily spare one. And I knew it would be your wish, just as much as it's mine."

He paused, eying his employer with some curiosity. The angleworm snarl of veins on Bett's temples was swelling. An old white scar on his chin was changing its hue to brown-black. But apart from these old phenomena Bett's visage was as suave and monumentally pleasant as ever. When Wilgus spoke, as he did almost at once, his voice was mellowly sonorous, as was its wont. No tinge of emotion flecked it.

"Quite right," he approved. "Very tactful and graceful and sporting. It was what's known as a 'courteous gesture'—almost a 'magnificent gesture.' Of course I approve. That will do more to make them think we're not responsible for the so-called sabotage you say has been going on than a whole library of apologetic and incriminating letters. It'll be a dandy alibi in print too. Good boy!"

Yes, assuredly, the heat of the day and his interest in Cole's tidings were accountable for the showing of those knotty temple veins and for the darkening of the chin scar. Gavin left the Presence far more at ease than when he had entered it.

FOR a full minute after Cole had gone the giant sat moveless in his desk chair, the aspect of friendly approval still stamped on his cameo face. Then he grunted, "Come in," to a tap at the inner door behind him.

His secretary entered noiselessly—a colorless little parchment-faced ghost of a man who might have been thirty or sixty years old. He hesitated deferentially at the threshold.

"All right, Smeed," vouchsafed Bett. "Coast's clear. What is it?"

"Braden's back here with his report, sir," answered Smeed, his voice as correctly colorless as the rest of him. "Shall I bring him in?"

"No," snapped Bett, a trace of adolescent peevishness in his pleasantly rumbling voice. "He's too late. He's bringing last year's news. I've got his report in advance.

"Pay Braden and tell him I shan't need him and his industrious young associates any more—for a while," Bett continued, adding irrelevantly: "Smeed, if you had a tooth that ached, and if you couldn't spare that tooth just now, wouldn't it be one of your holiest joys to look forward to the day when you could yank it out and then grind it blissfully between your heel and a stone? Wouldn't it, Smeed?"

"Beg pardon, sir," stammered the secretary, his vacant face blanker than ever.

"OH, NOTHING," returned Bett. "Never mind. It'd take me too long to explain. He's mighty necessary to me for a few weeks longer. He gets more work and harder work and more willing work out of the gangs than anyone I could get hold of at this late hour. But Smeed, when our deal goes through or when we've put Christie definitely out of business, there won't be any special need for him. Any one of a dozen other men can go with it from there. We won't be in a hurry any longer by then, and there'll be no need for conciliation and diplomacy and all that rot. It will be fun to extract the tooth painlessly when that glad day comes. It will be a real luxury to grind it to slivers. There'll be a loud laugh at a good joke that day too, Smeed. Let's look forward blissfully to it. In the meantime let's try to grin whenever the tooth aches. It's aching worse than usual today. That's all, Smeed. You can go."

The colorless little secretary slipped noiselessly out of the room as usual. But on his visage was at last a glimmer of expression: a trace of worry, bred of a sudden fear his monumentally sane master either had begun to lose his perfect mental poise or else had degenerated into an early morning drinker.

But if Smeed's faith in his deity's perfection wavered, Gavin Cole's did not. Indeed, three days later this faith of Cole's was fanned to fresh intensity by a new proof of Bett's acumen.

The half-moon dyke, running irregularly across the northerly end of the lower valley and serving as a natural retaining wall for three fourths of Christie's proposed ornamental lake, had been the Bett enterprise's chief problem.

For some rods, at one point, the river ran strong and deep against the bottom of the dyke. Here, if anywhere, Christie might be expected to let the water into his own lake bed, shifting the course of the Reginskill and leaving only a dribble to flow on to the Bett dam.

Hence the injunctions wherewith Bett's attorneys had plugged the possible breach in the dyke. But, as Wilgus had said, there was scant danger of Christie's cutting through the dyke until Jeff's own dam should be near enough to completion to warrant the letting in of the water. For days Bett had said no more on the subject, nor had he seemed to remember it. But less than a week after Gavin's discovery of the sabotage tactics Wilgus sent for him in a rush.

On the office desk was stretched Cole's original rough map of the valley. Again Bett had been decorating it with sprawly pencil marks, this time at a point nearly a mile above the dyke and just within the borders of a patch of his own optioned land.

"If your levels here are accurate," began Wilgus, with no salutation, "we've got Christie's pelt pinned to the barn door. I've just come back from up there. Sure you didn't make any blunder in altitudes and grades, and all that, on this map of yours? In a thing like this it's make or break. So it's well to be sure. Look."

His shapely and overmanicured forefinger fell to tracing the penciled lines he had scrawled.

"Here's the idea," he explained. "Up there (clear above the dyke, you see), the river twists south in that little jigsly snake curve. It runs against a high shelf of shale on its south side for sixty-odd yards; then it drops into these zizzy-marked rapids of yours. Rapids always mean a drop of land level, of course. Well, there's another sweet bit of land drop there, to the south, just behind that shelf of shale. In fact, it slopes down to a regular gully, some 150 yards to southward. That gully is maybe 50 feet deep. Maybe deeper. A regular slash a half mile long, running due south and with an average width of something over 200 feet—a glacier scratch, I suppose. Not that that matters. Then, according to your map, the ground to each side of the gully, for nearly the whole distance, is lower than the level of the river bed."

"That's right," assented Cole. "Much of it is a good many feet lower, and of course the whole gully top is below the river-bed level."

"Good!" approved Bett. "Now, if the right quantity of explosive should be rammed into the right number of deep holes drilled in the shelf of shale, just where the river runs against the side of it, the shelf would change all at once into a hollow, or, rather, into a ragged trench that would carry the water along that lower ground till it dropped into the gully. The whole main flow of the river would gush down into the deep trough where the shelf had been, and then it would spread out and pour at last into the gully. By the time the gully was filled there would be still a mighty swad of lowland for it to spread over before it could get back to its regular course. That means the original course of the river would be practically dry at this dry season for perhaps a month or more. Likely much more than a month or even than two months. The time duration would be something for an engineer like yourself to figure out, with allowances for seepage and soil porousness, and so forth. But, anyhow, it would leave the lower river practically empty for a long enough time for any purpose of ours. Hey?"

GAVIN COLE was staring in dumb admiration at his chief. The thing was so utterly simple and yet so inspired.

Even if Christie should finish his core wall and his cofferdam any time within the next few months, his haste would avail him nothing at all. There would be no water to let into his dyke-walled lake. His hurry and his expense and his foresight would have been thrown away.

"There's more to this!" exclaimed Gavin suddenly. "See! Flatrock Brook runs transversely across that corner of the valley beyond the gully. By an easy trench we can turn the flowage into that. It runs through high banks and it empties into Utsayantha Creek, clear over to southward, not into the Reginskill. It can carry off enough of the flowage to keep the Reginskill a mere trickle till Judgment Day."

"Better and better!" chuckled Bett. "All feasible, is it?"

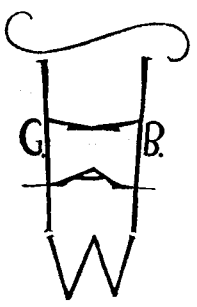
"I'll stake my job on it."

"Yes," agreed Bett dryly, "you will. And a bit more."

"Then," pursued Gavin, "when you've starved Christie out and shown him you can hang on longer than he can, and that his water company can never hope to get a look-in in Reginskill Valley—when our dam is all complete, it'll be a simple thing to stop the hole we tear in the shale shelf and send the river back again along its old course. In fact, this shift will make the work on our dam twice as easy, with no spillway to bother over till the whole thing is complete. We can save cash too by being able to stop this force-draft work and overtime. There won't be any need for such rush as we've been having. We—"

"H'm!" commented Bett. "We can take that part (*Continued on page 46*)

NAMEOGRAPHS



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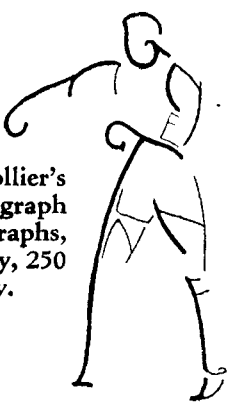
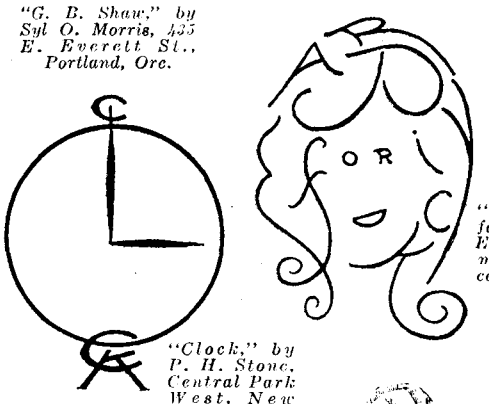


"G. B. Shaw," by Syl O. Morris, 435 E. Everett St., Portland, Ore.



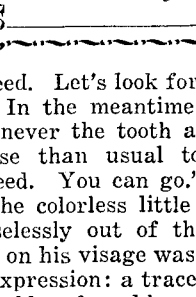
"Gene Tunney," by Mildred Kaiser, 485 De Witt Ave., Belleville, N. J.

"Mary Pickford," by Mrs. Elizabeth Bowman, 302 Mercer St., Butler, Pa.

"Clock," by P. H. Stone, Central Park West, New York City.

"Eva Le Gallienne," by Philip Hummerstone, 478 Washington Ave., Long Island City, N. Y.

"Chaplin," by Howard Allen, 2518 E. Main, Elwood, Ind.



"Mae Murray," by Margie Zander, 956 S. Kenmore, Los Angeles, Cal.

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Here's an unusual detective story taken from life

"You pack this place with policemen and detectives. You've gone bogey mad"

By MARK O'NEIL

The Dallam Affair

SIR HENRY DALLAM received the warning at his office in Lombard Street. He laughed it off with the bluff, piratical air of a freebooting financier whose power had coerced a prime minister into bestowing a knighthood on him. But when he passed the letter around the dinner table of his Surrey Manor home, Lady Dallam did not smile. She had watched his fight to fortune through too many nervous years. This sudden challenge foreshadowed the realization of one of her bad dreams—her husband's violent taking-off at the hands of enemies. Sir Henry had always been reckless as to how and where he made his enemies.

The warning was carefully dated—"London, noon, October 11th." Thin printed characters betrayed a Latin hand in the stiff hooks of the letters. "Unless," it read, "you abandon trading with our enemies, you have only ten days from this hour to live. Consider."

Sir Henry laughed again as his wife muttered the words.

"Cheap melodrama," he chaffed. "I'm financing a cargo of arms for the Guatemalan government in the revolution there. Some schoolboy evidently thinks he can frighten me with a Deadwood Dick joke."

"It's unsigned," said Lady Dallam.

"Of course, of course."

"Where's the envelope it came in?"

"Envelope?" Sir Henry laughed. He checked the butler, a sallow, hungry-looking man, from filling his wine glass. "Tossed away, I suppose. Thought the note would amuse you."

Lady Dallam was not amused. Soon after Sir Henry departed for the city next morning Lady Dallam telephoned Scotland Yard. Chief Inspector Duncan did not press for particulars of the enterprise that could bring such a threat against Sir Henry Dallam. Dallam was powerful with the politicians. That was enough to warrant the best protection the Yard could afford.

Chief Inspector Duncan promised to have men on watch about Sir Henry's home and office. On his own initiative he wired the British Consulate in New York to communicate with the American Secret Service, which, he believed, would surely have some man acquainted with the vagaries of South American political conspirators in foreign lands. He was right, and more than gratified to receive a cable which informed him that Detective Reynolds of Washington was sailing on the next fast boat for England. America, apparently, had an alert interest in a Venezuelan revolution that could extend its operations to Europe.

AT FIRST Sir Henry viewed the guard set about him as a practical joke. He telephoned Duncan at the Yard to stop making fools of both of them. As days wore on, however, Lady Dallam's earnestness, her refusal to continue any social engagements, gave him pause. His household and his office took the matter seriously. When a week had passed and brought at its end another warning, a simple printed statement: THREE DAYS MORE, Sir Henry retained the envelope containing that. He might as well have tossed it away, for all the clue it gave the Yard.

In the squat, bustling office building on Lombard Street, brokers, clerks and stenographers came and went their way, curious regarding the presence of several thickset, secretive-looking men. None but Sir Henry's secretary and trusted associates knew why these men were there. The first warning perturbed them, the second alarmed them; but Sir Henry, although more worried than he cared to admit, pushed resolutely forward with his Guatemalan deal despite urgings to withdraw.

Chief Detective Duncan doubled the guard at Sir Henry's house and office. He watched daily bulletins of the progress of the Mauretania, due in forty-eight hours at Liverpool if channel fogs did not delay her.

Detective Reynolds was on the boat. The Guatemalan Minister to London, who knew of Reynolds, joined his prayers with those of Chief Duncan and Lady Dallam that Reynolds would land in time to tackle the case, with his expert knowledge of the devious ways of South American plotters.

But on the ninth day following the first message came a final warning: TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. Nothing more. And on the heels of this ultimatum the disturbing news reached Scotland Yard that the Mauretania, with Reynolds aboard, was crawling up St. George's Channel through fog shrouds that would make her hours overdue.

In sheer defiance, Sir Henry Dallam went down to Gravesend that night to supervise personally the secret loading of a black-snouted gun carrier. Before he left in his motor for Surrey, early in the morning, the ship was snorting her way down the Thames.

Lady Dallam kept vigil that night, she and the butler awaiting her husband's arrival. He retired for a few hours' sleep and made a display of being refreshed and care-free at breakfast that morning. Yet she detected a note of irritability in his rebuke to the butler, who creamed his coffee. Sir Henry wanted it black and strong. "This fellow's been here two months," Sir Henry growled to his lady, as the butler made the change: "time enough to know how I want things served."

SIR HENRY went to his office. Lady Dallam wanted to accompany him, but he brusquely rejected her.

"By gad," he scoffed, "you'll kill me with care before a bullet can do the job."

At his office was Chief Inspector Duncan, in plain clothes. The corridor leading to Sir Henry's office was sentineled by half a dozen Yard men. Duncan was grave.

"Reynolds hasn't arrived yet, Sir Henry," he announced.

"Bother Reynolds," growled Sir Henry. "I bump into policemen on the pavement, and you pack this place with detectives. You've gone bogey mad."

"Precautions, Sir Henry," said Duncan.

He would have practically guarded Dallam in his (*Continued on page 30*)

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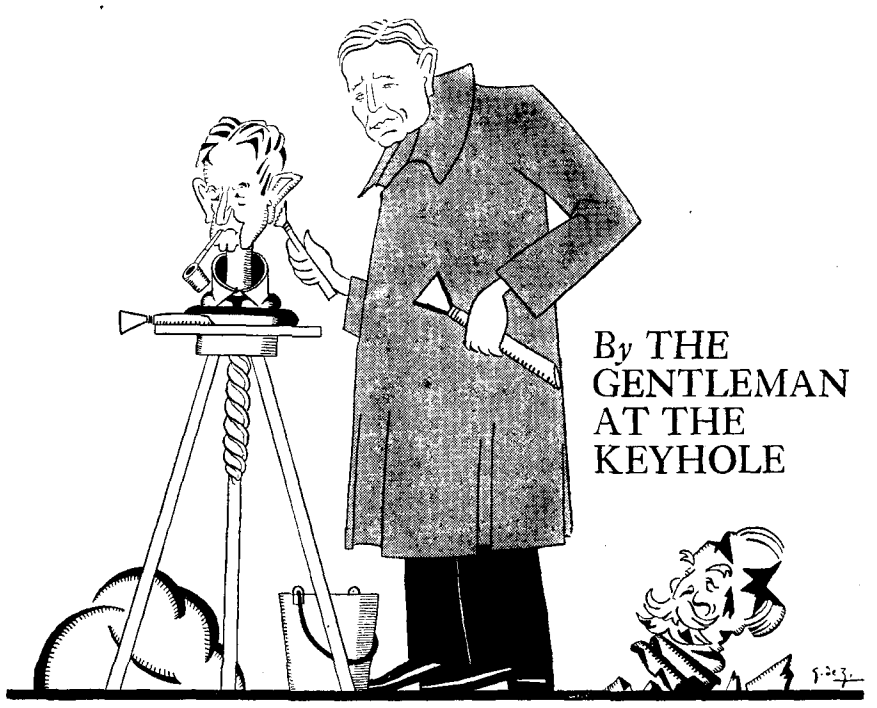

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

The President Maker

IT DEPENDS pretty largely upon Charles Dewey Hilles, Republican National Committeeman from New York, whether Secretary Herbert Hoover will be permitted to make a runaway race of it for the Republican nomination for President in 1928 or whether Hoover will be thrown for a loss when he comes east looking for delegates and someone else, probably Vice President Dawes, made the final choice. In other words, Mr. Hilles appears before the country in a new rôle, that of President maker.

Mr. Hilles has been edging toward the center of the stage for several years. He has wanted to be something more than Charles D. Hilles, National Committeeman from New York and a member invariably of every important subcommittee of the National Committee.

During President Harding's administration he took the words out of the mouth of Mr. John T. Adams and said what a grand President Mr. Harding was, as if he and not Chairman Adams spoke for the Republican National Committee. Last year when Chairman Butler was about to tour the country Mr. Hilles beat him to it.

The defeat of Senator Wadsworth for reëlection last November left him the undisputed leader of the Republican party in New York—so far as the New York Republicans have a leader. And now from this exalted position he aspires to be a President maker, a Mark Hanna of 1928.

In a sense he is the nearest counterpart to Mark Hanna that exists today. Mark Hanna owed some of his power to his command of money for campaign purposes. Mr. Hilles owes his power to his command of money.

A Drawing-room Boss

NEW YORK is the chief source of money for political purposes. For years Mr. Hilles has obtained the campaign money for the New York Republicans, and he has done his share in getting money for national campaigns. He is an institution in New York. Campaign contributions are legitimate enough. The point is that the ability to get them brings with it power.

At this point the resemblance between the old President maker and the new President maker ends. Anyone who recalls the old cartoons of the man who made McKinley President remembers what a thick-necked, solid, forceful-looking person Mark Hanna was. In the hands of the caricaturist Hanna became coarse and brutal. Not by the wildest exaggeration could any cartoonist make Mr. Hilles look coarse and brutal. His collar is several sizes too small for him to pose as the ideal political boss. There have been lean bosses, of course, like Tom Platt. But Platt looked sly, sensual and vindictive.

Hilles looks elegant and refined. He was a teacher before he became President Taft's private secretary, after which he became an insurance man in New York. All of which makes you wonder whether there resides in his elegant drawing-room figure the necessary force.

In several respects the situation in the Republican party is ideal for a President maker. Mr. Hoover, the leading candidate, has not got so far that he cannot be stopped by a political leader with force, cunning, financial resources and an effective candidate.

Defeated But Not Out

UP TO the time of this writing Mr. Hoover's campaign has been marked by excessive caution. Anyone who would oppose it with boldness might throw it into confusion.

A solid bloc of the big Eastern and Middle Western states committed either to another candidate than Mr. Hoover or to favorite sons would hold back the South. The Lowden candidacy holds agricultural states away. Thus the 1928 nomination might be made to depend on the will of the Eastern and Middle Western bloc, which might make a combination with either the Hoover or the Lowden following, after their favorite had been beaten.

It seems to be this possibility that Mr. Hilles has in mind. New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Massachusetts and Connecticut, if they can be made to act together, can dominate the next convention, with the West divided as it is between Hoover and Lowden and the South on the fence.

Mr. Hilles as a President maker has met with a couple of defeats at the very outset of his career which throw doubt upon his ability to shape the fortunes of the Republican party. He failed to send the Republican National Convention to San Francisco.

Many thought his object was to make the trip expensive. Those who pay the fares generally control the votes.

On the same day his candidate for President, Mr. Charles E. Hughes, ran out on him. A really powerful President maker does not meet with accidents like that.

It is still possible to hold the big Eastern states for delivery at the right time to Mr. Dawes if Mr. Hilles is President maker enough to do it. And no very big President maker is visible in the rival camp of Mr. Hoover.

office, but Sir Henry's temper flared. He declared he had important calculations to make and wanted to be left alone. Duncan remained outside the slammed door. He looked at his watch: ten o'clock. To Dallam's secretary he directed a whispered question when she emerged from dictation.

"He's tired," said the young woman. "Up all night at Gravesend."

Duncan nodded.

"Keep a record of all telephone calls," he directed.

"None have come in," she replied. "And he's ordered us not to disturb him with any."

She disappeared into a large, exterior office. A messenger came with word that Scotland Yard was telephoning Inspector Duncan. He sent a man to answer, keeping his post outside Dallam's closed door. The message was a bulletin that Reynolds was speeding to London on the special boat train from Liverpool.

"He might get here by noon," Duncan reflected. "We should have sent a plane."

At ten minutes to twelve he signaled his men to final alertness. Just before twelve, when the first sirens moaned from factories across the river, Duncan took another look at his watch. Then, a grin on his face, he rapped at Dallam's door, expecting a chiding laugh. Instead there was no sound.

Duncan opened the door and stepped into the room. Sir Henry lay on a couch, apparently sleeping. Duncan approached and called his name. There was no reply. He shook him gently, then vigorously by the shoulder. Tense, he summoned the secretary. In her presence he bent over Sir Henry Dallam and pronounced him dead.

The inspector's first words were to order everybody in the building detained, his second to summon a police doctor, who confirmed his verdict. A rapid examination showed no marks.

At first Duncan had a wild idea that Sir Henry might have committed suicide.

"He's been dead for about an hour," said the doctor.

"An hour," Duncan muttered. "Somebody's clock was fast."

The doctor looked at him questioningly. Duncan did not explain. But the death of Sir Henry Dallam was a secret he couldn't keep. Word of it flashed invisibly. A hush hung about this place set in the heart of crowded London.

Duncan sent men scurrying to alarm every police district. He was alarmed himself. The doctor stupidly protested to him that cause of death could not be determined until an autopsy was held.

"Damned magic, I suppose," sneered Duncan, wondering what ridicule awaited him when the sensation was sprung on the country. His thoughts flew to Reynolds, the American detective, racing to London. Dallam's secretary scattered them by demanding that he talk with Lady Dallam, who had been clamoring hysterically for news at the other end of the telephone and refused to be put off. Duncan left the doctor and officers in charge, while out of respect for the dead he stepped from the room to a telephone booth. He emerged angry with amazement.

"Let Reynolds, an American, pass the police lines when he comes," he directed.

HE WAS pacing the corridor like a caged beast when a press of men and rising voices at the street door brought him wheeling about. The police guard broke to admit two men, one rock-faced, with the glinting eye of a man hunter, the other tall and sallow. The men were handcuffed together. The tall man stood, eyes defiantly gleaming, while the other greeted Duncan.

"It's all over, Mr. Reynolds," barked Duncan. "You're too late."

"No," the American spoke slowly. "Just in time to catch this bird." He explained, keeping his prisoner shackled to him: "The Mauretania was late. I had a hunch all the way across that this fellow would be on the Dallam job. It isn't his first. He just got his heels out of New York when General Dalverez was killed last year in the Rio Club. His racket is posing as butler or valet or some sort of manservant. I'll explain that later.

"From Euston I made a bee line for Dallam's house, figuring that if Dallam were killed I couldn't help him, but I could prevent this bird from killing anybody else. I spotted him speeding on the main London road. He hadn't waited to change his butler's uniform.

"My guess is that he poisoned Dallam."

Which the autopsy proved.

The Whip Wins

Continued from page 11

town was a leading whipper," said another man. "He's a tough foreman too. Got a bad name. A couple of the men around the depot had something to do with it too. We used to see 'em start off in their flivvers and gowns for some other town. We always knew they were going off in some other county to whip somebody."

In Luverne Charles Helm, the blacksmith, and Roy Helm, his son, were indicted in connection with whipping. I. D. Hawkins, the town shoe repairer, was another. Williamson, a barber, was also accused. George Brounson, a bricklayer, was a conspicuous indictee.

Helm's blacksmith shop is a busy, prosperous place. It was a sort of meeting place and chatting center for farmers and others, a good place for boosting Ira B. Thompson's candidacy for mayor of Luverne.

The Town Chuckled

WHEN I went in and told Roy Helm that I was a Collier's reporter and wanted to ask him some questions, he pounded away at a red-hot buggy tire, and said:

"Well, suh, I hain't got nary a word to say cuz a'm in the coahts." He spoke boastfully, like a celebrity; evidently such notoriety was the equivalent of fame to him.

Other indicted men with whom I tried to talk answered in the same fashion, usually with a laugh, as if the whole thing—whippings, indictments, and all—were a great and thrilling adventure.

The first whippings in Luverne occurred two years ago.

There were stills in the countryside where moonshine was made. White men owned them, but almost every white man who owns any sort of farm has a Negro or two working for him. The white men who were said to own the stills were not punished by the Klan. The Klan hadn't got UP to white men then. But Negroes who were accused of working for a still operator were given whippings.

There have been a few citizens in town who objected, but for the most part the town chuckled.

Other whippings followed, for various offenses against the moral and civil laws. A settled saying in Luverne was: "The law seems to need some help. And if it does, why, the Klan's helping."

No one seemed to realize how high up the whip was going to reach before it was through. No one stopped to think that after a lash gets to swinging it's hard to stop it.

The town passed off the whipping of Negro men. One morning the word ran round that a Negro woman had been whipped; she had been "misbehaving" herself. The town passed that off too.

"Probably served her right," was the verdict.

Other whippings of Negro men followed, for bootlegging, social sins and so forth.

Of course you have a feeling, as

(*Continued on page 32*)

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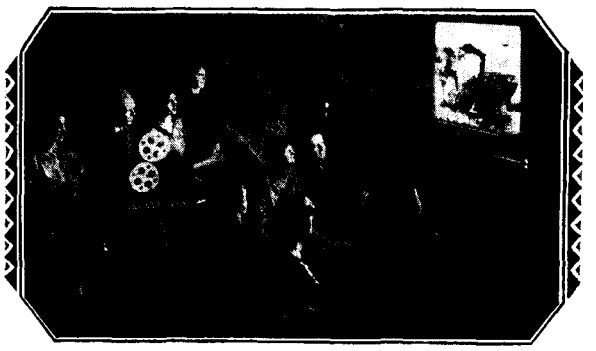

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The Whip Wins

Continued from page 30

you go about Luverne asking questions, that men who take it upon themselves to punish others for sins must be especially good men. Of course they must. For instance, there was the whipping of Travis Bozeman.

"They said that Travis had been drinking and had talked cross to his father," so Frank Bricken, special prosecuting attorney of Luverne, told me. "So his cousin, Cue Bozeman, called for him one night and took him off to church with him. But on the way home from church they passed a road where there were men in white caps. They took Travis Bozeman and gave him a hard beating because he hadn't been treating his father right, they said."

Then there was the beating of Fannie Clement Daniels. A man had to be an extremely righteous man, with not a single blot against his record to whip her. How righteous the men who beat Fannie really were I shall tell later on.

On the wooden wall of a bleak little unpainted farmhouse near Luverne you can see today a photograph of a curly-headed happy little girl of five. That was Fannie Clement a dozen years ago.

There on the farm, where no man could earn more than $400 a year, she lived with her father and mother. On the walls of the farmhouse were crude crayon pictures of her grandparents and her great-grandparents, who had worn their lives away at cotton raising in Crenshaw County soil.

One day a matrimonial paper fell into her hands. She answered the ad of "a well-to-do widower." The "widower" (one Daniels) replied cautiously; wanted her photograph. Her picture worked like a fire alarm. Daniels came on an early train.

They were married immediately, the father and mother both protesting. And off to the big city of Birmingham the man took his girl bride.

Within a few months the father died. Fannie came home to the funeral.

"We're not getting along," Fannie told her mother. "I don't know whether I can stay with him or not."

She tried going back, but home she came again and settled down with her mother on the little farm. A divorce followed.

A certain farmer near by began paying some attention to Fannie. And certain men in Luverne decided that he must stop doing this.

"Did they go to the man?" I asked one of the Klansmen.

"No, not that I ever heard of," he answered.

Joe Thomas, indicted for flogging a Negro

But at two o'clock one morning these self-appointed custodians of morals went in their robes and hoods to the little house where the two women were sleeping, awakened them and told Fannie that she must "leave that man be."

The frightened girl promised—anything to send the ghastly white figures back to their roaring automobiles.

Were They Without Sin?

SIX months later, again at two in the morning, they crashed their way into the house and whipped Fannie with straps.

It surely takes men without one blemish on their characters to deal out punishment like that.

But were these men without blemish? I took the names of the men who had been indicted for whipping Fannie Daniels to Mayor Reddock.

"That fellow," he said of one, "was the village drunkard until three years ago. Ever since he swore off he's been all hell in favor of virtue. . . .

"Oh, yes," he laughed, as I read another name. "One time his wife went away on a visit and he brought a woman to his home from Montgomery. Raised so much hell drinking every night and cutting up that the officials had to send her away. He's been pretty good—too good, I think—ever since national prohibition. . . .

"Yes, him," laughed Reddock again. "Why, only six months ago he called me off to one side and tried to give me a quart of whisky.

"There's not one of 'em righteous enough to criticize any mortal, much less whip him for being bad. That's what makes me so mad about it all. If any of 'em was good enough to whip a fellow, it wouldn't be so bad. Why, they ain't even brave enough to whip a good strong man. That's why they picked on Negroes and womenfolks."

Oscar Edge, charged with a saintly flogging

They were bound to strike a snag, sooner or later, these Crenshaw County floggers. For two years they had whipped without being punished or even greatly criticized.

They were bound to run across a real man some day. And they did. For all I know, this real man is suffering again from the fear of whipping, for the whip has won again in Crenshaw County. The whippers have been turned loose on the county for a while because the court was paralyzed in its effort to send them to jail.

Indeed, it was TWO real men they ran into—one white and one colored.

Hilary Miller is the name of the colored man.

"From 'way up north near Birmingham, where Hilary was born, where I knew him as a boy, clear down here in the South," a state detective told me, "there wasn't a mark against Hilary's name. He's been a worth-while Negro all his life."

Well, word got out—it must have gone to the Klan through Negro channels—that Hilary had criticized the Klan for its whippings.

"You been breakin' the game laws. You'll have to put on your clothes and come with us."

Two white men, wearing shields on their coats, made this demand at the door of Hilary's little cabin one night.

"I ain't even got a shotgun," said Hilary.

"Well, you'll have to go over to Henry Gibson's house with us, anyhow," said the men.

Henry Gibson, farmer, was Hilary's employer.

Hilary dressed. The two men put him into an automobile and took him to a crossroad among the trees, miles from any houses. At least twenty hooded men were waiting for him.

What happened there must have been an orgy of sadism and cruelty. By the light of a bonfire they stretched the Negro across a log, one man sitting on his head, another on his feet.

They whipped him with branches.

"I found pieces of cloth buried in his raw flesh," Dr. Kendrick told me. "He was sick for four months, and there is a scar as big as the top of a keg that'll be white all the rest of his life."

Henry Gibson was the other real man.

"No one can whip a fellow like Hilary while I'm alive," he declared. Gibson wouldn't be still. He went into town the next day, while the town was whispering about the latest flogging, and announced that whoever had whipped his man Hilary would go to jail.

Gibson was so influential that a grand jury was called.

"There was a majority of Klansmen on the grand jury," Calvin Poole, county prosecutor, told me. "They brought no indictment."

And then the Klansmen began to annoy Hilary again. They threatened him with a second whipping for having complained of the first.

Straight to the Klan leaders went Henry Gibson.

"The next men that come to my district in white robes will have to shoot it out with me," he said. "Someone will be killed."

"And pretty soon," Henry Gibson told me, "someone burned my barn, with my automobile and my machinery."

Into town Henry Gibson went the next day. That afternoon Sheriff Dadum, himself a Klansman; Charlie McQueen, ex-sheriff and ex-Klansman, and Henry Gibson got on a train and went to Montgomery. There, in the Capitol building, they told the state fire marshal what had happened.

The fire marshal's detectives investigated and reported a case of suspected arson.

There in the State Capitol building sat Charlie C. McCall, newly elected attorney general of the state, former officer in the World War, who only a few weeks before had convicted half a dozen men in another county of whipping a youth for drinking on church property.

A grand jury was called in Crenshaw County. Some of the floggers confessed. Thirty-four were indicted, on 102 different counts.

The town which had elected an anti-Klan mayor thought the whippers were whipped. But they reckoned without a great power up in the State Capitol. Bibb Graves, governor of Alabama, is of the Klan. So are most of the state's officials.

On the day that the whipping trials were set a great crowd thronged the courthouse.

"The crowd cheered for every point made by the defense," is the record of a Montgomery newspaper reporter.

The jury brought in a verdict of acquittal for a man who had been a confessed whipper of a Negro woman.

Two days later the jury brought in a second verdict of acquittal.

Thaxton Miller, indicted for whipping Travis Bozeman, a white man, was set free.

Charles McCall rose in court.

"I withdraw from this case," he announced. "The state police have shown a frenzied desire to help the defense." In his possession he had a letter which had been seized among Ira Thompson's papers.

It was written by the head of the state Klan to Ira Thompson, the indicted head of the local Klan.

"I'll see the governor and get him to hamstring McCall," was the purport if not the text of the letter.

I. D. Hawkins, indicted for the Fannie Daniels flogging

Bibb Graves, governor of Alabama, could call off Charlie McCall. But all the machinery of the state government lagged and even the state detectives, upon whom McCall was necessarily dependent for assistance, failed him in the courtroom.

"When the citizens of Crenshaw County are ready to help me clean up their community I'll come back again," announced McCall. And he went back to Montgomery.

Calvin Poole, the county prosecutor, the next day withdrew the 102 indictments.

The whippers were turned loose on the county again.

I asked Charlie McCall to tell me how the whip had won in Crenshaw County.

Here's Charlie's answer:

"The attorney general of Alabama has never received any bona fide assistance from the law-enforcement department of the state government in any of its efforts to bring to justice those who, under hood and robe, have been guilty of whipping defenseless men and women in this state.

"The Ku-Klux Klan in this state has placed every stumbling-block in the way of this office's uncovering these crimes. As at present governed and led in Alabama, in my judgment, it is the greatest menace to constituted authority. The power of the Ku-Klux Klan mask to thwart justice and hide the identity of criminals has been thoroughly demonstrated to every honest citizen.

"I went to Crenshaw County at the request of the circuit solicitor, who is a fearless, upright public official. The grand jury of that county is responsible for the 102 indictments.

"I withdrew from the prosecutions after presentation of two distinct types of cases—one a Negro case, with confessions of the defendant, and the other a white case, with no confession introduced.

"I felt that, regardless of the amount of evidence, no conviction could be obtained. The state law-enforcement officials exercised an apparent frenzied effort to assist the defense and not the state.

The Crowd Cheered

"THE report of evidence in the floggings, made by the law-enforcement department, was found in the safe of the local Exalted Cyclops; along with it was also found a letter from the Grand Dragon of the Klan, evidencing a prior plot to thwart the efforts of my office.

"The Ku-Klux lawyers, the Grand Dragon and other important defense witnesses were evidently receiving the sympathetic endorsement of the chief of the state law-enforcement department and his deputies, who were on the ground. They made no effort to assist the state.

"The solicitor withdrew the indictments, with permission to file again.

"This does not mean the end of things."

The crowd in the courtroom cheered when Thaxton Miller was acquitted.

"On the evening following the withdrawal of the indictments," says a correspondent, "while sitting in a parked car outside a drug store, I heard a heated argument within.

"The subject under discussion was the right of the Ku-Klux Klan to flog. It was actually being discussed by apparently sane individuals.

"That speaks for itself and tells the whole story."

There are still over 500 unpunished flogging cases in other counties in Alabama. They have all come to light since McCall announced that he would fight the hooded floggers.

The whip has won in Crenshaw County. If it loses in other counties where McCall says he will prosecute, Alabama may yet clear its record. At least the fight is on.

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Hurtling into space! MR. CHARLES B. WEBBER, JR.. *going over the top . . .*

"'Afflicted' *was a mild word for my case*"

East Milton, Mass.

"MY EMBARRASSMENT was natural enough. I work in a bank and am in constant contact with people with whom appearance counts.

"Also I am thrown socially with a group of young people interested in sports—and a blotchy complexion doesn't fit there either.

"I was 'afflicted'—that's a mild word for the case—with a whole series of eruptions. No sooner had one harvest of them begun to disappear than another crop sprang up . . . The situation got on my nerves.

"I knew that my father had found Fleischmann's Yeast beneficial. I myself began eating three cakes faithfully every day. The results were surprising—and amazingly prompt. My skin cleared—completely. My morale rose—enormously."

Charles B. Webber, Jr.

FRESH as any vegetable from the garden, Fleischmann's Yeast is a *food*—not a medicine.

Yet this food possesses a truly remarkable power. The power to cleanse the intestines of poisons. To keep them active. To "regulate."

As your constipation disappears, your whole being awakens to new vigor and life. Your blood clears. Your skin freshens. Your indigestion gives way to healthy assimilation.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. And write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. E-50, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

RIGHT

"I WAS TENDING the gates at the crossing. A fellow from the power house down the line happened along, and we got to talking about different things. I happened to mention how I had tried all kinds of medicines for my indigestion and he said, 'Why not try Fleischmann's Yeast? I take it regularly.' Well, after eating it for a few months, I felt ten years younger. My indigestion simply disappeared."

WILLIAM MILLER, Little Neck, L. I., N. Y.

LEFT

"I WAS SO NERVOUS and run down I couldn't stand the slightest noise, and could hardly do my housework. I weighed only 97 pounds. And I was badly constipated.

"Naturally I am only too glad to submit my own little 'True Story' of what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for me and indirectly for my family.

"I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast on or about the first of August after reading about it and through the advice of friends.

"I am now entirely relieved of constipation, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast. I have never felt better in my married life than I do at this time."

MRS. M. S. PARSONS, Minneapolis, Minn.

Health, new joy in living —this easy way

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

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How would you play it?

No. 10

North
♠ J-9-6
♡ 8-3
◇ 7-5-2
♣ A-10-9-8-3

West
♠ 8-5-4
♡ Q-7-6
◇ A-Q-10-4-3
♣ Q-2

East
♠ K-7-3-2
♡ K-10-9-5
◇ 9-8
♣ J-5-4

South
♠ A-Q-10
♡ A-J-4-2
◇ K-J-6
♣ K-7-6

These hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, January 3d. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

The Auction

SOUTH, bidding one No Trump, had a hand that was much stronger than the No Trump minimum, but it would not have been wise for him to bid two No Trump initially unless playing Contract. At Auction Bridge South has no initial reason to keep his partner from bidding a Major suit if the partner should be able to do so. The hand might work much better at that Major (South being strong in it) than at No Trump, as South's Minors are not ironclad.

For West, sitting over a No Trump, to bid two Diamonds would be the limit of folly; quite possibly he would be able to save the game at No Trump by leading Diamonds, while bidding them might guide the opponents into a Major suit which would produce better results for them.

North obviously should pass. His hand may be of great service to South's No Trump and it is very far from the type with which he should surrender hope of game by steering the No Trumper away from the shortest road to the goal.

East, with only two Kings, and a No Trump over him, has not the strength for even a lead-directing bid.

The Play

LEADING against a No Trump, partner not having bid, the longest suit of the leader generally should be selected for the initial lead; so West led the Four of Diamonds. On the first trick Dummy played the Deuce of Diamonds; East the Eight of Diamonds; Closed Hand the Jack of Diamonds.

It is important to note the information given to West by East's play of the Eight. It told West that the Closed Hand had the King and Six of Diamonds, and East the Nine of Diamonds. These inferences can be drawn by West because, with the Seven of Diamonds in Dummy, if East had held the Six together with the Eight and Nine, he would have played the Six, not the Eight. Of course if East had held the King, he would have played it; so South obviously must have both King and Six. If South had held the Nine, he would not have played the Jack, but would have won the Eight with the Nine; so East's play, in connection with South's, accurately marks West's entire Diamond suit for the benefit of West at the end of the first trick. West now knows that if the next Diamond lead should come from his hand, he would make one Diamond trick, but that if East should lead that suit, four Diamond tricks would be won by West.

There are many players who, in East's position, blindly following the rule of "Third Hand high," would have played the Nine of Diamonds on the first trick; but the convention is to play the lower or the lowest of touching cards, as that gives the partner more information.

After winning the first Diamond trick, the Declarer can see that for game he needs, in addition to the one Diamond he has already won and the Ace of Hearts, four Club tricks and three Spade tricks. The three Spade tricks can be made if the King of Spades be held by East (as is the case); but the four Clubs can be made only by losing one Club trick, and it is important that when the Club is lost West should be the winner rather than East so that the Diamonds will not be led through the Closed Hand. On trick 2 the Clubs could be established easily by leading small from Closed Hand and playing small from Dummy; but this almost surely would result in East's winning the trick and a consequent lead of Diamonds from the danger hand. The Declarer's best chance is to lead the King of Clubs to trick 2, planning to continue Clubs and, if West play a high Club on trick 3, to duck under it from Dummy, thus assuring four Club tricks and game if the Spade finesse should work.

Trick 2, when South leads the King of Clubs, West, holding Queen-Deuce, can appreciate that if South have the Jack it will be led to trick 3 and, with the Queen covering it, all Dummy's Clubs will be good. In that case, retaining the Queen will be useless. If East have the Jack and West retain the Queen, it will win the second trick, as Declarer will duck from Dummy, and the one Club trick which can be won by the adversaries of the Declarer will be taken by the hand which does not desire the lead rather than the hand from which the lead would save the game. Reasoning in this way West plays the Queen of Clubs on South's King and that play makes it impossible for Declarer to go game.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, January 10th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

The Doom of Awa

Continued from page 13

Cherokee hunter, who had told him that at long intervals flocks of wild swans, driven out of their course, crossed the mountain ranges on their way down from the far North, museum men would pay well—the skin of a wild swan taken in the mountains, where a wild swan had never been taken before.

McGil grinned ruefully. He would never see a wild swan in the mountain country. Old John Long-Ax, in fifty years of hunting, had seen only five flocks. He roused himself and searched the sky spaces above him, looking for the eagle. Suddenly, with a muttered ejaculation, he snatched up his field glasses and leaped to his feet.

Swans! Wild swans! There was no doubt of it. A big flock—three hundred birds at least, most of them adults in pure white plumage, some of them immature cygnets of the year, their white plumage tinged with gray or brown, but the birds were so high that a shot would be utterly hopeless!

McGil, his thrifty soul in anguish, groaned as he thought of the dollars which one of those great white birds would bring. Yet with his anguish was strangely mingled a keen, wild happiness. Something in him, some deep poetic instinct, sang and rejoiced as he watched the stately oncoming army of the swans.

SOMETHING was singing, too, in Awa, the golden eagle, something deep in Awa's being, something savage and deadly and yet akin to happiness. The light in McGil's eyes as he gazed upward at that white advancing army was pale compared with the light in Awa's. High above the long array of the swans Awa hung motionless on stiffly extended wings, his great talons clenched beneath him, his strong knife-edged bill hook pointing downward. Poised like a suspended thunderbolt of Jove, he awaited his moment.

It was coming swiftly. It was nearly at hand. The V-shaped phalanx was directly under him now. He looked straight down upon hundreds of broad white backs, upon hundreds of long white necks tipped with flattened jet-black bills, upon hundreds of shimmering triangular wings slowly rising and falling. Deliberate as those wing beats were, they drove the great birds forward at amazing speed, and almost in an instant the apex of the wedge had passed well beyond the point where Awa hung motionless.

Awa's moment had come.

McGil, watching the swans through his field glasses, saw the eagle a half second before he plunged. In a flash the old Scotchman realized that he was about to witness a spectacle which few men have ever beheld, which indeed some have wholly denied. He knew that the golden eagle prefers to strike its prey upon the ground. He knew also, however, that occasionally golden eagles killed wild geese and other waterfowl in full flight, but he knew of no instance in which swans had been attacked. He had always doubted whether the eagle would strike in the high air a bird so much heavier than itself. But before Awa launched his thunderbolt, McGil realized what was coming.

The swans were almost directly over him, perhaps six hundred feet in the air, and between the long, converging lines of the flying wedge McGil saw the eagle start downward. Only for a moment McGil saw the eagle clearly; for suddenly the V-shaped phalanx broke, the flying wedge dissolved into chaos, the ordered army of the swans became a confused mob of great, long-necked, white birds milling about in the air.

Through that white mob, in the infinitesimal fraction of time that intervened, McGil could see the eagle only indistinctly. In a flash he surmised that this was the immemorial strategy of the swans—designed to confuse the eagle and make him miss his stoop. Warned either by sight or by the hissing song of the wind in the plunging eagle's wings, the swans had responded instantly to instinct, had done the one thing that might save them.

Through the shifting turmoil of the swans he saw Awa swerve in the air. The eagle did not check his speed, but he changed the direction of his descent and he changed too the position of his body, so that to McGil's eye he seemed to be coming down sidewise, one wing thrust stiffly beneath him, the other pointing straight upward. The rabble of swans had opened and scattered, but in its center was a whirling cluster of big white birds which, perhaps blocked or confused by others, remained for a moment closely bunched. Into this cluster, this nucleus of the scattered army, Awa smashed like a projectile launched from the sky.

McGil did not see the blow delivered. At the moment of contact the dark form of the eagle was all but hidden by the white mass of the swans. McGil did not know whether the shock of Awa's hard muscular body struck his victim lifeless or whether his long blue-black talons ripped open a snowy breast or throat. But in whatever form death struck, the stroke was fatal instantly.

McGil saw a great white form hurtling downward. It fell straight as a stone, limp, utterly lifeless, as a bird falls when a leaden pellet has pierced the center of its brain. Wide-eyed, McGil watched its long, terrific plunge. Open-mouthed, a queer light dancing in his blue eyes, he saw it crash into a kalmia thicket clothing the mountain side two hundred yards below the point where he stood on the rim of the gorge.

In five minutes the first wild swan ever taken in the mountain country was his; and as a naturalist he valued this distinction even more than as a needy collector he valued the money which the specimen would bring.

McGil turned and walked quickly to where his rifle leaned against a rock.

A swift shadow swept across the ground in front of him. Instinctively he glanced upward and saw Awa, the golden eagle, circling between him and the sun. Immediately McGil dropped out of sight behind the two rocks which had so often served him as a hiding place.

He watched the eagle curiously. He knew that Awa would not try to retrieve the game he had killed. The swan had fallen into thick cover where Awa could not see it, and even if he could have found the carcass, he would not have ventured into the kalmias to feed upon it.

AWA soared slowly in wide, interweaving circles. McGil, his thoughts on the swan, grew impatient. He was about to rise and start down the mountain when he saw the eagle set his wings and begin to plane slowly downward. A grim smile whitened McGil's thin lips as the big bird sailed across the gorge and, bucking the upward-rushing air current, alighted on the slender pinnacle of rock thrusting outward from the rim.

McGil, lying between the two rocks, raised himself on his elbows and pushed his rifle forward. For some minutes, however, he did not lift the rifle butt to his shoulder. He lay motionless, watching, his lips still colorless with that grim, tight smile.

Awa, the golden eagle, stood once more on the pinnacle of rock, battling the gale.

McGil raised his weapon slowly. He lined the sights on Awa's breast just under the curve of the left wing.

Suddenly McGil's head jerked impatiently and he began to rub his stubbly chin against the rifle stock. A soundless laugh contracted the muscles of his scrawny throat.

"Awa, braw laddie," he said, "I think I'll just save this bullet. I think I owe ye some conseederation, d'ye see, for gettin' me that swan."

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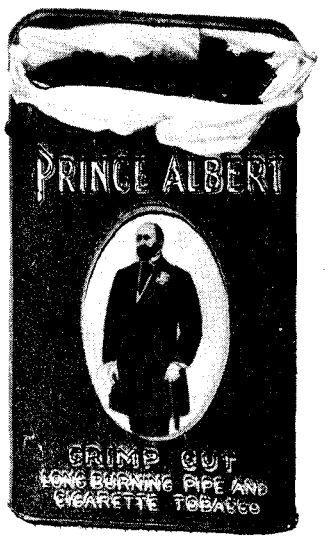

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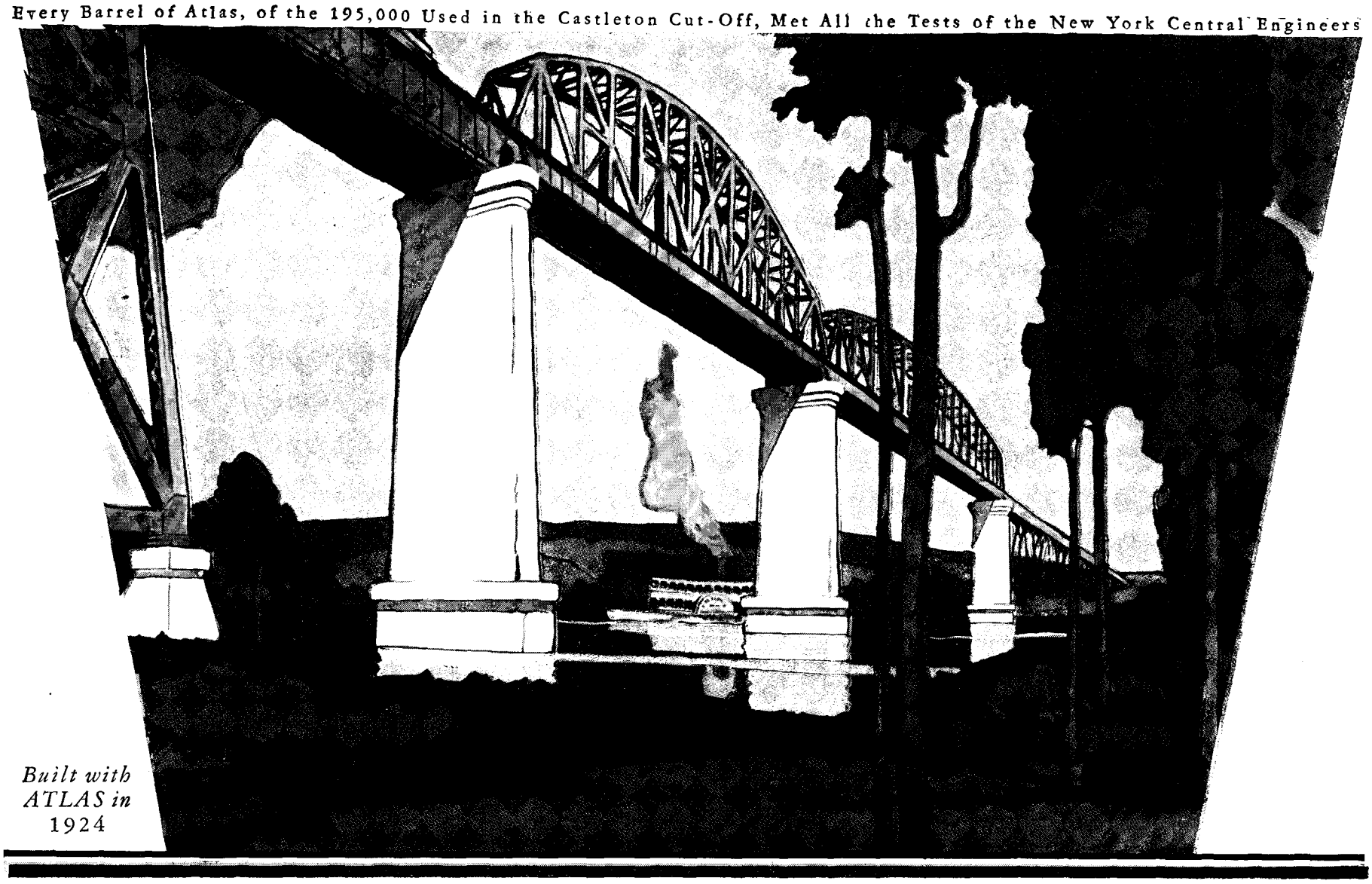

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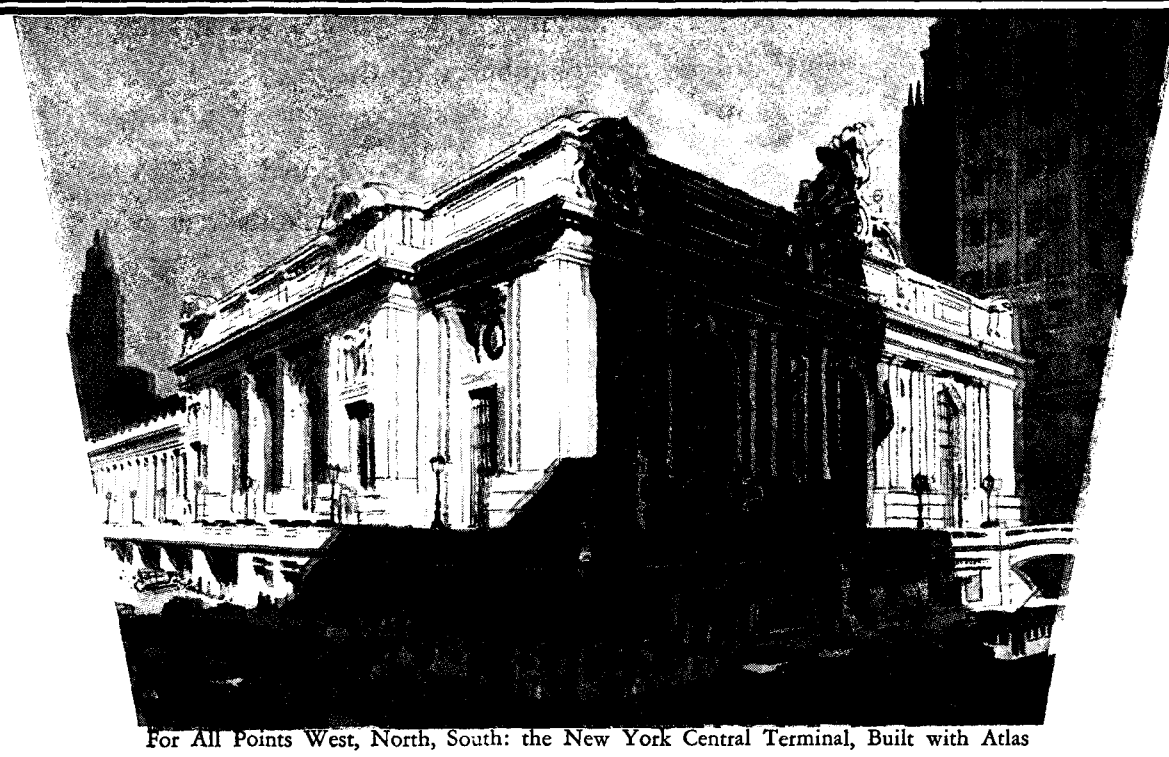

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The Dancing Gentleman

Continued from page 25

Mademoiselle turned her shoulder upon me, and favored me with no more of her conversation. I returned to my hotel to find, somewhat to my surprise, Maurice awaiting me in the hall. He rose apologetically at my entrance.

"I wondered whether you could spare me a minute, Major Forester?" he asked.

I could scarcely keep from smiling when I thought of the old days when he sauntered through the lounge at the Hotel de Paris, accepting salutes where he chose. Nevertheless I liked him better now.

"Of course, Maurice," I acquiesced. "Come along to the bar."

I led the way, but he declined a drink. He seated himself in an easy-chair close to mine.

"I am in a very terrible difficulty, Major Forester," he announced. "Last night, when we were leaving, the patron called me into his room. He presented me with an ultimatum. I am dismissed unless I consent to dance with Mademoiselle Claire."

"And naturally," I remarked a little tactlessly, "Mademoiselle Sibyl objects."

His eyes flashed.

"Objects! But do you suppose, sir, that I would put such an affront upon her?" he demanded indignantly. "She has been my partner for four years. We have had great success together. She has been ill; she has been a little foolish; she has lost temporarily something of her charm. That I will admit, but none of these things is any reason why she should be asked to accept an intolerable affront. It is not possible."

"Then you have declined the patron's suggestion?"

"He asked me to give my answer tonight. I should have given it to him on the spot, but I suddenly remembered that coming to the Chat Blanc this evening meant one more bottle of vin ordinaire and two sandwiches. We shall have those, and then we shall leave the place together—unless Monsieur le Patron changes his mind," he concluded wistfully.

I considered the matter for a moment.

"Look here, Maurice," I said, "I gather that you haven't very much money?"

"We have nothing, sir," he acknowledged simply. "I don't know how we shall pay our bill at the hotel. I haven't an idea how we shall get a railway ticket for anywhere."

"Under the circumstances," I suggested, "don't you think that if you explained the whole matter to Sibyl she might understand?"

He looked at me stonily.

"I would sooner die than do such a thing," he retorted. "You are not quite so understanding, Major Forester, as I imagined. I should have thought you would have known that for me to breathe a word of such a thing would be like a stab into her heart."

"But you must live," I persisted.

He paraphrased—I am convinced unconsciously—a famous saying.

"Sometimes I doubt the necessity," he replied.

I LEANED back in my easy-chair and smoked thoughtfully for a moment or two. It seemed such a queer little drama to stumble up against, such improbable characters, such vital human nature. And Maurice too! I thought of the days of his pearl studs, his bejeweled cigarette cases, his motor car—the gift of a crazy client—the ovation he always received when he entered one of that select little group of restaurants. He was seated by my side now, looking very grim, yet with a pathetic twist to his lips. His linen was clean but a trifle frayed; his well-brushed blue serge suit was shiny at the seams; his patent-leather shoes were cleaned with skill to conceal the cracks.

"Can you suggest any way in which I could help you, Maurice?" I asked at last. "I tell you frankly that I should like to. I've tried to give you the advice of a man of the world, but if you will allow me to say so, I respect you for having rejected it."

There were tears in his eyes as he looked across at me.

"It makes me very glad to hear you say that, sir," he acknowledged. "I felt that you must understand. In the olden days, when we were successful and popular wherever we went, I was fond of Sibyl—but there were others. Now she is, as you see, down on her luck. She has no one but me. I could not dream of deserting her."

"But what is to be the end of it?" I asked him as gently as I could. "You admit that you have no money. A temporary loan would be soon gone, and you would be no better off. How are you going to carry on?"

He rolled a cigarette and smoked for a minute meditatively.

"I lived in the country once," he confided. "My father was a land agent. He used to take me out shooting. I have always wondered—I have never ceased to wonder—what became of the old partridges and pheasants each year. They couldn't all be killed, and you never saw them lying about. They just crawl away to some hole to die. I daresay it will be like that with us. I believe that Sibyl would prefer it to my taking another dancing partner, and as she wishes so it will have to be."

I made none of the obvious replies. I was studying his expression, comparing his present-day appearance with the appearance of the handsome, prosperous young dancer, the Beau Brummell of the Riviera. I liked him better as he was.

"Shall we see you this evening, sir?" he asked, after I had forced him to drink a glass of port wine.

"Certainly," I promised.

He took his leave, and, acting upon a sudden impulse, I made my way to the shipping office, where I had recently booked my cabin for a tour round the world, and had an interview with the manager. Afterward, a little ruefully, I must confess, I returned to my rooms, and began to remake my plans for the winter.

It was later than usual when I reached the Chat Blanc, but neither Maurice nor his partner was to be seen. I made my way to their table. It had apparently not been occupied. Monsieur Basset came up to greet me with some reluctance.

"I was looking for Maurice and Miss Hancock," I explained. "Are they not here?"

"Monsieur," he said, "of all the ungrateful ones! I offered Maurice three milles a week to do this Basque dance with Mademoiselle Claire. He refused. That being so, I had no alternative. I have shown them the door. They are not welcome here any more—except as guests," he added, with an unpleasant little grin.

I took back my hat and stick from the page boy who was waiting also for my coat.

"Perhaps you can give me their address," I demanded.

"Monsieur," he began, "you are a valued patron. I beg that you will not take offense at an action which was forced upon me."

"Monsieur Basset," I replied, "it seems to me that you would have done better to have appreciated Maurice's reasons for refusing your offer and not to have listened to your lady friend."

"But—" he protested.

"You can perhaps give me their address," I repeated.

He shrugged his shoulders. I think he realized that there was nothing to be done with me, so he turned away.

"I have no idea where these people may be," he declared insolently. "Monsieur can perhaps find out from some of the waiters."

I left the room, ignoring a half-quizzical, half-triumphant greeting from Mademoiselle Claire. From the commissionaire, after some difficulty, I procured the address I required. A quarter of an hour later I was making my way up the bare, crazy stairs of a small hotel in the lowest quarter of the town. I felt ashamed, when at last I reached the apartment on the fourth floor, to knock at the door, but I summoned up courage and did so. There was a somewhat startled "Entrez" in response to my knock. I opened the door and closed it behind me. Maurice, coatless, was on his knees, holding a small saucepan over a gas fire.

Sibyl was seated upon a dilapidated cane chair, looking out of the uncurtained window. She had washed the rouge from her face, and more than ever I realized the pathos of her hunger-sharpened features, the sad drooping of the lips, the hopeless, almost sullen expression in her eyes as she gazed down upon the panoramic medley below.

Maurice sprang up at my entrance, nearly upsetting the saucepan. Something that was almost a blush stole into his cheeks. The girl for a moment seemed inclined to treat me as an intruder. I thrust aside the idea of anything so small as an apology, drew a chair up with me, and seated myself between them.

"LISTEN, young people," I began, "I feel that I can say what I like to you, because I am almost old enough to be your father, and it's never any use shying at the truth. You are both up against it and will do no good for yourselves in any ordinary fashion. Sibyl needs a change before she will recover her health, and unless you get some nourishing food and have a holiday, before long you'll be in trouble too, Maurice. Now I'm going to make you a proposition."

Despite themselves eagerness shone out of their faces. Maurice laid down the saucepan. Sibyl was breathing quickly.

"I had made up my mind," I went on, "to take a tour round the world in the Merconia, a steamer which leaves here next Thursday. I had paid for my passage, and everything was arranged. Now I find that it will be inconvenient for me to leave. I have changed my stateroom for two smaller ones, and I suggest that you two occupy them in my stead."

"But, Major Forester," Maurice gasped, "it would be wonderful, only—"

He hesitated.

"Oh, I know all about that," I interrupted. "You see, your fares are paid right back to Marseilles. You won't need to bother much about the excursions, and you will find the food on the ship excellent. I had reserved two hundred pounds for myself for tips, drinks and small expenses. That I save because your two rooms do not come to as much as the one I had selected, and the money is deposited to your credit with the purser. There is only one condition."

"Condition!" Sibyl faltered.

"It is not my business to pry into your secrets," I said, smiling, "but to obtain your passports and travel comfortably you ought to pay a visit to the English clergyman here."

The girl rose to her feet and came toward me with her arms outstretched, and I knew at that moment why the whole world had found her beautiful. I seemed to feel too that one day she would be beautiful again.

AFTER all, my self-sacrifice cost me nothing, for immediately I had settled down in somewhat humble winter quarters at Venice, a relative died unexpectedly and left me a legacy of two thousand pounds. I did not hesitate for one moment how to spend a portion of it, and I embarked upon an even longer cruise than the one I had first contemplated.

It was eighteen months before I returned to England and nearly two years before I stepped out of the Blue Train at Monte Carlo, into the sunshine of my beloved Riviera. I engaged rooms at my old hotel, greeted friends and acquaintances on every side, and then, after dinner, while wondering whether I should go to the Sporting Club, found myself suddenly confronted with a huge placard:

THE CARLTON
MAURICE AND SIBYL
back from their great success in the Argentine
Dance every night at
MIDNIGHT

I gripped the arm of the friend with whom I had been walking.

"Are they the same dancers who were down here two or three years ago?" I asked.

He nodded.

"They had a great success then," he remarked, "but they disappeared for a time. It seems they were touring in South America. They are better than ever now. If you thought of going, we'd better telephone for a table. . . ."

I think my unexpected presence for a moment nearly spoiled their dance. They came on to the floor together—Maurice, handsomer even than in his palmy days, with an added attractiveness in his face, which everyone talked about but no one could analyze, and Sibyl, rejuvenated, with all the old charm, as fresh and dainty as ever. There was a tumult of applause at their entrance. The music had already started. Both were swaying to its rhythm when Maurice—no, I think it was Sibyl first—caught sight of me. Maurice had presence of mind enough to signal to the leader of the orchestra, whose music at once stopped. They both came across the floor to me.

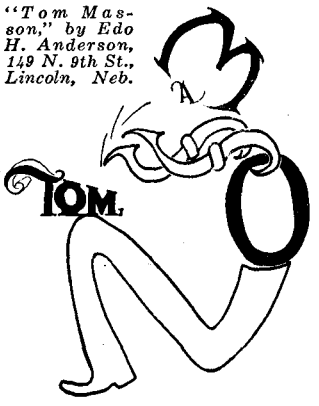
"All owing to you, sir," Maurice said simply.

Sibyl only raised her fingers to my lips and smiled into my eyes as a woman smiles seldom in her lifetime.

"Afterward!" she murmured.

Then they danced, and those who did not know me by sight were wondering who the middle-aged gentleman might be who had been so favored.

Another adventure of Major Forester by E. Phillips Oppenheim will appear in an early issue



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Take any name or word, make it into a Nameograph and earn $5.00.

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"Watch your ~~step~~ throat"

Due to overheated homes, stuffy offices, crowded cars, sudden changes of temperature, and exposure to bad weather, you are in constant risk of colds, sore throat—or worse.

You can reduce this risk considerably if you care to. Every night when you get home, gargle with Listerine used full strength.

Many a cold and sore throat threatening to become serious has been quickly checked by this pleasant antiseptic.

Listerine immediately attacks the germ-producing bacteria in the mouth, nose, and throat.

The wise thing to do, of course, during bad weather, is to use Listerine systematically night and morning. Rinse your mouth with it. Inhale it through the nose. Gargle with it full strength.

It may be, and very probably will be, the means of sparing you a long and trying siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle when you get home

In the THROAT
and nose more than
50 diseases
have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.
Watch your throat!
ITS NAME ALONE. The name Listerine Tooth Paste is a guarantee that it is the best paste that scientific knowledge could achieve. Large tube—25c

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

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CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
DIRECTOR SCIENCE SERVICE

The Effect of Moonshine

FOLKLORE in all ages has had much to say about the effect of the moon on vegetable and animal life. That seed should be sown according to the moon's phases. That fish spoil under the moon's rays. That lunatics behave more irrationally at certain times of the month. Is this all "moonshine"? Let's see.

It is absurd at first sight that light from the moon should have a different or more potent effect than light from the sun, for moonlight *is* sunlight weakened by reflection.

But there is a certain imperceptible change in the character of the light from the sun after it has been reflected by the moon. It is in part "polarized," that is to say, the light waves are lined up so that they all vibrate in the same plane, instead of higgledy-piggledy in various directions. The difference is like that between a regiment of ranked soldiers and a mob of men looking in all directions.

The moon's rays have lately been examined in the United States Naval Observatory by F. E. Wright of the Geophysical Laboratory to determine what proportion of them are polarized. This depends upon the angle at which the moon's face reflects the sun's rays and therefore must vary with the phases of the moon. It was found that at the time of the new moon and full moon we receive practically no polarized light. The polarization was greatest at the end of the first and third quarters, though never 15 to 25 per cent of the total moonlight was found to be polarized.

New Light for Old—Perhaps

THE next question is, does polarized light differ from ordinary light in its action on plant or animal life? Nobody seemed formerly to have thought of such a possibility, for polarized light looks the same in our eyes as the non-polarized. But recently some evidence has appeared to indicate a difference in the physiological effects.

Miss Elizabeth S. Semmens of Bedford College, England, reported that the germination of seeds and the formation of flowers were hastened under light that had been polarized by reflection from a mirror or by passage through a prism. Examination of starch grains through a microscope showed them dissolving more rapidly in a polarized ray. Dr. David T. Macht of Johns Hopkins has shown that seedlings of squash, wheat and sunflowers grow faster in polarized light. In South Africa E. G. Bryant found that fish became putrid overnight in moonshine, while pieces from the same fish in the dark remained fresher. In Princeton T. F. Morrison found that luminous bacteria from fish grew more rapidly and glowed more brightly under polarized electric light.

These experiments point to the possibility of some connection between polarization of light and its physiological effects, and hence by inference to the influence of moonlight which is slightly polarized in certain phases.

It will take many investigators many years to settle the delicate question of the biological effect of polarized light, and such traditional practices in regard to the planting of crops by the phases of the moon are easily disproved by any farmer. But it may turn out here, as it has often in the history of science, that what seems to be mere superstition has some slight foundation in fact.

Old Ears and Eyes

CAN you hear the tone of the uppermost keys of a piano? Can you hear the chirp of a cricket? Can you hear the high-pitched whistle of the peanut man's barrow?

If you're old, quite likely you can't. That means that your receiver is not getting the overtones of high frequency that give character and quality to a sound. You are missing the finer differences and distinctions of voices and musical instruments. That is why when you go to a lecture you complain of the speaker's voice or of the acoustics of the hall.

But it may console you somewhat to know that a nice long name has been invented for such defective hearing by Dr. J. McKean Cattell, who calls it presbyota. This is Greek for "old ears" and corresponds to presbyopia, which has long been applied to impaired sight of aged eyes. Vision is a space sense. Hearing is a time sense. The capacity to understand what you see or hear depends upon your ability to distinguish fine internals in adjacent sights or successive sounds. This ability diminishes imperceptibly with advancing years, so some degree of presbyota may be considered normal after middle age.

We can distinguish in listening about twenty changes a second in the voice, and we speak ordinarily at about the same rate, since the power of speech and the capacity for hearing have developed together through the ages. This rate is not far different from that of the eye. In motion pictures the views are projected at the rate of sixteen a second, and so they fuse into continuous movement. If they are run slower than that, they begin to flicker.

The muscles of the eyes gradually decline in power to control the curvature of the lens, so we demand larger type. So too the receptor in the ear loses its elasticity with age, and we demand wider separation between the syllables and words. What we need is not loudness but distinctness. We know that in the case of poor reception on the radio increased loudness causes distortion and blurring of waves. Likewise a speaker before a large audience or a microphone or a telephone should slow up his rate of delivery and make his enunciation as clear as possible.

The Bad Man from Missouri

Continued from page 6

Then Mother Zerelda poured out her own harrowing tale. It was as gaudy as her son's. Prior to calling on the boy in the cornfield the Yanks had visited the homestead, had hanged good Dr. Samuel by the neck until he was almost extinct, and had leveled a fine assortment of highly decorated abuse.

This was pretty bad, but a day or so later, when Jesse, returning from his labor in the evening, stepped across the threshold into a deserted home, it was much worse. His mother, his stepfather and his sister, to say nothing of a couple of young "steps," had all been carried away and unfeelingly slapped into jails. With the ominous picture rising before him of having to cook his own flapjacks in the morning, the desperate youth hastily grabbed his guns, leaped on a horse and beat it to the front to join the great leader.

But—there is this other story!

Get the Dough

DOWN in Missouri Mr. James Cummins is still alive! And as Mr. Cummins smeared on the war paint along with Jesse, fought at his side during all the guerrilla days, and later on was a member of the train-robbing gang, he ought to know what he is talking about.

According to Cummins, there wasn't anything high-minded or patriotic about Jesse's decision to join Quantrill's philanthropists. The boys were merely out for the dough.

A lieutenant of Quantrill's, Fletcher Taylor, came into Clay County to enlist recruits. His slogan was "Join Quantrill and rob the banks." When Jesse James and Jim Cummins were told that they would be included in a transaction which involved the opening up of a financial institution in Des Moines, which was said to contain $300,000, they jumped at the chance.

They signed on the dotted line; they joined a detachment of Quantrill's men and—the bank robbery didn't take place. An order from higher up instructed all the bushwhackers to forget Iowa and devote their entire attention to raising more hell in Missouri. Which they did.

Quantrill meanwhile was preparing to put the capstone on his fame by sacking the town of Lawrence. At the head of 300 valiant followers, on August 21, 1863, Quantrill attacked the unprotected village, robbed the stores and banks, burned 185 homes and permanently disposed of 140 unarmed citizens.

In this holocaust Dr. Dacus assures us that Frank and Jesse James participated. Other authorities state that Frank was there and Jesse not. But it makes little difference because the benefits were equally distributed.

The pursuit of the Brother Quantrill became fast and furious. Everywhere he went somebody shot at him. Even western Missouri got too hot to hold him. Early in the fall he gathered 120 of his berserkers, including Jesse James, and headed south.

However, he was not welcomed by Confederate commanders. In Louisiana Quantrill was told by General Kirby Smith that neither he nor his men could remain in the state; and so he dropped over into Texas.

But some of his men didn't like Texas. Consequently, according to recently disinterred evidence, a group of them, including Jesse and Frank James, Cole and Jim Younger, John Jarrett and a handsome, six-foot daredevil by the name of Joe Lee, left the guerrilla leader and went back to Louisiana to accept an offer to join the state scouting service which had been made to them by Governor Henry W. Allen.

The rendezvous for this small gang, after it went to work for the governor of Louisiana, was at Carroll, across the Mississippi and about twenty-five miles from where General U. S. Grant had his headquarters. Their ostensible residences were taken up in the two neighboring towns of Floyd and Delhi.

Joe Lee, Jesse and Frank James and John Jarrett lived in Delhi with a man named Dickson, while the two Younger boys operated out of Floyd.

For a time this sextet, so far as we can learn, did nothing except wear Federal uniforms, prey upon unprotected farms in the neighborhood, and raise a continual nocturnal disturbance in the towns in which they lived.

Then Governor Allen suddenly had an idea. He looked upon Grant as the evil genius of the South, and, it is said, suggested that the gang merely capture the body of the future President of the United States and, either dead or alive, carry it away as a souvenir.

The boys hailed this proposition with delight, devised a plan of action, and carried it out so perfectly that—General Grant never knew how close he came to falling into the hands of the Missouri guerrillas.

Here is what is reported to have happened: General Grant's quarters were in a large plantation house near Milliken's Bend, eighteen miles above Vicksburg. This house could be plainly seen from the river, and it was the boys' plan to ride boldly up to the front door, enter by force if necessary, seize General Grant. It was as simple as all masterpieces of art are simple—and it was in the humility of spirit that characterizes all geniuses that Jesse James went at the thing.

They donned Federal uniforms—which were probably the only kind they possessed—took the road Saturday night, leading an extra horse for the accommodation of General Grant. At dawn on Sunday they crossed the Mississippi and at sunup were past the pickets and safely on the edge of the open field surrounding the plantation house in which the general was asleep.

They didn't even hesitate here, but rode boldly on, got to within a stone's throw of the front door, and in two minutes would have been through it if an unforeseen accident hadn't occurred.

A few days before, in a moment of hilarity, the James and the Younger boys had driven an old colored man, who was a Yankee sympathizer, out of the town of Delhi. That was where they made a mistake; they should have killed the old darky, because now, right when they were on the very verge of scratching their names on the scroll of fame, up bobbed the old man on the doorstep.

He recognized the intruders and gave the alarm. In another second, instead of fleeing with the general, it was with a hundred bullets kicking up the dust behind them that the six young Missourians raced for cover.

Joe Lee, after whose father the town of Lee's Summit in Missouri is named, and Mr. Dickson, with whom the James boys lived in Delhi, were fairly prominent men. In 1878 they vouched for this tale. In addition, the whole chronology seems to be correct. Furthermore, the incident fills up a space in the career of Jesse James which his industrious biographers have heretofore left blank—either because the boys themselves didn't want to tell of their failures or their eulogists didn't want to mar an otherwise almost perfect record.

Wounded!

JESSE did not again appear in connection with anything worthy of his former record until July, 1864.

In an apple orchard back in Missouri he discovered four Federal militiamen stealing apples. He remonstrated with them for their wickedness. In response to his remonstrances they tumbled out of the branches like so many squirrels—quite dead.

With this little bag Jesse got his hand in again. In August, with his brother Frank and Captains Todd and Anderson and the rest of the gang, he engaged in what he probably looked upon as a mere skirmish. For seven Federals, however, for whom he and Frank took joint credit, it was a serious occasion.

The next day Jesse in a fight at Flat Rock got his first wound. It was a bad one: a bullet through his lungs. He

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thought he was going to die. He was sure of it, in fact: so sure that he took off his gold ring, sent it to his sister Susie, and then showed the stubbornness of his disposition by getting well and beating her out of it.

It was a quick convalescence. He was wounded on August 16th. Exactly one month later he had recovered sufficiently to ride into Keytesville and bump off three members of the opposition.

Four days after Keytesville came the Battle of Fayette. Jesse was there, guns on and as peevish as ever. But somehow the mere fact of his presence wasn't enough to decide the issue. For the first time in his life our hero drew a blank. He didn't convert a soul that day. The guerrillas were defeated; and the "military" career of the young hero approached its climax.

The Fayette defeat made Jesse's immediate superior, Mr. Bill Anderson, sore. He decided to get even. For the purpose of vengeance he picked on the little town of Centralia, and on September 27, 1864, at the head of about 200 men, he invaded the village.

This enterprise was, with frills on it, a repetition of the great Quantrill's Lawrence massacre. Anderson took the town, robbed the stores, burned the dwellings, and then, having been tipped off to an interesting news item about the arrival of a train, he marched his men to the depot to meet it.

The train arrived, was welcomed with a cheer and as the passengers filed off Bill Anderson and his men separated the sheep from the goats. The sheep went free, but the poor goats, including twenty-eight soldiers and four civilians, who happened to have on BLUE clothes, didn't.

They were lined up in military formation in front of the station and—well, if the books above can ever be audited it will be found that on that particular day thirty-two men from Centralia, Mo., reported in a body to St. Peter.

This was merely a beginning. Major Johnson, riding in from somewhere at the head of 100 Iowa cavalrymen, appeared on the scene. Although outnumbered two to one, he attempted to put up a fight.

It was a forlorn effort. The guerrillas formed and charged, the Iowans scattered, and our hero, lucky as usual, suddenly found himself shooting straight at Major Johnson.

That ended everything for the major. Likewise it was almost the end of everything for the guerrillas of Missouri.

For the second time they had gone entirely too far. Their own friends even were beginning to turn against them. Once more the boys were compelled to leave the state.

Before leaving, Frank and Jesse James cleared their consciences by attending to a little personal affair. Dressing themselves, as usual, in Federal uniforms, they called on an old gentleman named Bates, who had frequently and publicly criticized their mode of life.

Under the guise of friendship the heroic pair got the old man to repeat his charges against them, and also led him into making some comments, which they construed as uncomplimentary, regarding the character and activities of Mother Zerelda.

Then they invited Mr. Bates to go for a ride. He went. He never came back.

And Jesse headed for Texas under the leadership of a certain Mr. Shepherd.

While crossing Indian Territory Shepherd's gang ran head on into a column of natural enemies under Captain Goss. It was the captain's last stand. Jesse shot at him twice, which was quite enough. Then, as the Federals broke and ran, Jesse selected another victim and went galloping off in pursuit.

Fugitives from Justice

JESSE caught up with him; the man stopped, turned, and told Jesse that he was the Rev. U. P. Gardner, chaplain of the 13th Kansas, and asked for mercy.

"Pray, damn you, pray," said Jesse.

When the boy got back to his companions he reported that the prayer was never finished.

The guerrilla days of Jesse James were about to close.

In the spring of '65 Jesse went back to Missouri. By May, when all the Confederates were moving into Federal garrisons and surrendering, he and seven boon companions thought to do likewise. But they couldn't.

Their records, especially Jesse's, were too gaudy to be washed whiter than snow by a mere laying down of arms. Because of the Centralia affair they were under indictment for murder.

No longer high-headed guerrillas, but skulking fugitives from justice, they rode out of Lexington wondering what to do next.

In Johnson County the boys encountered a detachment of militia. There was a real fight. Jesse's horse was shot under him and he himself got a bullet in his leg. He hobbled to the roadside, fought from ambush, drove off his pursuers and received another wound. A heavy slug had pierced his lung.

Somehow he managed to drag himself into the brush and find a hiding place on the bank of a stream. He lay there alone and lost consciousness as night fell.

(*To be continued next week*)

A Baritone Out of Work

Continued from page 9

Friedman passed the ball forty yards into the huge paws of an Oosterbaan and, caught by the man's vehemence, have turned to watch him instead of the ball. And a football game means a lot to me.

That flamboyant spirit with which his voice overflows sustained him through fifteen days and sixteen hours a day during the Democratic National Convention in Madison Square Garden, in 1924.

He Sang in a Choir

THE Great American Voice was born in Washington, D. C., thirty-eight years ago. When its possessor was still an infant the family moved to St. Paul. His father desired that his son follow him in the law; his mother wanted him to study music.

She had something of her way; young McNamee was taught the piano, sang as a boy in a church choir and after his voice had decided its pitch blossomed forth as a baritone.

His father having died and the family fortunes not being robust, the remaining McNamees—mother and son—came to New York. They had plenty of courage, but only $600. For weeks Graham walked the streets looking for someone who would pay him to sing, but he remained what he calls "a baritone out of work" until one day he got a job singing in the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Jersey City. His agreeable baritone won him sufficient fame to fetch him engagements in St. Bartholomew's in New York and in churches in Bronxville and in a Broadway musical show—The Purple Road.

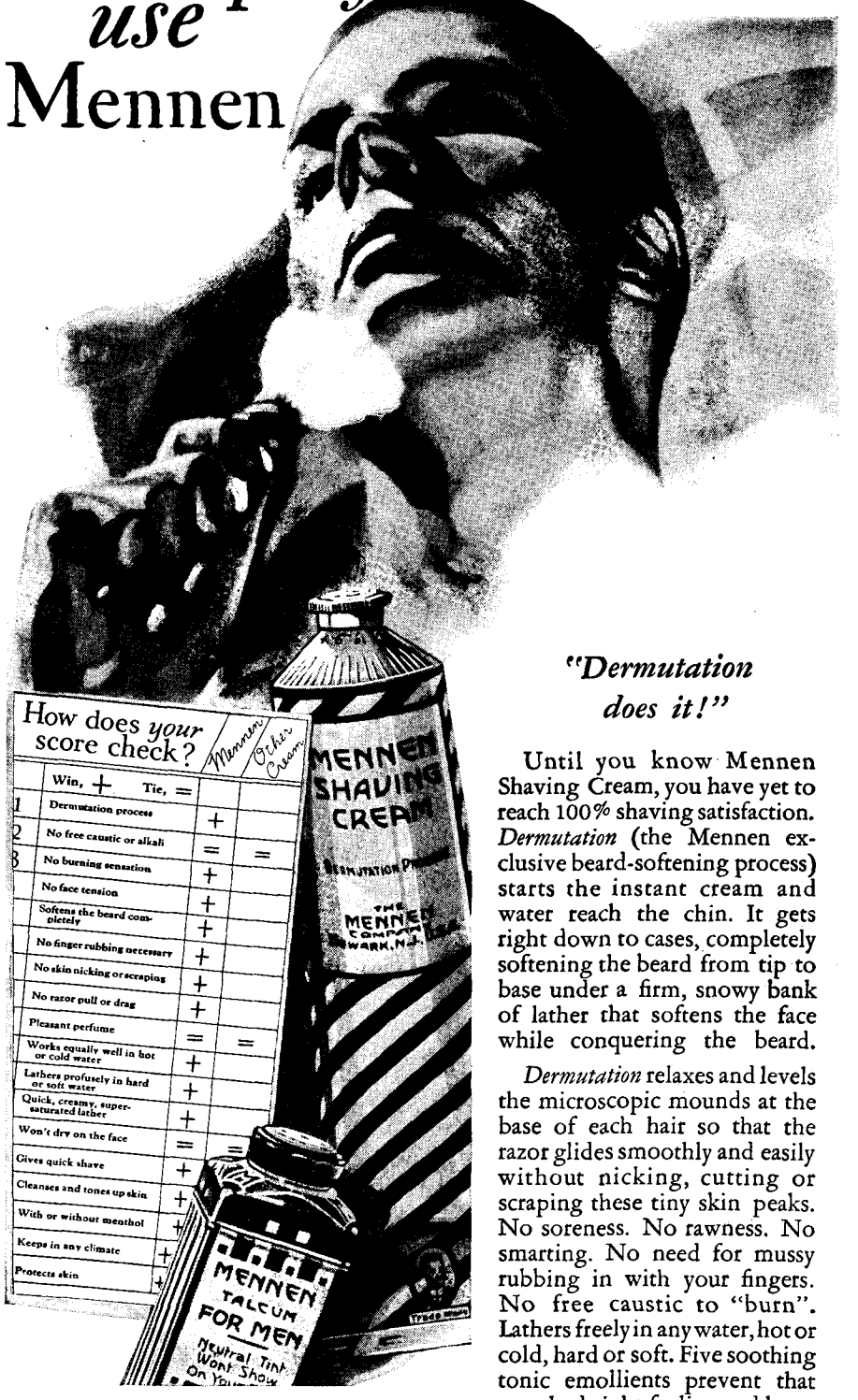
And that fetches us, with something of a jerk, to be sure, back to that day when McNamee, discharged from jury duty, wandered into the broadcasting offices.

He is of slightly more than middle height, but has the shoulders of a wrestler and a barrel of a chest. He has the aggressive, eager manner so easily gathered from his voice, and it is seldom you meet a man with such ready enthusiasms. The future, particularly the immediate future, forever dazzles him.

"The Army-Navy game. That's bound to be a show. Never forget the game last year out on Soldier Field, Chicago. I broke six pencils making notes. I said something about them on the air and

(*Continued on page 42*)

For a perfect score use Mennen


How does your score check?
Mennen Shaving Cream
Win, + Tie, =
1 Dermutation process +
2 No free caustic or alkali = =
3 No burning sensation +
No face tension +
Softens the beard completely +
No finger rubbing necessary +
No skin nicking or scraping +
No razor pull or drag +
Pleasant perfume = =
Works equally well in hot or cold water +
Lathers profusely in hard or soft water +
Quick, creamy, super-saturated lather +
Won't dry on the face = =
Gives quick shave +
Cleanses and tones up skin +
With or without menthol +
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MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
Neutral Tint Won't Show On You

"Dermutation does it!"

Until you know Mennen Shaving Cream, you have yet to reach 100% shaving satisfaction. *Dermutation* (the Mennen exclusive beard-softening process) starts the instant cream and water reach the chin. It gets right down to cases, completely softening the beard from tip to base under a firm, snowy bank of lather that softens the face while conquering the beard.

Dermutation relaxes and levels the microscopic mounds at the base of each hair so that the razor glides smoothly and easily without nicking, cutting or scraping these tiny skin peaks. No soreness. No rawness. No smarting. No need for mussy rubbing in with your fingers. No free caustic to "burn". Lathers freely in any water, hot or cold, hard or soft. Five soothing tonic emollients prevent that stretched-tight feeling and leave the face smooth and fresh for hours to come. Speeds up your shave, too.

Mennen Shaving Cream is Now Made Without and With Menthol

Some like a cooling dash of menthol in their lather. You can have your Mennen either way, now. To get the mentholized ask for the tube with the red ball.

For a Fine Finish After Shaving

Mennen Skin Balm is a man's face lotion made for men, in a handy tube. Has a brisk tingle, refreshing as a cold needle shower. Non-greasy and dries rapidly. Has a real masculine fragrance.

Mennen Talcum for Men. Tones down face shine. Neutral tint. Doesn't show. No chalky pallor. The one talcum all men like—also made in stick form.

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MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

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PICKED OUT OF THE AIR

By JACK BINNS

The rebuttal

In answer to the charge that programs are monotonous, a Pacific Coast broadcaster cites the following:

"During one month over four hundred individual artists appeared before our microphone in seventy-eight different types of programs and presentations."

It's just a chance there are some dial-twisting fans who hop from station to station just in time to hear the same type of program being broadcast everywhere they tune in.

Juice Never Slumbers

STATION WJZ in New York has replaced its evening jazz program between eleven o'clock and midnight with an hour of "slumber music."

If the new program is successful in putting the listeners to sleep it will not be so popular eventually when said listeners learn what it costs to run batteries all night.

Oceanic Echoes

THE possibility of talking across the Atlantic Ocean was almost wrecked by an echo. This sounds incredible, especially as it is hard to conceive an echo reverberating back from the trackless wastes of the open sea. It is nevertheless true, as in this case it was an electric echo that practically ruined the first attempts to talk across the ocean by means of the radio-telephone system.

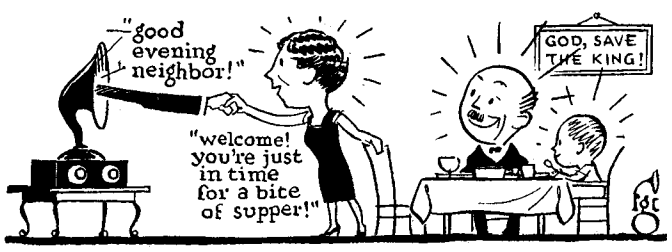
The manner in which the menace of this echo was overcome can now be told. It is an epic of American engineering skill and inventive genius. Its outline is obtained from the reports of G. C. Crawford, one of the Bell Telephone Laboratories engineers responsible for suppression of the pest.

Extremely sensitive relays were devised that short-circuited the transmitter while the receiver was operating. They also are used to eliminate the echo. All these relays are operated by currents set up by the voice of the person speaking into the telephone. All became part of a very elaborate balanced network of circuits. Still there was difficulty, and it lay in the fact that mechanical relays require time to get into operation, no matter how sensitive they may be in their construction. These particular relays required from six to ten thousandths of a second to get on their job whenever they were needed.

Now a hundredth part of a second is not much in measured time, but it may be an eternity where an electric current is concerned. In telephony it means that part of a word might be chopped off and the result become unintelligible to the listener. It was here that inventive skill entered the scene. An electric "Delay Circuit" was designed that held these relays open until the last syllable had passed by. This ingenious arrangement consists of a network of coils and condensers.

A Double Echo

THE engineers responsible figured they required a delay of twenty-two thousandths of a second to do the job properly. Theoretically this meant 288 sections of apparatus would have to be employed. After some intensive thinking it was decided that this number could be cut in half if the pernicious echo was made to do some constructive instead of destructive work. To achieve this the delay circuit was left open at its end causing the current to be reflected or echoed back again, thus keeping the relays open for the additional time the current required to come back to the place from which it started.



Know ye one another

THE following letter from a woman in Ontario was sent to station WBAL in Baltimore:

"I live in a small town where good music is scarcely ever heard. My children, too, are greatly helped in their studies through listening in to the talks and other features that come over the air and I have learned to appreciate and understand my American cousins more through the medium of the radio than through any other way. Being born in England and having spent half my life there, I never really knew Americans until the last year, when we invested in a three-tube set. I only wish some of my people over the water could listen-in the way we can; it would benefit them a great deal. Best wishes from this English family."

An entire volume could not express more forcibly the humanizing influence of radio than this simple letter.

A Baritone Out of Work

Continued from page 41

within a week the public had sent me ten or twelve dozen pencils.

He gets more mail than any other broadcaster, and he gets into more controversies. That he should be thus favored is natural enough; his voice itself is provocative and added to that his exuberance leads him into snap errors.

"Notre Dame has just come on the field, and, believe me, that team means something to this South Bend crowd. . . . It seems that everybody in the Middle West is here. . . . Will Hays—Will has just taken a seat over there and—and—I don't know, but it looks like a couple of governors with him. If they aren't governors, they ought to be. They look like— There's Vice President Dawes, and—"

At this point a gentleman in Pittsburgh stops listening. He telephones to the station from which he is getting the McNamee recital.

"Hey," he shouts, "tell your man McNamee that if he'll read the papers he'd know that Will Hays is on his way to Europe."

That done, the gentleman in Pittsburgh feels better.

"It's raining." The vibrant voice is dry, though—crackling, fresh, brisk, flooding. "No, by gosh, it's snowing. I don't know. Phil Carlin here says it's doing both. Wow! Four Georgia men tackled Flanagan at once and—and—ha-ha-ha-ha—when they hit the ground they slid twenty feet on their faces. They'd have to be introduced to their mothers the way they look now. I don't know whether it's raining or snowing, but somebody's turned something on and —well, I'm jealous of you folks who are sitting in front of the fireplace listening. No, I'm not either. I'd rather be here, even if— They've lined up again. Flanagan's back for a forward—no a punt—no—"

Ten clothing dealers have made a note to send McNamee a suit of clothes. Twenty women—grandmothers—are already writing McNamee letters wherein they set down their own sure cure for the cold he is certainly going to have on the morrow. Thirty superior young men are moved to belittle the McNamee job and the McNamee person simply because thirty girls have felt it necessary to say:

"Oh, don't you adore his voice!"

Every Day is Christmas

HE HAS reached the place in his career when he must think of a trophy-room. His apartment is already overloaded with tokens of the public's approval and admiration. There are bronze and marble statuettes; gold microphones; huge keys to small cities; oil paintings; heaps of cartoons and photographs of celebrated places and persons (the latter usually inscribed with "thanks" and the celebrity's name); silver cups; magnificent thermometers, to remind him of weather; Swiss watches that chime the hours, half hours and quarter hours; a gold-plated saxophone sent by a manufacturer who overheard him say something nice about the instrument; dictionaries from persons who caught him (in his early days at the microphone) misaccenting "exquisite," "inquiry," "finance," "penalty" and so on.

His entry into broadcasting may have been somewhat of an accident, but that he quickly became the star of his new profession was due in a certain part to his desire to introduce new ideas. The early announcer was cold.

"This is station WOCO—Please stand by."

You stood by for a few moments and then, lifelessly:

"Miss Ceres Mulvihill will sing Twickenham Ferry."

But hear Graham McNamee:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience."

He gave the commonplace words and sentiment a fillip by accenting "evening" and "audience," and, as I have said, there was IT in his tones. And instead of the old "This is station WTIC: signing off," he let the public out deftly with, "This, ladies and gentlemen, concludes our program for the evening. Good night, all." And America sentimentally threw the switch off and crawled into bed.

His mail, as I have intimated, is astonishing in volume and nature. Here is a letter from a man who wants to know how much McNamee wants to come down to Hillsboro. He will pay anything. It's this way: his son, a kid of fourteen, is in a bad way—guess there's no hope. The kid's pain has been allayed a lot by the McNamee voice on the radio. And now—

"Perhaps it is impossible, but the youngster has asked repeatedly whether he could see you. If you could come down, it would be worth a lot to us. I know your time is valuable, but I'll see that you don't lose by coming."

The mail comes in greatest volume after such great public exhibitions as the world series. McNamee got 50,000 letters after the series in 1925 and more than that in 1926. The mail following his work on the 1927 series is still piling up.

What the Mailman Brings

THE fiercely debated Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago fetched a blizzard of mail. In it he is praised and condemned. It was his fault that Tunney got a long count. Thanks to the publicity he gave the fight, Tunney got a square deal. He is to blame that Dempsey did not get the decision he deserved. If it hadn't been for his fearless refusal to take sides in the fight, there would have been riots. And so on.

"Half the business of broadcasting," said McNamee, "is reading letters from the listeners-in. If you don't do that, and if you don't study them, you can't know how the people look at things. What I mean is, you can't talk to people unless you know how they talk and what they think."

It must be apparent that he cannot read all or even half his mail. Yet he reads the striking ones representing all sorts of opinions. Even:

"What the hell do we care whether it is hot or cold where you're working? Tell us about the game, not your health. Anyway, I hope you choke."

And—from a girl in Indianapolis:

"You said that Gloria Swanson was there in a Russian sable coat. In the paper the next day they had a picture of Gloria Swanson at the game, and she had on an ermine coat, and it was a coat she wore a year ago, at that. I do not mean to criticize, but I think it would be a good idea if you were to have somebody along with you to watch the womenfolks and tell you what they have on. I would take the job myself if you made it worth my while."

It's quite a life he leads. He can't say he is cold without receiving overcoats from merchants, mittens from old ladies and condolences from young women. He can't say he is warm without receiving fans and linen suits. If he laments that he is hungry and would like a hot dog if he had time to eat and could talk at the same time, he receives fruit cakes, hams, crates of oranges, and cookbooks.

Every Christmas the world unloads upon him: all sorts of things from cures for rheumatism to Chinese curios.

A music teacher in Memphis writes to him every week—about nothing in particular.

"Your voice is life itself," she wrote. "That makes it beautiful."

It is but fair to the women who write, confessing that they have fallen in love with him via their ears, to tell that he is married and that his wife—Josephine Garrett McNamee—has a beautiful voice of her own. She was a concert singer whom McNamee met back in the days when he was just "a baritone out of work."

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Welcome Home

Continued from page 18

not trust her. No, it wasn't that. . . .

In five minutes he was committed to this gigantic lie, he hardly knew how. He had even been obliged to invent a name for the lady—Edna, though the next moment he thought that Claribel would have been better—he was extremely fond of the name Claribel, and had never been so fortunate as to meet a woman who bore it. But he did not enjoy having lied to her—could not even enjoy the comedy of Edna's taking shape under her determined questioning. Edna, it appeared, was a woman who led her own life: was an artist—a painter? No, not a painter. Driven to it, he admitted that she was a dancer. . . .

"Oh, one of those—" said Miss Deane, looking rather severe. "I see."

So presently they were talking at great length, rapidly, almost simultaneously, and very well, as two people who have been lonely for many weeks—she a prisoner in an empty house, he a traveler with uncongenial companions—will talk when they meet a congenial spirit.

Life, love and human nature were illumined by their aphorisms.

Suddenly the library door opened, and Delia Huggins, with her arms full of brooms and dusters, stood on the threshold.

"Glory be! What is this?" she exclaimed.

Barbara turned to her calmly. "What in the world are you doing out of your bed at this hour of the night?" she asked.

"Of the night," said Mrs. Huggins. "It's six o'clock of a fine summer morning." She stepped to the window and opening the shutters allowed the bright morning light to stream in on two young faces now looking a trifle foolish.

Their embarrassed pause was Delia's opportunity. She walked rapidly about—on her heels—one of her ways of expressing disapproval—and doing what she called "redding up" the room, as she talked: "It's no way for you to behave, Miss Barbara, and what would your mother say if she knew it—sitting up all night to talk to a young man we never see before in our lives?"

"Really, Delia," said Barbara haughtily. She had been scolded so little in the course of her life that she did not know exactly how to behave. She attempted dignity, which made no appreciable effect on Mrs. Huggins' tirade. But Tom had been scolded one way or another all his life and was perfectly at home in the situation.

"All very well," he said, "but people in glass houses— Who was that broth of a lad was waiting for yourself last evening?"

MRS. HUGGINS was so much surprised at this attack on her own position that she forgot her anger as she began to protest that it was her own sister's son that came in to take care of the house while she stepped out—an assertion which Bentham obviously doubted, explaining to Barbara that these widow women were a fair caution.

"I bet," he added, "that all the time she hasn't told the poor boy that she's going to be married to an older man with a good business."

At which shot in the dark, Delia grew rather red in the face, laughed a nervous laugh and left the room, averring that they must be wanting a bite of breakfast.

"Imagine our having talked all night!" said Barbara.

"Well, you know that the nights are very short in summer," he returned.

In about half an hour they were having breakfast together—on two trays in the library. Breakfast, which as a meal has gained such a bad name, can under certain circumstances be more romantic than any other. To Bentham's mind these were the circumstances.

Differences and dangers appeared to be forgotten. She declined his offer to change floors with her, as she preferred the isolation of the top story. They discussed meals and the possibilities of Mrs. Huggins as a cook. Of course he could always have breakfast in the house. . . . There was something domestic in her tone.

"And dinner sometimes?" he asked.

"Sometimes," she returned rather coldly. But when he was going, she asked him, as if the choice were entirely his. "Are you dining at home tonight?"

He wanted to dine with her desperately, but replied after an instant—as if he had just been thinking of something else—"Oh, no, not tonight. Tonight I'm dining with Edna."

"Well, really you need not use that apologetic tone," she said.

"I was not apologetic."

"Indeed, you were—a sort of 'No, my dear, I'm sorry to leave you alone, but a man must live a man's life.' Well, I hope you have a nice time and that Edna is very sweet and not as hard as a rock."

He shook his head. "Edna isn't hard," he said, "*ever.* She hasn't got it in her nature."

"Soft perhaps," said Miss Deane, in a tone that could only be described as poisonous. Tom laughed and went upstairs to sleep.

HE HAD wanted to dine with her, but, as wisdom forbade, had no intention of wrecking a perfectly good summer evening on her account. He intended to arrange something that would entertain him.

At the Standard office, where he presented himself as early as was desirable, his unexpected return was interpreted as sage second thought—a proper sacrifice to the duties of his profession. Smith called up the Carson house, made an appointment for him at five o'clock, and invited Tom to come down to his place on Staten Island after the interview and tell him all about it. The sports editor invited him to a prize fight, and the dramatic editor to a poker game—all of which invitations Tom accepted with his soft, wondering manner, as if he found it hard to believe that people were so kind. . . . One or the other, he said to himself, might turn out to be just what he wanted when the moment came.

In the meantime he turned his attention to preparing himself for his interview. A few minutes before five he drove up to the great house in the East Nineties. It seemed to him to look exactly like a tomb.

The butler who answered his ring—a pale, thin old man—ushered him into a small upstairs bookroom, which might have been pleasant if all the books on the shelves had not been in unbroken sets—Balzac, translated, in mauve, touching The World's Best Literature in cherry color. . . .

"If you will wait here—" said the butler.

There was a simpering head—by Greuze, probably—over the mantelpiece, a desk that looked as if no one had ever written at it, and a few signed photographs of minor royalties on a table.

Tom sat watching the door by which he had entered, and was astonished when he heard a voice at his elbow. Carson had entered by a concealed door—a panel of books that swung open.

Carson was a large, sandy-haired man; as he saw him Tom remembered the phrase "a sporting parson" (he'd use that—that gave the effect of the man), at once breezy and sanctimonious. He was almost handsome in a rugged sort of way, though his nose was very slightly crooked, and behind his glasses his brown, beady eye—well, it wasn't quite a good eye, Tom thought. He had an excellent manner—dignified and cordial, lightly tainted by benevolence (that phrase Tom would not use). He grasped Tom's hand in his large, red hand.

"Sit down, Bentham," he said. "I'm glad to see you. I've had a rotten deal from the press, but Smith tells me—What a splendid fellow Smith! He—"

(*Continued on page 44*)

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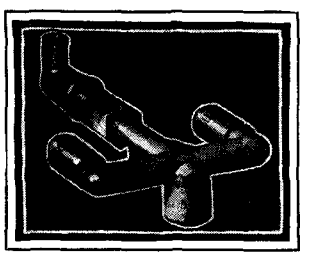

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BRIDGE *by* RADIO

Welcome Home

Continued from page 43

he smiled resolutely at Bentham, as if the tribute of the Carson smile were due to all superlative virtue—"he tells me I may speak frankly to you: that you come to me with an entirely unprejudiced mind."

"Well, that's a good deal for any man's boss to promise for him, isn't it?" answered Tom in his quiet voice. "I suppose he meant to convey that as I have just arrived from South America I have not read much about your case."

"I don't ask anything more than that," said Carson. "I am now ready to put my case before the public. The legal case has been decided—by perjured evidence, I may tell you. . . . This fellow Robinson ought to be disbarred. . . ."

"Really?"

"Absolutely."

The butler came in with a tray of Scotch and soda. Carson waved him out again and himself poured out Tom's drink—a stiff one. . . .

CARSON suddenly set his jaw, drew down his brows and asked, in the manner of an orator sketching bulldog determination: "Do you know what has wrecked my married life?"

"Well . . ." began Tom.

"No, not at all," answered Carson. "It was not the other man or the other woman. It was not a love affair. It was a hatred. It was my sister-in-law—my wife's only sister. Ah, Bentham, there is a wicked, a poisonous woman! Ah, if I could make you understand that woman!"

"I should be very much interested," said Tom gently.

"It was of her I was thinking when I said that bad women are worse than bad men," said Carson, and as Tom could not pretend to be very much surprised at this, he pressed on.

"This woman—this girl, for she is nothing but a girl in years—has a strange, warped, bitter nature. She cannot endure to see anyone happy—you know the type?"

Tom shook his head, but Carson was undiscouraged. "Oh, yes," he said, "you do—you know that type. Except in this case—what is unusual—is that though she hates men, or she pretends to hate men, she is herself a beautiful and to some men, though not to me, an attractive woman. You won't believe that?"

"Oh, yes, I believe it entirely," said Tom.

"Well, this woman—cold, selfish—set out to ruin her sister's married life.

"Why," he added, as if villainy could go no farther, "she actually advised her sister not to marry me. . . . I am not a vain man, Mr. Bentham. I see no reason why any woman should fall in love with me, but my wife *had* fallen in love with me. I was a person of some standing in the community, and I had a fortune to support her. Those two girls had been brought up in poverty, almost penury. Their father, between ourselves, was a pretty poor lot. And yet, in spite of all that, Barbara—my sister-in-law—did everything she could to dissuade her sister from the marriage. She did not succeed. My wife and I adored each other, and still, in spite of all that has happened, I still regard her—"

He paused and, sighing deeply, presented himself for an instant as a heart-broken man, and then went on more briskly: "I could not very well close my doors to my wife's sister, and yet, believe me or not, I could tell every time Barbara had been with my wife. She exercised this malignant power over her, so that I could tell whenever Adele was upset and suspicious—"

"Suspicious?" said Tom.

Carson redeemed his false step with positive genius. "I make no claims to being perfect," he said. "You can imagine what happened when day after day I found this poisonous influence in my house—cutting me off from my wife, from sympathy and understanding. I sometimes went elsewhere for it. . . . If we had our lives to live over, Mr. Bentham, we should doubtless lead them differently. But I tell you this—that if it were not for Barbara Deane my wife and I would be living together today, a happy, a devoted couple at this moment, instead of being two wrecked and discredited people. . . . I don't know what you think of the position of the modern woman. . . ."

"I'm not sure I know myself," said Tom.

"Ah, you are a wise man," said Carson, suddenly quite openly deciding that he had not sufficiently flattered the press. "It takes great wisdom to reserve judgment. I'll tell you what I think. . . . I think women have far too much power today. We men have been fools about them. We have given them everything—economic independence and the ballot and education—and they have kept all their old indirect influence too. People used to say they would lose their charm if they voted. I wish to heaven they would—I wish they *had*. But they don't, Mr. Bentham; they don't. It's terrible, the power a wicked woman can wield. Take this one. She goes on the stand and testifies to a lie—an absolute lie—about me, and she has a pretty face and a sweet voice and the jury believes every word she says: every word. I had no chance against her, none in the world. . . ."

"You mean she committed *perjury?*" asked Bentham.

"Absolutely—yes, indeed. She wrecked my life with a lie—and I have proof of it. Right there in my safe I have proof: her own account of the incident, written at the time—entirely different from her testimony—vindicating me entirely."

"Why didn't you produce this evidence in court?"

"I did not find it until afterward. . . . most dramatic, Mr. Bentham. Really it seems to prove there is an underlying justice in the world. After my wife had left me I found a book of poetry in her room—the Oxford Collection; possibly you know it. She loved poetry. We had read that book—together. I could not bear the sight of it. I picked it up to put it away, out of my sight, where I need never see it again, and out dropped this letter, in my sister-in-law's handwriting, giving an account of her visit to my aunt—admitting that the old lady had remained and that only she herself had gone away."

"Could I see it?"

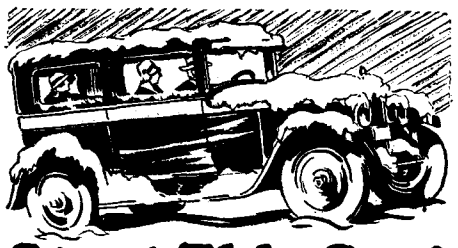
"THE point is this," Carson went on, "what shall I do with that letter? I don't wish to reopen the case. I don't want to take my wife back against her will. I've done with matrimony, believe me. But I do want to be vindicated in the eyes of the world. I have held conspicuous and responsible positions. I have been dropped from boards, Mr. Bentham, all on account of that woman's lie. I owe it to myself, also to the lady whose name was connected with mine in the incident—I need not hesitate to mention her name since it has been blazoned in every paper—I owe it to her."

"And naturally you would like to be revenged on the girl."

"No," said Carson. "Honestly not that. I think there is no desire for revenge in my heart. I may be mistaken"—he paused, apparently to examine his heart once again—"but I do feel that we owe something to the institutions under which we live. The whole basis of law is truth. If perjurers are to go free— And this is an unusually clear case."

"Then what's the hitch?" said Bentham.

"At first," said Carson, "I hesitated for the reason you suggested—for fear that the world would interpret it as vindictiveness on my part—but there are moments when we must not think of ourselves. I really regard it as my duty, and the district attorney agrees with me. His feeling is that it will make all perjury less likely. It isn't easy, you know, to get an indictment for perjury, particularly in connection with divorce



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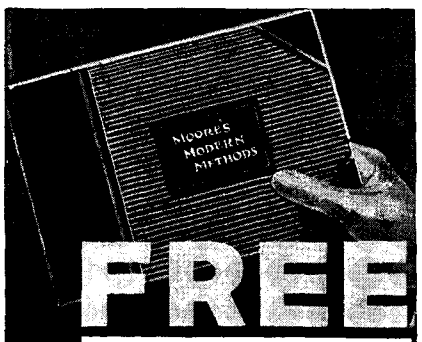

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evidence, but in this case he feels no doubt he could. Then too I believe a sympathetic press—and the press should be sympathetic to me, Bentham—don't you think so?"

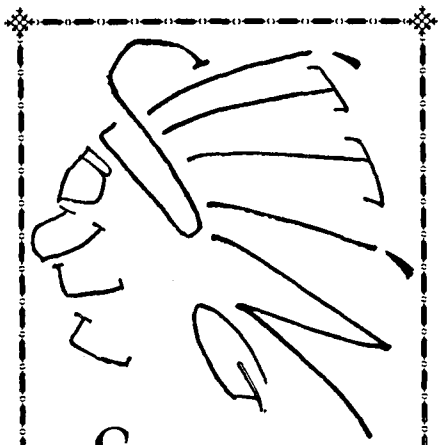
"Why are you hesitating, then?"

"I'm not hesitating. I'm ready to act, and so is the district attorney's office, but the girl has disappeared."

"Disappeared—not really?"

"As if the ground had opened."

Tom shook his head in wonder that such things could be, and his host went on: "One day she was staying with her sister, my former wife, at her little house in New Jersey, and the next she had motored into town, and there has been no trace of her since. We think, of course, that she heard of the discovery of the letter, for at first I did not realize its importance as a basis for an indictment, and I spoke of it to one or two people. . . . But the girl has gone."



Sitting Bull

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"It seems impossible," said Bentham wonderingly.

"She has not seen or communicated with her sister, nor with this fellow Robinson. I made sure she would telephone him. . . ."

"And how can you be sure she hasn't?"

A faint cloud crossed Carson's brow, and he shook his head. "You and I are men of the world, Mr. Bentham. There are ways of assuring yourself of these things. Take my word for it, she has not. Then there are two young men who want to marry her. . . ."

"Three?" said Tom.

"Two—I said, two. . . . She has not communicated with them either."

"What are they like?"

Carson looked up somewhat surprised at the question, but he decided to answer it: "They are pleasant young fellows enough, but not—not . . . Well, you know, Bentham, these dominating women do not attract red-blooded men like you and me. . . ."

"I didn't know," said Tom.

"One is a rich young man—inherited wealth, you know—who has never done a stroke of work in his life. . . . He has a yacht. It has occurred to me that if she appealed to him he might smuggle her away on his boat. I am having it watched. The other . . . But this can have no interest for you."

"Every word you have said has had interest for me," said Tom sincerely.

"The other has some position in the financial end of one of the great motor companies. He too, you see, might easily help her to escape."

"To assist a criminal—" Tom began, but Carson interrupted him.

"*You* see that because you are not in this woman's power. But her will is stronger than these two men's. . . . That's why she tolerates them—they are like harmless pets whom she orders about at her whim. . . ." Tom shuddered, and for an instant covered his eyes. "I don't wonder you feel like that—it is not an attractive picture: she is not an attractive woman. You will wonder why I am telling you all this. . . ."

"No," said Tom. Indeed, his interest had been so absorbed that he had never asked any such question.

"Well," said Carson in another of his great bursts of confidence, "it has occurred to me that you might be able to find her for me."

"*I*," cried Bentham, now genuinely aroused.

"Detectives are idiots—idiots," said Carson. "But you newspaper men—you get round a lot. I believe that that girl is hiding somewhere in this town. But where? We have investigated the houses and apartments of all her intimate friends and relations. If she had gone to one of the hotels and registered even under an assumed name, we should have picked her up by this time, but if she has disguised herself and taken some small position in a shop, let us say, well, then it would be mere luck to run across her, yet any of you alert-minded young fellows might do it. Mightn't you? Suppose you circulated the news among the right men that I would pay a large reward—say twenty-five thousand dollars—for information leading to her discovery."

Tom looked at him, aware of a creeping desire to destroy this bluff, wholesome host.

Carson did not apparently interpret the look correctly, for he went on:

"I see you are asking yourself why I do not make such a reward public, but you'll see, if you stop to think, there are two reasons: In the first place, it might look vindictive—I mean as if I were actuated by motives of revenge. And, on the other hand, if it became known that the result of discovering the girl would be a criminal prosecution many people would hesitate to give her up. Of course if we cannot find her in a reasonable length of time, I shall simply publish her letter—that will be a sort of vindication that I owe myself."

"May I see the letter?" said Tom.

He was not shown the original letter, but a typewritten copy was put into his hands before they parted. Bentham was to return in two days at the same hour with the completed interview for Carson's approval.

He was actually at the door before Carson called him back, and said with his great, genial smile, "Haven't you forgotten something?"

Tom stared blankly, and he went on: "Have I overestimated the intelligence of your profession? How in thunder can you find the girl for me if you don't know what she looks like? Don't you want a photograph?"

"Indeed, I do."

A small head of Barbara was produced. Tom took it, looked at it, and shut his eyes—what a rich gift this was! He spoke rather faintly: "It looks very beautiful to me," he said.

"I tell you she is—incredible that the detectives cannot find a girl that looks like that, isn't it?"

Tom did not answer. He put the little bit of cardboard in his pocketbook with the utmost care, and went away.

HE WENT straight to the office, and finding an idle typewriter began to tick out his interview. When he had finished it was too late to dine and go to the theatre with the dramatic critic, too late to go to Staten Island to the managing editor. Only the poker game remained. It suited his mood better, anyhow. He really wanted to go home at once, and get a word with Barbara, but had resolved to be stern with himself. He went to the poker game—won eighty-seven dollars in the first half hour, and slowly lost fifty-three of it before he went home.

He let himself in very softly. . . . The house was cool and quiet and black, yet he knew that up there on the top floor she was sleeping—perfuming the whole air with her presence.

His thought was: "I may not have a yacht or an automobile salesroom, but I bet I can get her out of this mess."

(*To be continued next week*)

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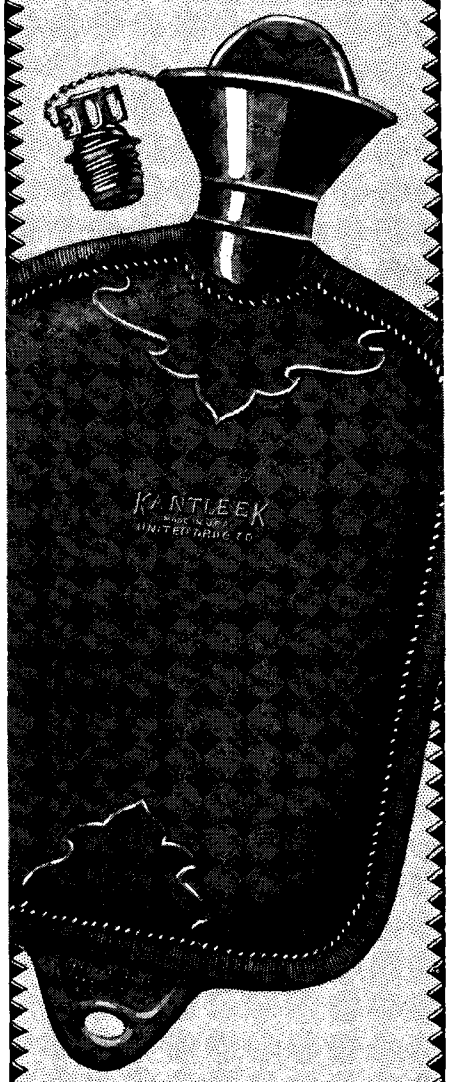

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The Valley Girl

Continued from page 28

up when we come to it. Go up there now to the shale bank and do your figuring. As soon as I get your report I'll put the blast gang to work and have the thing done right away. I don't want Christie to have time to get wind of it and sew us up with a temporary injunction or any such bosh. He's sure to if he guesses what's doing. I'm gambling on his thick-headedness, but it's never well to underestimate a dunce. More good schemes have gone to pot that way than in any other. It's got to be done in a rush, and it's got to be done on the strict quiet. Get busy."

"Of course you know," suggested Cole, "that you're letting yourself in for a lot of damage suits from the people along the line of the Utsayantha and the owners of the land outside of our option belt, whose ground we'll be flooding."

"Don't lose sleep over that," said Bett comfortably. "In the first place they won't know they're being flooded till it's happened. So they can't enjoin us. Then we can keep their damage suits in the air till it's time for us to draw off the water into the Reginskill again. That'll mean we'll only have to pay enough damages to recompense them for the temporary inundating of a stretch of half-worthless ground. No jury will award them anything of importance when they find the water has been drawn away again. It's Jeff Christie I'm bothering about. He can take a leaf out of our own book and enjoin us from turning the course of a stream and because of damage that may be done to some of his near-by land if the river is deflected. But once let us get the shale hole blasted before he finds out, and he can whistle for—"

"As a matter of fact," said Cole suddenly, looking up, worried, from a fresh inspection of the map, "part of that shale—a few yards of it to the east—isn't on our option land at all. It's on a tip of Christie's own home farm—not necessarily where the blast will be, perhaps, but unpleasantly close to it. In case of any miscalculation in the amount of explosives—"

"In case of any miscalculation about the explosives," interposed Bett, "the worthy Ham Gerritt will be looking for a new job as explosives boss. He—"

"That's not fair," argued Cole. "When you're handling shale or any other friable stuff it's impossible to calculate to the few inches or even to the few feet the extent of any blast. You'll look long for a better man than Gerritt."

"When an employer can afford to pay and when he has any judgment and experience at all," contradicted Bett, "he never has to look long for a better man than any man who is working for him, from roustabout to sub boss. Bear that in mind, boy. Now chase up there and go over the ground. Get your report to me as soon as you can."

There was no trace of ill temper or of bluster in the giant's pleasant voice. Yet Gavin Cole carried away from the interview the vaguely uncomfortable impression that he had received a rebuke with a possible warning or threat woven into it.

He did not ponder long over this, for his mind and his enthusiasm were bound up in this latest phase of the Bett-Christie war and in admiration for Wilgus' new move.

Feverishly he went about his task at the shale bank and in the lower ground to the south of it. His earlier figures had been impeccably correct. There was no flaw in Bett's plan to turn the river.

Cole made his report. Wilgus received it with a grunt of approbation and gave his orders.

NEXT day, an hour before sunrise, the blast gang was swarming over the shale shelf like a horde of Lilliputian dentists drilling and filling a Gargantuan tooth.

At sunrise a Reginskill laborer on his way across lots to his day's work at the Christie dam saw what was happening. He did not understand in the least the portent of the new move. But he reported it to his employer.

For a minute Jeff Christie stood with wrinkled forehead, pondering the possible reasons for such a strange procedure. The shale shelf was far above the tracts where Bett's outlying gangs were employed, and it was still farther from the Bett dam. There seemed no sense in setting blasters to work at that remote point.

Presently, as he stood with shut eyes and puckered brow, the truth flashed in on him.

THE deep blasting of that wall of shale must leave a gap through which the water would pour, even as the gap in the Christie dyke was planned to let the river into his own impromptu lake.

Jeff saw, and he understood what the Bett maneuver must mean. It spelled red ruin to him and to his venture should it go into effect.

He ran to the works telephone, calling up Gusepple, the court town of Preakness County. His call summoned his local attorney from bed. Briefly Jeff outlined his fears, bidding the lawyer secure an immediate injunction and to serve it in person on Bett or on Gavin Cole.

Then Christie looked at his watch. The lawyer must needs wake a magistrate and convene an impromptu court before the writ could be made out. Then he must come to Regin to serve it.

All this meant loss of time which could not be spared.

With a start Christie came out of his daze of fear. Hot with battle spirit, he blew shrilly on the whistle he carried.

His campaign was drafted.

A half hundred men came running up at the imperious summons. So too did Heather, sensing a command to join his loved master in a walk.

Christie was at the door of his administration shed. As laborer after laborer came racing up to him he sent one back to work and bade another stand by until he had a gang of some twenty-five picked men ready to his hand.

Then he addressed his company, speaking curtly and to the point, telling what he meant to do and bidding all who did not care to risk joining him to return to their tasks. The twenty-five stood grinningly expectant. Christie had shown good knowledge of them when he chose them for this morning's venture.

He stepped into the shed, reappearing with a bundle wrapped in paper. This, in spite of one or two offers to carry it for him, he held carefully under his arm. Then the expedition set forth, headed by the bundle bearer. Nor, hasten as his followers would, were they able to keep up with Jeff's furious pace.

They passed within a quarter mile of the Christie house. Faith, on her way from the breakfast table, paused to peer out in troubled wonder at the irregular and fast-traveling procession. Far off as they were, she could sense the fierce resolution in the men's gait and gestures.

The only member of the party untinged by this angry grimness of movement and aspect was Heather. Delightedly excited as he realized the controlled ferocity of his human companions, the collie cantered well in the van, barking clangorously, frisking around his master; enjoying every particle of the mysterious occasion's thrill.

Thus they passed out of the troubled girl's sight and into a lane fringed by river-side poplars.

On the shale ridge the blasting gang was working with a military orderliness unmarred by the speed to which Ham Gerritt, their foreman, drove them. The holes were nearly all drilled. Deeply and scientifically they had riddled the slatelike close-packed strata of gray shale.

Hole after hole had then been filled, the charges tamped down with what looked like reckless vehemence. These men, whose life business it was to handle high explosives, shoved the charges deftly into place and with no more outward emotion than if they had been stuffing rat holes with tarred straw.

Gavin Cole stood on a jut of the shelf watching the work. No hole had been drilled within several feet of the boundary line which marked the beginning of Christie's land. It was on this jut of undrilled shale that Cole stood.

He raised his eyes as a collie bark reached him and he saw Heather appear around a bend of river poplars in front of him. The dog was glancing back over his own shoulder. The bark, evidently, was an encouragement to someone behind him. Cole's heart beat fast. If Faith Christie—

Then he saw. Around the bend trooped a body of men striding fast, Jeff Christie in the van.

"Stop work!" Cole called across to Gerritt.

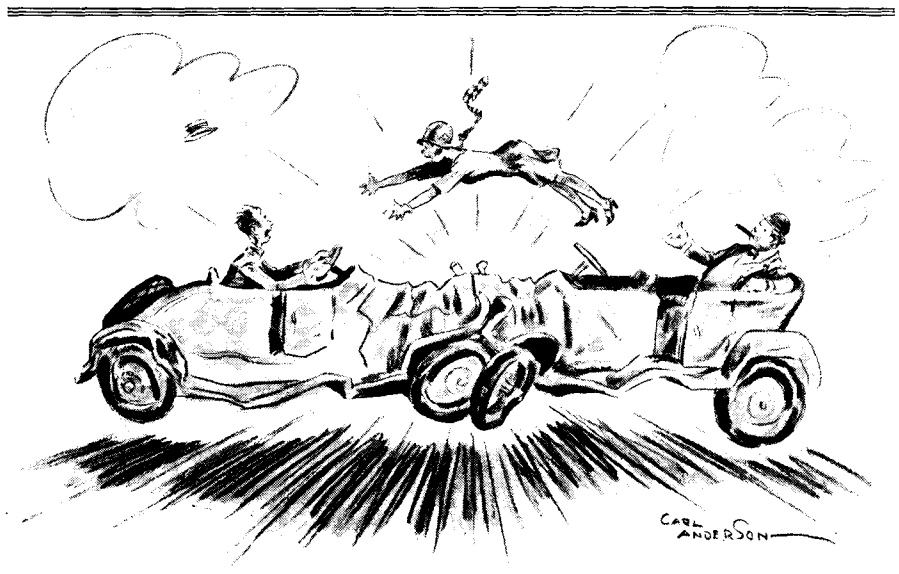
THE foreman gave the word. The blasters ceased their frenzied labors. They straightened up gruntingly and began mopping their faces. Gerritt came to where Cole was advancing to meet him.

"What's up?" asked the foreman.

"Trouble is up," replied Gavin, pointing toward the hurriedly advancing Christie. "Trouble. In wholesale quantities, I think. These chaps don't look as if they had come here to tell us bedtime stories."

"No," agreed Gerritt placidly after a glance at the grimly lowering oncomers, "they look more as if they aim to put us to sleep without any stories at all. What's the next move, boss?"

(To be continued next week)



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The Hard Streak

Continued from page 20

seven hundred and fifty when we parted. And again I put all my eggs into one basket, and again and yet again. And then a man paid me two thousand for 'Sunday,' and I was safe. Had you ever the pluck to do that?" . . .

"Go on, Geoff—I can stand it."

"You saved and gave yourself a dozen chances, but I came through without saving and taking twenty times your risks. I think I beat you there again, didn't I? . . . I've beaten you all through, first and last and in the middle; I'm a better man than you are, 'doing real work'!"

Anthony Culver was listening.

"You ask me to change my name, to throw away the name I've made—would you change yours? Not for all the mills and money in the country. Would you change Culver to Cornish?" Geoffrey paused. "I won't change mine to Culver," he ended, rising.

"That's your last word?" now asked his father.

"First and last."

The older man nodded.

"You're right, Geoff," said he, "but I'm right too; and when both parties are right there's only war and death can find the answer. Give us your hand, Geoff? I've done all I could."

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A Long Yell for NERO
IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

IT WAS a long clasp that followed, almost as though Mr. Culver were holding fast to life and must collapse the moment Geoffrey left him.

There was a knock at the door.

Mrs. Culver entered, and father and son now drew apart. The nurse was close behind her.

"The doctor is here. He's been waiting," said Mrs. Culver.

"Send him up," replied Mr. Culver. "There's precious little he can do for me. Good-by Geoff," he ended; "perhaps next time we'll stand a better chance. We've made rather a mess of this one."

Mrs. Culver was about to follow Geoffrey from the room, but her husband kept her back. "I don't want to see any of the others," he finished, "but you must stay."

Geoffrey left them.

He went out, down the two thickly carpeted flights of stairs to the library where he and his brothers and sister and brother-in-law had met before. They were still there, still subdued, hushed, expectant, and whispering, as when he had left them.

The earl had lit a cigarette. He had given up trying to talk and had retired to a deep leather chair and his meditations. He was obviously very tired of it all.

He hailed Geoffrey's entry with a sigh of relief.

"Made it up with the old man?" he asked, brightening.

Geoffrey's answer could have been taken either way.

Mrs. Culver interrupted them. She was very pale.

"The doctor sent me away," she said. "We are to wait. He'll be down presently. She sank into a chair. All her strength had gone from her.

There was silence now for a space, as though they all felt that impending calamity had moved nearer to them, had come down from the great bedroom on the second floor and found a way into their presence; was no longer remote, intangible, but here, in this very room.

An air of gloom and mourning was already on them, and, in its shadow, none dared speak. The spell even embraced Geoffrey, seeking an opportunity to take his leave. None came to him.

The doctor joined them.

"It's all over," he said slowly.

Ella was weeping; his stepmother was deathly white; and Geoffrey, looking round that rich, warm room, with its padded chairs and stately bookcases, was shaken by a swift and fulgent intuition.

Ella's tears were tears of joy as though a will had suddenly been given to her, as though life had opened at her feet at last. And Merrick too—in his eyes was there not that stealthy something which precedes release? And Timothy—small, fragile Timothy—his gaze seemed fixed on some far point outside that was anything but Culver's mills and factories!

TO GEOFFREY, standing there, filled with the passionate coldness of the artist, ruled by it, governed by it, in spite of all the fire at his heart—to Geoffrey standing there, the old man's death was a signal.

Merrick would throw away his doubts, his hesitations, and be some quiet, kindly settler in the country, growing roses and bothering his head about "the people"—he had that form of mildness stamped all over him. And Timothy would stoop in a library of his own now. He had always been studious, even taking a pleasure in his lessons. He had the face of a scholar and a bookworm. Ella and her earl would do as they pleased and play at life with no remonstrances, no awkward quarters of an hour such as the one now irking them. How the earl must have hated his new connections, even at a price!

From these Geoffrey turned to the widow. A change had come over her pale face. A new beauty touched her cheeks with a faint rose and put a strange light in her eyes, as though, instead of, "What are all these Culvers to me or I to them!" she were repeating, "I am thirty-three—seven more years of youth—oh, seven more years!"

And in himself, try as he might, the infection ran its course. His work, real enough, what was it compared with the vast realities which he had just refused? Ten thousand men—men and women—thirty thousand human lives; he heard the old man's words again—it was the population of a city! He had the chance, the opportunity, of giving himself to these; he had the power to lead them—common people, who would love or hate him, to whom he might be as a god.

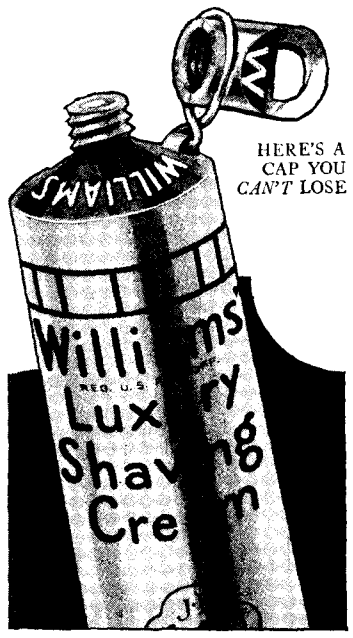
Beside this art his own tasks shriveled. Not Rembrandt nor Velasquez had done that. They belonged to another age, a vanished world. Today art was an escape from life, a secondary fulfillment: the truly great men lived. . . .

He caught the upturned faces of these thousands and weighed them against the feather of his personal triumph and renown. Masses of men, masses of women, who could not stand without the colossal enterprises on which his father's spirit had been spent. Millions and millions of hungry mouths—paint would not feed them, nor poetry, nor music! . . .

"You are the heir?" It was the doctor who had recalled him to the moment.

"I am," said Geoffrey.

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams"



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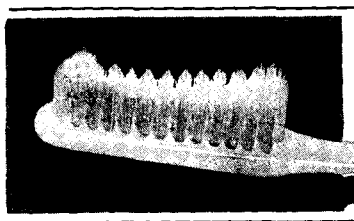

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Conventional Young Man

Continued from page 8

get out of the car and get married by the old Connecticut justice Gerald had unearthed in a sleeping village.

So Gerald apologized to the drowsy old justice, saying, "I'm sorry I disturbed you . . . but the lady needs more urging."

"Oh, that's all right," cackled the drowsy old justice. "Jest you try a little persuadin'. . . . Surprisin' how far a little persuadin' will go . . . yes, indeedy!"

GERALD'S persuadin' wasn't so little. It was dark and cold and crouched rather high up in the Westchester hills about five miles from the nearest house and twice that from the nearest railroad station.

"I won't get out," stated Diana, squaring her lovely little chin obstinately, "I'll stay right here till you come to your senses."

"And you'll stay right here until you come to yours," said Gerald calmly. "This is my father's summer place . . . it's uninhabited . . . it's miles from anywhere . . . and no one ever comes near it. Also, I told your father and mother this evening that you and I were planning to elope. They told Jimmy Taylor. Jimmy Taylor told Alida Stratton, and Alida Stratton's crazy about young Kirkwood, who is a reporter on the Times. . . . So you'd better think it all over."

Diana was, for once in her life, quite speechless. She looked at Gerald, who stood in the radius of the car's headlights, as though she would like to have seen him struck by a bolt of lightning.

"You beast!" she gasped finally. "You disgusting, per—*perfidious* beast!"

"I'm not," denied Gerald very gravely; "I'm a thoroughly conventional young man."

Diana jumped out of the car; she walked rapidly up the wide stone steps and over the wide stone veranda.

She turned when she reached the door, and said: "If you'll unlock this door, I'd like to go in. As long as it's to be a battle of wills, we might as well be comfortable while we're fighting."

Gerald came up the steps, unlocked the door, and she went in. The house was cold with the damp, penetrating chill of long untenancy.

"If you could make a fire," she suggested, "it would eliminate the possibility of our freezing as well as starving to death."

"Oh, we won't starve," Gerald assured her cheerfully. "There's plenty of canned goods in the house . . . all it needs is fixing. Are you hungry?"

"No," said Diana emphatically.

"Too bad," observed Gerald, "for I am. I'm going to have hot coffee, hot cakes, and maple syrup. If you want me—or anything—I'll be in the kitchen."

And Gerald was gone.

A half hour later she strolled as nonchalantly as possible into the kitchen.

Gerald was sitting before a white-topped table. On it was a steaming coffee pot, a can of evaporated milk, a pitcher of syrup and a huge plate of golden-brown wheat cakes. Diana looked at them superciliously.

"I only came for a cigarette," said she coldly, and sat down.

Gerald handed her his packet and poured another cup of coffee. Then he lifted several more cakes from the platter to his own plate.

"Sure you won't have any?" he asked rather carelessly.

Diana moved closer to the table. "No," she refused with dignity. "But I'm frozen. . . . I'll have some hot coffee."

She had it, and then another. She eyed the plebeian cakes with less antagonism now, but still maintained her air of superciliousness.

She lighted another cigarette and had another cup of coffee.

Gerald placed several cakes on a fresh plate and put it before her.

"Eat them," he ordered. "You can't smoke cigarettes and drink black coffee without being ill."

"I won't eat them," said Diana, but not very resolutely.

"You'll either eat them or I'll feed 'em to you," returned Gerald ferociously.

She ate them, pretending great distaste and contempt for them, him and everything in general.

Gerald got up, went to the huge stove, rattled its lids, threw several shovelfuls of coal into it, then stood looking down at its shiny black surface.

Suddenly Diana stood up, crossed noiselessly to him, and clasped two arms about his waist, semi-pinioning his own arms.

Startled, unbelieving, he turned swiftly, and would have caught her hungrily into his released arms, only, with a second, adorably childish little hug, she had escaped him.

At the door to the hall she paused and looked back at him, smiling. But Gerald did not pursue her. For I may as well tell you, he was a very clever man, was Gerald.

When she had quite definitely gone he started gathering up the dishes.

The sound was very faint, but quite definite. A soft little purr, then a sharp crunch.

Gerald was through the house and at the front door like a streak of summer lightning.

The low-hung roadster, bathed in defiant headlights, was turning swiftly around and into the drive.

"Damn!" said Gerald fervidly. "You little demon!" shouted he. "I disconnected that battery."

"I know it," laughed Diana back at him over her shoulder. "But I'm just as good a mechanic as I am a pickpocket. . . . Dear—all that hugs you is not coquetry—"

And she was gone.

That unexpected, adorable little hug! Then she had only maneuvered to get the keys out of his pocket.

What could a man do in the face of such an absurd and mortifying turn of tables? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

So Gerald went back to the warm kitchen and went to bed—in a straight-back chair with his feet on the coal scuttle.

Alas for romance and primitive measures!

IT WAS a disturbing aroma that flicked his nostrils. A sort of bitter, pungent aroma. And against his eyelids the sunlight played a little tattoo so that finally he opened them to protest this unsolicited familiarity. But he closed them again swiftly. For what man, having gone to sleep in his right senses, wishes to awake without them? And what man, in Gerald's position, and seeing what he saw then, could believe other than that his wits had suddenly and unexpectedly deserted him?

To begin with, the apparition was smiling. That, at six o'clock on a cold morning, is enough to be incredible. Second, the apparition wore, besides the smile, a shorn bright head and a checkered apron. Third, it held a huge, steaming coffeepot. And fourth—ye gods, what a fourth!—it was saying, "Darling, I do think it's time you got up."

Gerald got up. He also advanced toward the apparition.

"Will you tell me—" began Gerald threateningly.

The apparition nodded vehemently.

"I came back," it said, "because you make such *terrible* coffee. Really Gerald," it said, "I was quite worried. . . . Suppose he makes some more of that awful concoction and dies in agony, thought I. . . . No doubt I would be accused of murdering him, thought I."

Gerald sat down suddenly. He sat down only because he could not stand up. Then his sudden weakness dissolved in wild laughter.

Diana watched him, a little frown between her slim, cool brows.

"I'm afraid," she said, nodding, "you've a touch of fever. . . . You look—"

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"Fever!" cried Gerald, jumping suddenly up and grabbing her arm.

"Fever!" He paused and looked down at her quite terribly. "For six months I've lived the existence of a jumping jack on a lot of little strings. Pulled one way, then pulled another. Twiddled back and forth, jerked up and down, until if I've any brains left that haven't been shaken out of me, they most certainly aren't rational ones!" He shook her, and the coffeepot spilled. He took it from her and thumped it down on the table, whereupon it spilled some more.

DIANA looked hopelessly at it, then hopefully at Gerald. What would he do? Beat her? She hoped so.

"Fever!" Gerald was still shouting. Well, if not shouting, speaking very loudly, "I'm not feverish—I'm crazy! Stark, raving crazy! And you're the cause of it. I ought to—to—"

"Beat me," said Diana hopefully. "That's what you were about to say, wasn't it?"

"No, it wasn't!" shouted Gerald. "But now that you suggest it—I think it's a very good idea."

Diana smiled bewitchingly up at him.

"Do you mind waiting," said she, "just a few minutes?"

He was holding her by the shoulders, shaking her to emphasize his words. So now he shook her again, and said, "I won't—not a minute!" Then, pausing: "What for?"

Diana managed to gasp, "Only—a few minutes—till after—he's—gone."

"He," said Gerald releasing her so suddenly she fell back against the table, thereby upsetting the coffeepot irretrievably. "*He!*"

Diana shook her boy's head emphatically. "He's so nice," said she; "I hate to keep him waiting."

"Waiting. . . ." said Gerald with ominous slowness, with ominous calmness. "Waiting for what?"

"For—for our wedding" she smiled brightly.

Said Gerald, thundered Gerald: "What are you trying to hand me?" Which, coming from one as unaddicted to slang as Gerald, shows his mental condition.

"Only-that-I-drove-down-to-Greenville-and-got-the-funny-old-justice-after-I-decided-that-it-wouldn't-be-right-for-me-to-allow-you-to-commit-suicide-by-drinking-your-own-coffee," explained Diana breathlessly. Breathlessly, for—for—oh, well, you know how impossible it would be for anyone to talk clearly when someone is—is—

"Goodness gracious!" said the funny old justice from the doorway. "Goodness gracious! *What* persuadin'! . . . I guess I better get started immedjitly—"

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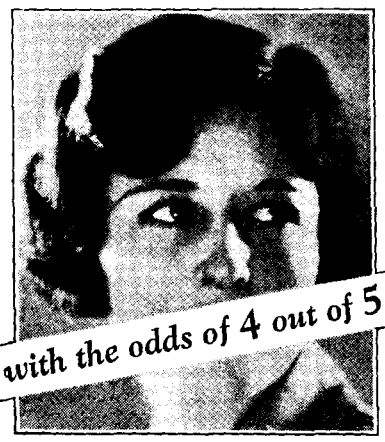

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Presidential Chances

WE SHALL have to look back to 1916 or even to 1892 to make a safe estimate of the Presidential possibilities of 1928.

The withdrawal of President Coolidge has created a situation which is certainly without parallel since Woodrow Wilson's second nomination. The appeals made twelve years ago are of course meaningless now but the lines of cleavage may follow somewhat similar lines.

That Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York will be the Democratic nominee seems to be assumed generally by politicians of both parties. The Republican choice is less certain. Secretary Hoover and Vice-President Dawes appear to have the better chances although Governor Lowden is not out of the running.

Assume that Dawes or Hoover were the Republican nominee and "Al" Smith the Democratic, what would be the chances of election?

The Republican candidate has the better start. The facts that the last two Administrations have been Republican and the last few years prosperous will be persuasive to voters. "Business has gone forward under Coolidge: Why change?" Such arguments will be powerful.

A certain number of states will vote Republican regardless of who is nominated and another group will go Democratic. Short of some such split as occurred when Theodore Roosevelt revolted against the Republican machine in 1912, the Republicans can confidently count on at least 138 electoral votes and the Democrats on 105. A majority, however, can be fairly classed as doubtful.

Most of the doubtful states generally vote Republican. Enough went Democratic to elect Wilson in 1916. His election in 1912 was not a test since the Republican vote was divided beween Taft and Roosevelt.

It is certain that many states which voted for Woodrow Wilson in 1916 won't vote for Alfred E. Smith in 1928. On the other hand in states which voted against Wilson Governor Smith might have excellent support.

Wilson was elected by Western votes in 1916. California, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, Oklahoma and Washington among others went Democratic.

"Al" Smith cannot count upon many Western states. He is the city-bred product, the new voice of urban America. As such he is hardly more than a name in the agricultural West. If he is to be elected, states which voted against Wilson in 1916 must support his candidacy.

Has Smith a chance in the industrial states which commonly are Republican? Would such states as Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois and Missouri vote for a Democrat?

These states alone added to the vote of the Solid South would need only Oklahoma, Tennessee or Kentucky, all essentially doubtful, to make a majority of the electoral college.

Judged by recent indications Illinois and New Jersey are least likely to go Democratic. Illinois might almost be counted as certainly Republican.

The vote which Smith polls in this doubtful territory depends as much upon the Republican as upon the Democratic candidate and campaign.

Dawes would make one kind of appeal. Hoover's would be quite different. Lowden would be the weakest of the three. Barring some shift in sentiment not now apparent, President Coolidge would sweep most of the uncertain votes into the Republican hamper.

Against either Hoover or Lowden Governor Smith would have very strong Republican support in the industrial states. Although he is essentially a liberal, the New York governor is not a firebrand. He is no enemy of the "corporations" as was Bryan and to some extent even Wilson in 1912. Neither is he a rank conservative as was Alton B. Parker in 1904.

The real issues before the country, prohibition, farm relief, foreign relations, divide both parties. Consequently 1928 will inevitably be a campaign of personalities. The differences will be shadowy rather than clearly defined. They will be matters of emphasis and not cleavages of principle.

But beyond all question the coming campaign will mark a turning point in American history. For the first time since the founding of the Republic the city folks outnumber the countrymen. For the first time the city tenement is competing with the frontier cabin to produce a leader aspiring to the Presidency.

It may be that the country has decided to turn permanently Republican. If so the nomination of any candidate by the Democrats is an unnecessary formality. If on the other hand, as is more probable, the apathy which followed the war has been shaken off, we shall for the first time have a revelation of the currents of opinion and of belief which are now controlling the United States.

For this reason the task confronting the party managers is unusually difficult and the campaign about to begin has extraordinary interest and importance.

Road Courtesy

CONGESTION is the mother of courtesy. Without that consideration of the other fellow which is at the bottom of the etiquette of the sea, life on shipboard would be quite intolerable. During long centuries men have learned that regard for the rights and even for the needs of the other fellow is essential to navigation.

Automobile traffic has reached the stage at which it too must have its code of consideration. Safety and comfort of driving demand an instinctive readiness to coöperate with other motorists in dealing with emergencies.

For this reason the slogan devised by the Mack Truck Company and printed in the form of a sticker to be attached to windshields should have extraordinary value. The notice reads:

"The driver will meet all other gentlemen half way on any traffic situation."

With that rule in effect much of the danger and discomfort of driving will be eliminated.

Other things are necessary. We need more, wider, better roads. We need better signal systems, more rational laws, but most of all a decent regard for the difficulties and the rights of others will make motoring a pleasurable diversion rather than a hazardous task.

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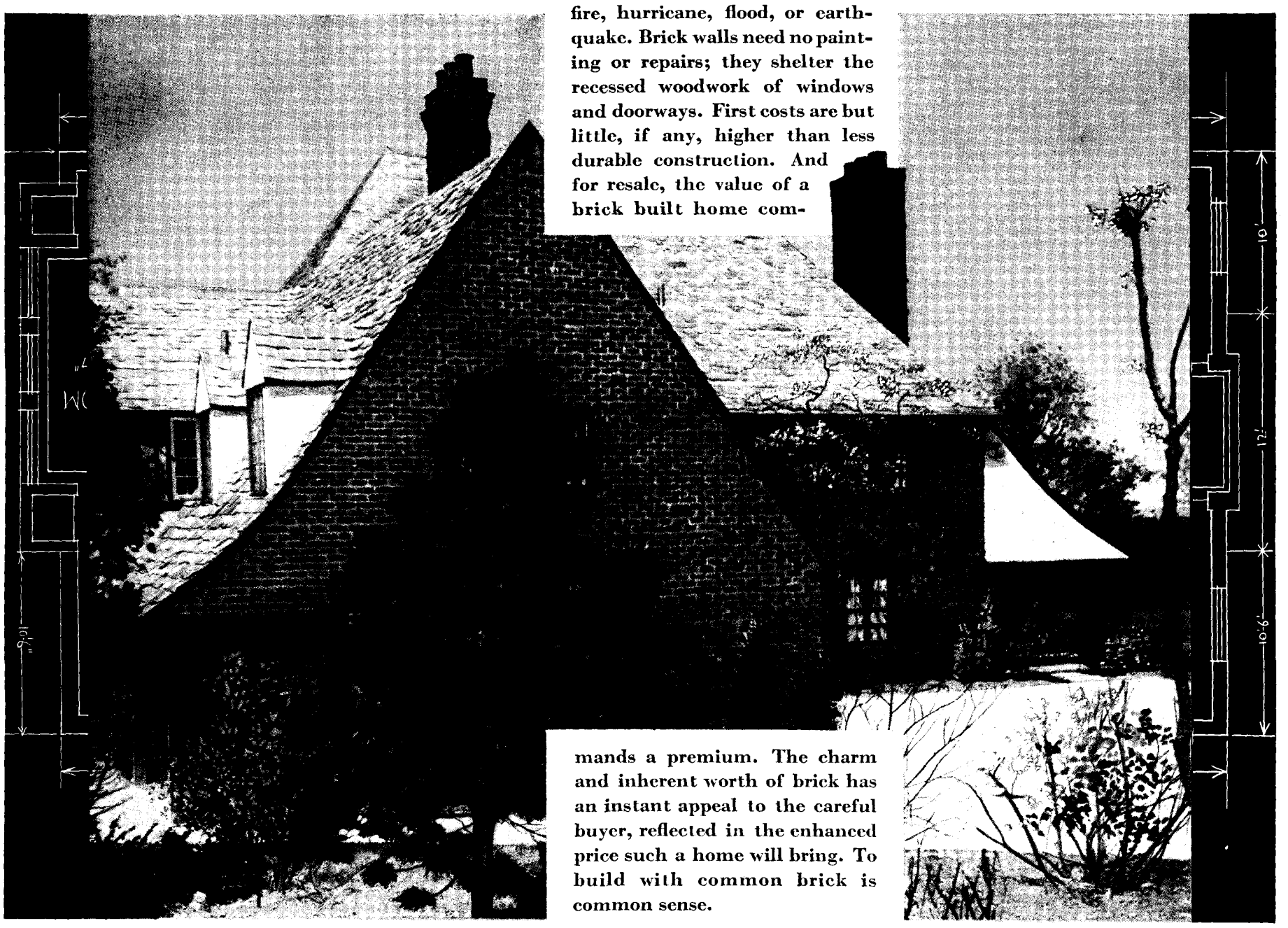

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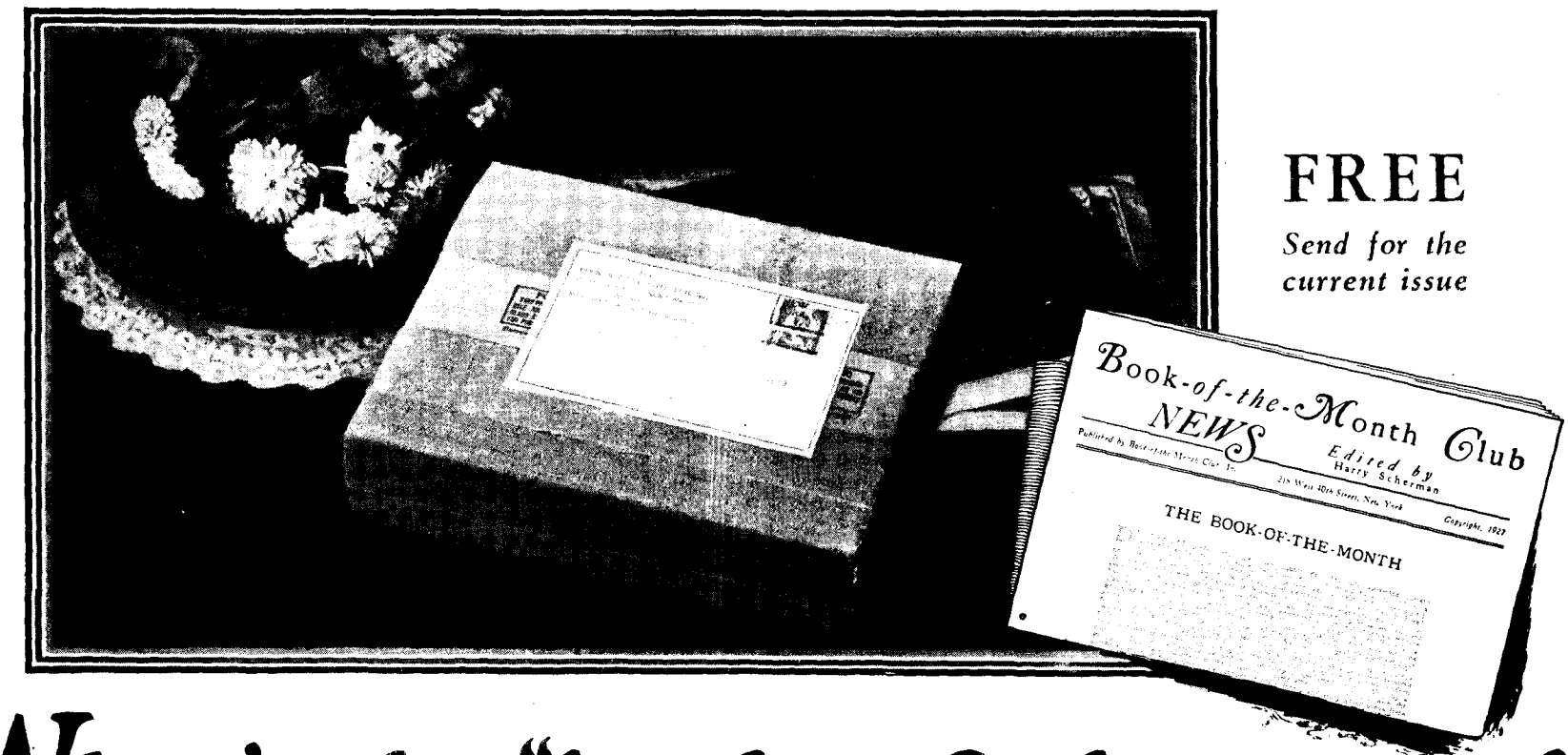

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